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THE ROMANTIC AGE IN ITALIAN LITERATURE.*

By ANTONIO CIPPICO, D.Litt.,

Lecturer in Italian at University College, London.

[Read October 25th, 1916.]

To attempt to frame in a formula, as numberless critics have already essayed, the romantic age of the various European literatures, is, as it were, to define the undefinable, to localise what is universal, to limit what is limitless. If we adopt the famous and trenchant theory of Goethe, according to which everything that is classical is sane, while everything that is romantic is unhealthy, we might well go back to the remotest artistic and literary creations of humanity, and then to return to contemporary works of human genius, without perhaps being able to differentiate what is "sane" and what is "unhealthy" in them. In what proportion, indeed, does that which is sane alternate with, or merge into, that which is infirm, in the creations of literature and art? How much sanity, we are tempted to ask, is mingled with equal or unequal parts of infirmity in Homer, in Aeschylus, in Dante, in

* This paper is the preliminary lecture of a course on the early origins of the Romantic Age in Italian Literature.

Shakespeare, in Goethe himself, in Shelley, in Leopardi, in Baudelaire, in Nietzsche, in Tolstoi—to cite only a few names out of ancient and modern literature?

If, on the other hand, we would discuss the even stranger theory of Victor Hugo on the same subject, to the effect that “romantic” is synonymous with “liberal” in art, and romanticism and socialism are one and the same thing, it must surely be obvious to all that such a formula, even if considered under its merely political aspect, is absolutely indefensible. Much nearer to the truth was the same great poet, during his pre-romantic years, when he boldly asserted that *classique* and *romantique* were, for him, meaningless words. And if, with this confession, he intended to signify the almost insuperable difficulty of distinguishing one from the other, we would not cavil at his judgment even to-day, notwithstanding the considerable progress made in this direction by criticism.

We cannot, needless to say, pass the indignant and sweeping sentence of Vincenzo Monti, who stamped the whole romantic renewal of art and letters in his time with the word *epizoozia*, “epidemic.” Neither can we content ourselves with the rather pedantic division, proposed by some critics, of Romanticism into two parts, *historical* and *psychological*; into a romanticism, that is to say, well defined in a given time, and another romanticism, considered generally and without reference to time. This seems to the present writer an unnecessary and absurd limitation, inasmuch as the historic elements of any romantic art are, un-

avoidably, bound up with the psychological elements, or parts of a whole.

Yet another critic has sought to demonstrate that *Reason* is the pivot and centre of classic art, while *Sentiment* is that of the romantic. But even this is a rather vague and easily assailable criterion, if we consider the real nature of some romantic schools—of the German group, for instance, which flourished about the beginning of the nineteenth century, which made a cult of the goddess Reason (a goddess who was somewhat different from her who had been carried in triumph through the streets of Paris, but a few years before, by the sanguinary classical theorists of the Revolution and the Terror); a cult of the goddess Reason, whom Friedrich Schlegel adored under the guise of *das Göttlichste, was im menschlichen Geiste gibt*, and whom Novalis reverently defined as *der leitende Vermögen unserer Welt-Kräfte*.

What, on the other hand, is considered as the romantic school in Germany, is very different from the French romantic school, in its causes no less than in its consequences; and the Italian romantic period differs from those of England and Spain, as much in its *raison d'être* as in its ultimate result. This would prove true, if, with the words “romanticism” and “romantic schools,” or “romantic periods,” we intend to signify the various literary and artistic groups, cliques, and *cénacles*, diffused over the second half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth; groups which, by means of their various works, asserted their intention of leaving the conventional track imposed and

followed by the classical mania, by the forced and anachronological return, that is to say, towards the literary spirit and forms of antiquity, which had long been already defeated and surpassed. Understood in this way, the romantic schools are but a reaction against an art which obstinately aimed at the repetition of itself and at the reproduction of the antique; an individual reaction against the common rules, and an awakening and a liberation from traditional fetters to a new life.

A reaction, it will be understood, against the classical mania, and not against the great classic models. For we know very well that the great majority of the romantic writers—and especially the Germans, the two Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, and others, although haters of Goethe's "graecomania," and caring more for "Goetz von Berlichingen" than for "Ifigenia"—were real worshippers of Homer and the Greek tragedians.

But here we are confronted with an incidental question: Why, if these representatives of the reaction against the classical mania are called romantics, could we not extend the field of romanticism, and prove that (to quote a few precursors of the romantic schools) the Greek tragedians, and especially Euripides, the Elizabethan dramatists, the rhapsodists of "Die Nibelungen" and "La Chanson de Roland," Dante and Chaucer, Ariosto and Cervantes, were themselves romantics? I fear that, by so wide an extension of the field, we should reach the most daring and absurd conclusions, and we should hardly serve the cause of criticism, which, being itself a very limited instrument, aims at the

generalisation of its subjects in order to be able to classify and catalogue them.

Let us, therefore, return to our argument. Accepting the more logical division of romanticism, proposed by Benedetto Croce, into the three groups of moral, artistic, and philosophical (or critical) romanticism, we may remember that a reasonable comparison might be drawn between these three groups, which flourished nearly a century ago, and the religious revolution of the sixteenth century; for, in the same way as these groups were the reaction against the classical fashion reinstated by the political Revolution, the Reformation was, at least in great part, a reaction against Humanism and the classical revival of the Roman Church.

Admitted, therefore, that there are as many species of romanticism as there are romantics (for, notwithstanding the definition of Victor Hugo, which has been quoted above, romanticism, instead of being socialism, and consequently collectivism, is the simple affirmation of individualism pressed to its extreme limit), we must accept the division proposed by Croce, as it corresponds to the three elements which are, or ought to be, comprehended in the nature of every poet or artist: the practical, the artistic, and the philosophic. On this basis we shall proceed to examine the peculiar characteristics pertaining to the Italian romantic school, noting in what it differs from the romantic schools of other nations, as much in its cause as in its means and in its ends, and trying to summarise in three short chapters the individual tendencies of its greater exponents, to compare them with each other, within

the sphere of political, social, and artistic Italian life during the stormy period of the eve of the Unification, and to establish what results have derived from them in modern Italian art and literature, and what further results are still to be expected in the future history of Italy.

* * * *

Before examining more closely that romantic period of Italian literature, which, roughly speaking, can be said to spread over nearly a century, let us attempt to visualise the general conditions of life and literature in Italy in the first half of the eighteenth century, or, better still, until the day in which the first dawn of Romanticism rose on the horizon of the Mediterranean peninsula.

Life, literature, and the arts had rapidly degenerated after the establishment of the Spanish predominance in Italy; that is, from the end of the sixteenth century. This decadence has been even considered by some, more or less rightly, as being a disastrous encroachment on the glorious traditions of the Italian people; an abrupt and tragic interruption of its art and literature, of its thought and civilisation; an interruption, which renders the vertiginous revival of Italy, initiated by her national *Risorgimento*, on the lines of her oldest imperial and Roman tradition, all the more surprising; a revival of which it is as yet impossible for us to realise and measure either the importance or the consequences; a revival, however, in which even the blind may see an ardent and unanimous aspiration, at the present day, of the whole nation

towards reinstating a new Italian civilisation in the world.

But let us return to that frivolous and morbid period of the eighteenth century ; to that age in which, between an ignorant and superstitious lower class and an enervated and superficial aristocracy, there begins to rise up from these same classes the new intelligent, sober, and cultivated Italian people—that people from which were very soon to spring the renovators of literature, politics, and art.

“ In the first half of the century, the passion for music dominates and prevails, among a people who had lost the habit of thinking, and among whom Gian Battista Vico was a singular exception ; the melodious music, that is to say, which captivates and carries with it the fluent, but banal lines of the *cunzonette* ; therefore the mania for melodrama, for the *cantate*, for the *coloratur* in singing, for the graceful movements of the minuet, for concert-music, so thin and sweet in instrumentation and composition. And the music itself, so passionless, and lacking in symphonic power, was little, perhaps, save a distraction during the conversation ; so much so that conversation continued not only during the intervals left intentionally between one *arietta* and another, but during the whole performance, except when the *virtuoso* or the *virtuosa* was trilling forth bird-like their song.”*

At the same time, together with melodrama, the *Commedia dell' Arte* flourished. Every evening, at the theatre, the ever identical characters and

* Guido Mazzoni. ‘Il Settecanto.’

masques of this *Commedia* performed almost always identical plots, using a conventional and almost always identical language. The spectators enjoyed this form of theatre, which neither constrained them to think nor to feel, and which enabled them to continue their frivolous and fatuous conversations in the boxes and in the *parterre*, at their ease, bestowing an occasional smile on the facetious Bergamask tirades of Arlecchino or on the Neapolitan swaggering of Pulcinella. It was at this moment that Pietro Metastasio was trying his best to persuade his contemporaries, with the sugary sweetness and facility of his verse, to appreciate something better than melodramas, ballets, and the buffooneries of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. With Metastasio, Apostolo Zeno and Scipione Maffei co-operated towards the gradual transformation of the theatre. But it was left to Carlo Goldoni, with the simple, ironical, and gay directness of his Venetian comedies, and to Vittorio Alfieri, with the rather heavy classic and dignified solemnity of his tragedies, to change radically the taste of the public, and to promote upon the stage what was already beginning to happen in life, in poetry, and in politics : the revolution, I mean, and the final downfall of all that artificial and tottering world ; that world in which moved, like pale representative automata, through the crumbling halls of gilded palaces, the typical figures of the "abate," the "dama letterata," the adventurer, the "cicis-beo," the learned and gallant cavalier.

It was from this collection of types that Carlo Goldoni took the characters of his plays, and it was from the same circles that Giuseppe Parini chose

for his immortal poem, 'Il Giorno,' the anæmic and degenerate protagonists.

* * * *

The "abate" Giuseppe Parini, born of the people (1729), *di casa popolare*, as he said of himself, and buried (1799) among *plebei tumuli*, as Foscolo wrote of him, was, together with Goldoni, the most truthful and perfect painter of all that artificial life, which he had closely observed and studied as humble tutor in various houses of the Milanese aristocracy.

For now, into those wealthy palaces, among those *giovani signori*, whom Parini was to depict for all time, into those salons in which gossip, flirtation, and frivolity reigned supreme, were at last admitted and welcomed these same learned "abati," although of humble origin. The "abate" Trapassi, called "il Metastasio," the "abate" Galiani, and the "abate" Parini, became rapidly the natural centre of less frivolous conversations; around them the talk began to be about art and literature, about science and philosophy. And thus the salon ("il salotto") became a continuation and a complement to the library and to the "accademia." The learned and pedantic discussions of the many "serbatoi," or clubs, of the various societies on the model of the Arcadia, then in vogue, which until then had taken place in the austere patrician libraries, crowded with cavaliers and ladies, now found their way into the "salotti." The pompous speeches and the inflated conversations of the "accademie" assumed new agility and grace in the *rococo* environment of the "salotto," on the lips of the new *précieuses* and of their gallant courtiers. These,

influenced by so much weighty erudition, began, almost involuntarily, to interest themselves in culture and letters; and thus the habit of thinking began to take root in that decaying society, and to determine its gradual and progressive renewal.

* * * *

In 1754, Giuseppe Parini became a member of the "Accademia dei Trasformati," under the name of "l'Astratto." In this society, which was something like that of "Arcadia" itself, only saner, meetings took place under the shade of a plane-tree, and the subjects discussed were either scientific, literary, or facetious, and interminable speeches, sonnets, *capitoli*, madrigals, &c., were read and declaimed. Physics were at that time the fashion; treated then but as a pure experimental curiosity in the small primitive laboratories of wealthy houses, they were to initiate, a few years later, with the great discoveries of Galvani and Volta, the total revolution of practical modern science. In the fashion also were then Pindar and Horace, and, more than ever, mythology. Thus science and mythology—science still in preparation, and mythology like a magnificent panopticon of dead divinities—were almost the only argument of the discussions in the academies, and of inspiration in poetry. There was no subject, suggested to the poets by life and reality, into which were not forced some scientific or mythological allusions.

This is just the time in which Giovanni Paradisi, in an ode to a novice, compares the young nun for her talent to Euclid and Archimedes, extolling the recent discoveries of science, and expressing his

envy of her who has retired from this "obscene valley" (*oscena valle*) to the peace of the convent; he seizes the opportunity to assure her that he intends to remain "in the grotto of Pallas" (*nel palladio speco*), in order to study the voices of the echo, the hidden laws of the attraction of the atoms, the equations of the curves caused in the dust by the vibration of a metallic surface.*

Giuseppe Parini was a poet of a very different kind; for him science and mythology were but vanity in poetry, if they were not renovated and reshaped by creative art. Even before his admission into the *Transformati*, he had belonged instinctively to the *Arcadi*. In his first volume, 'Alcune poesie di Ripano Eupilino,' issued with the fictitious indication of "London: Giacomo Tompson (*sic*) publisher" in 1752, we find among several pastoral odes and sonnets, what Carducci has justly described as "the romanticism of Arcadia,"† especially in that vigorous sonnet of his, 'Questo biondo covon di bica or tolto,' a vivid picture of harvest-time, in which the peasants of the Brianza are portrayed with realistic truth and power:

"Questo biondo covon di bica or tolto
Penda innanzi al tu'altar, santa Vacuna,
Poi che felicemente oggi raccolto
Dal campo abbiám le spighe ad una ad una.

Ecco che noi giacciam co'l sen disciolto
Or che s'alza la notte umida e bruna:
Tu 'l sudore ne tergi, e intorno al volto
Colla dolce quïete i sogni aduna.

* Cf. Mazzoni, *op. cit.*, p. 330.

† Cf. Carducci, 'Studi su Giuseppe Parini,' pp. 35-37.

Tai cose i mietitor da le fatiche
 Del dì tornati, poi che'l sol cadea,
 Dicevano sdraiati in su le biche:

E in tanto il bue, che'l dì trainato avea,
 In disparte pascevasi di spiche,
 E lo stanco drappel non v'attendea.”*

Here the surrounding landscape appears more varied and lifelike than the conventional well-trimmed groves of the *boschetti parrasì*, populated with Phyllis, Tityrus, and Lycoris, and sacred to the cult of the comfortable and portly “abati” of *Arcadia*.

In the same collection of poems, there are to be found those bizarre “Sonetti Magici,” in which, perhaps, may be traced the first source of that love for the weird and fearful, and for occultism, which is a characteristic of later romanticism. In these sonnets, Parini dared to introduce, like Theocritus, Horace, and Tibullus, uncanny scenes of witchery into the simplicity and serenity of pastoral poetry:

“Sciogli, Fillide, il crine, e tutta t'ungi
 D'esto liquor che nelle man ti spargo,
 Poi quest'osso più stretto a quel più largo,
 Che d'uomo son, con le verbene aggiungi.

* “May this golden sheaf now taken from the heap hang before thy altar, holy Vacuna, since to-day we have happily gathered one by one the ears from the field.

“Behold, we lie with bosoms loosed, now that damp and brown night is rising. Do thou wipe away our sweat, and around our brows assemble dreams with soothing rest.

“Such things the reapers, returned from the labours of the day, after the sun had set, were saying, stretched out upon the heaped-up sheaves.

“And meanwhile the ox, that had drawn all day, apart was feeding on the ears, and the wearied band took no heed thereto.”

Indi accendi l'altar, dal rio non lungi,
 Che lento va tra l'uno e l'altro margo :
 E mentre io d'acqua il sacro altar cospargo,
 A questa cerea immago il cor tn pungi.

Ecco l'ombre d'Averno a questo loco
 Vengon scotendo l'altre faci ; e'l sole
 Per lo fumo s'oscura a poco a poco.

Tu non temer ; ma di' queste parole :
 La pace che tra loro han l'acqua e'l foco
 Abbian gli amanti ancor Licida e Jole.*

There is a great gulf fixed between these earlier compositions and Parini's later poetry, 'Il Giorno' and the 'Odi.' In the first two of the latter, "La Vita Rustica" and "La Salubrità dell'Aria," both written between 1757 and 1759, the poet reveals his own personality and poetic ideals. In the one, we find Parini's attitude towards the world :

" Me, non nato a percotere
 Le dure illustri porte,
 Nudo accorrà, ma libero,
 Il regno de la morte.

* " Loose thy hair, Phyllis, and anoint thy whole body with this liquor that I pour into thy hands ; then join this narrower bone to that broader one (they are of man), with the vervain twigs.

" Next kindle the altar not far from the brook, which slowly flows between its banks ; and while I sprinkle the sacred altar with water, do thou pierce the heart of this waxen image.

" Behold the shades of Avernus are coming to this place, shaking their torches ; and the sun through the smoke is gradually growing dim.

" Fear not thou ; but say these words, ' Such peace as together have water and fire, let now those lovers have, Lycidas and Iole.' "

No, ricchezza nè onore
 Con frode o con viltà
 Il secol venditore
 Mercar non mi vedrà.”*

In the other, the poet declaims against the unhealthy and miserable conditions in which the Government of the day allowed the poor in the city to be forced to live, and ends with the expression of what became his aesthetic creed :

“ Va per negletta via
 Ognor l’util cercando
 La calda fantasia,
 Che sol felice è quando
 L’utile unir può al vanto
 Di lusinghevol canto.” †

To give pleasure is, for him, but the means to an end, which is to promote social progress and become the instrument of social reformation : a doctrine which, in later life, he taught formally from his chair at the Brera.

Notice the profound diversity of artistic tendencies between the scenes of the ‘ *Sonetti Magici* ’ worthy of the witchcraft of the enchantress Canidia—which are a prelude in some degree to the romanticism of Cesarotti, and seem almost to foretell the advent of the gloomy northern poems of Ossian in Italian

* “ Me, not born to knock at the hard portals of the great, the realm of death will receive naked, but free. No, wealth or honour, with fraud or with baseness, the world that sells shall not see me gain.”

† “ Along the neglected way, ever seeking the good of man, goes the burning imagination, that is only happy when it can unite utility to the vaunt of alluring song.” Cf. M. Scherillo, ‘ *Le poesie di Giuseppe Parini*,’ pp. 17, 18.

literature—and the pure beauty of the marvellous strophes of one of Parini's latest odes, 'Il Messaggio' (written in 1795), in which appears, glowing through the verse like Parian marble, the distant ray of Greek art :

“ Quando novelle a chiedere
Manda l' inclita Nice
Del piè che me costringere
Suole al letto infelice,
Sento repente l' intimo
Petto agitarsi del bel nome al suon.

“ Rapido il sangue fluttua
Ne le mie vene : invade
Acre calor le trepide
Fibre : m' arrosso : cade
La voce ; ed al rispondere
Util pensiero in van cerco e sermon.

“ Ride, cred' io, partendosi
Il messo. E allor soletto,
Tutta vegg'io, con l'animo
Pien di novo diletto,
Tutta di lei la immagine
Dentro a la calda fantasia venir.

“ Ed ecco ed ecco sorgere
Le delicate forme
Sovra il bel fianco ; e mobili
Scender con lucid' orme,
Che mal può la dovizia
De l' ondegginate al piè veste coprir.

“ Ecco spiegarsi e l' omero
E le braccia orgogliose,
Cui di rugiada nudrono
Freschi ligustri e rose,
E il bruno sottilissimo
Crine, che sovra lor volando va.

“ E quasi molle enmulo
 Crescer di neve alpina
 La man, che ne le floride
 Dita lieve declina,
 Cara de'baci invidia
 Che riverenza contener poi sa.”*

The first and second parts of ‘Il Giorno,’ “Il Mattino” and “Il Mezzogiorno,” were written and published in the sixties of the century (1763 and 1765 respectively); the third and fourth, “Il Vespro” and the unfinished “La Notte” are later, and were not printed until after the poet’s death. Under the mask of a preceptor of an *amabil rito*, Parini wrote these satirical poems :

“ Che il lombardo pungean Sardanapalo ”† :

entirely renewing the form and spirit of the didactic poem of the sixteenth century. And with ‘Il Giorno’ he strips and condemns the effeminacy and the degeneration of the social life of the time, that

* “ When illustrious Nice sends to ask news of the foot that is wont to keep me to my mournful bed, I feel suddenly the depth of my heart stirred at the sound of her fair name.

“ Swiftly flows the blood in my veins ; keen warmth invades the trembling fibres ; I blush ; my voice fails ; and for answer I seek in vain fitting thought and word.

“ The messenger, methinks, laughs as he goes away. And then alone, with mind full of new delight, I see all, all the image of her come within the burning imagination :

“ And lo, and lo, the delicate limbs rise above the fair side, and in their motion descend with clear outlines that the abundance of the robe, flowing to the feet, can ill hide.

“ Lo, the shoulder and the superb arms are displayed which fresh privet and rose nurtured with dew, and the finest brown tresses that float above them :

“ And as a soft heap grows of Alpine snow, the hand that lightly ends in the flower-like fingers, dear envy of kisses that reverence then can restrain.”

† “ That may prick the Lombard Sardanapalus.”

he had learned to know so well. In his ‘Giovin Signore’ :

“Che feltrato per mille invitte reni
Sangue racchiude” : *

It is not the portrait of any particular young contemporary aristocrat that is represented—although some have asserted that it was intended for that of the Prince Alberico Belgioioso—but, as is always the case in art, the likeness is comprehensive of all the most salient characteristics of the effete and fatuous youth of the time. In a short piece, composed about 1784 (‘Al consigliere Barone de’ Martini’), Parini has defined his whole purpose in writing ‘Il Giorno’ :

“Spesso gli uomini scuote un acre riso :
Ed io con ciò tentai frenar gli errori
De’ fortunati e de gl’illustri, fonte
Onde nel popol poi discorre il vizio.
Nè paventai seguir con lunga beffa
E la superbia prepotente, e il lusso
Stolto ed ingiusto, e il mal costume, e l’ozio,
E la turpe mollezza, e la nemica
D’ogni atto egregio, vanità del core.
Così, già compie il quarto lustro, io volsi
L’itale Muse a render saggi e buoni
I cittadini miei.” †

* “Who holds blood that has been filtered through a thousand unvanquished loins.”

† A pungent laugh often awakens men ; and with that I attempted to restrain the errors of the fortunate and the illustrious, the fountain from which vice then flows into the people. Nor did I fear to pursue with long mockery overbearing pride, and foolish and unjust luxury, and evil fashion, and ease, and shameful effeminacy, and the foe of every worthy deed, vanity of the heart. Thus, now full twenty years ago, I turned the Italian Muses to make my fellow-citizens wise and good.”

Thus in Parini, who stands high on the threshold of Italian literature in the eighteenth century, and inaugurates, with the nobility of his art and the dignity of his life, the healthy renewal of that literature, we are able to trace the first steps of romanticism, slightly in his 'Sonetti Magici,' and more in a certain realistic directness and adroitness of expression, which contrast curiously with the classical fashion of circumlocution and rhetoric. In him, though classic by education and instinct, the inspiration is always of an individual and original character, derived directly from the actualities of life.

Romantic, on the other hand, and in the truest sense of the word, is Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803), and especially in virtue of his adventurous life. His tragedies themselves, although apparently classic, and although sober, if harsh, in their dialogue and construction, do not lack indications of the imminence of the new literary crisis. Indeed, when Alfieri attempted to portray himself in a well-known sonnet, he could not resist the temptation of using the colours dear to the early romantics :

“ Sublime specchio di veraci detti,
 Mostrami in corpo e in anima qual sono.
 Capelli, or radi in fronte, e rossi pretti ;
 Lunga statura ; e capo a terra prono ;
 Sottil persona in su due stiuchi schietti ;
 Bianca pelle ; occhi azzurri ; aspetto buono ;
 Giusto naso, bel labro, e denti eletti ;
 Pallido in volto più che un re sul trono ;
 Or duro, acerbo ; ora pieghevol, mite ;
 Irato sempre ; e non maligno mai ;
 La mente e il cor meco in perpetua lite ;

Per lo più mesto, e talor lieto assai ;
 Or stimandomi Achille, ed or Tersite.
 Uom, se'tu grande o vil ? Muori, e il saprai." *

Between the years 1763 and 1772 Melchiorre translated and published the Ossianic poems, and he succeeded in reproducing more or less faithfully their morbid sentimentality, their dreary gloom, and their legendary chivalry. With good reason may it be said that in these renderings from the original work of Macpherson, admired by Alfieri, and read and re-read later on by Napoleon himself, may be found the first real source of the greater part of Italian Romanticism. From them proceeds the greater part of Italian romantic poetry, from Berchet to Aleardi, from Carcano to Prati ; that poetry, I mean, which introduced into Italian literature, with the epic ballad, a new and even original form, only surpassed in two other European literatures, the English and the German.

As an example of Cesarotti's version we may take some lines of the 'Notte d'Ottobre in Scozia,' which is a free, somewhat expanded rendering into verse

* "Sublime mirror of faithful utterance, show me in body and in soul as I am. Locks, now scarce o'er the temples, and unmixed red ; stature tall ; and head bent towards earth ;

"Slender figure on two straight shanks ; white skin ; blue eyes ; goodly aspect, well-proportioned nose, fair lip, and perfect teeth ; more pale in countenance than a king on the throne.

"Now hard and bitter ; now yielding and mild ; ever prone to anger, and never malicious ; the mind and heart with me in perpetual strife.

"For the most part sad, and sometimes very joyful ; taking myself now for Achilles, and now for Thersites. Man, art thou great or base ? Die, and thou shalt know which."

of the prose poem of the five bards appended by Macpherson to 'Croma':

“ Chi vien dalle porte
 Oscure di morte,
 Con piè pellegrin ?
 Chi vien così leve
 Con vesta di neve,
 Con candide braccia,
 Vermiglia la faccia,
 Brunetta il bel crin ?

Questa è la figlia del signor sì bella,
 Che poc'anzi cadeo nel suo bel fiore.
 Del t'accosta, t'accosta, o verginella,
 Lasciati vagheggiar, viso d'amore.
 Ma già si move il vento, e la dilegua ;
 E vano è che cogli occhi altri la segua.”

“ La notte è cheta, ma spira pavento,
 La luna è mezzo tra le nubi ascosa :
 Movesi il raggio pallido e va lento,
 S'ode da lungi l'onda romorosa.
 Mezza notte varcò, chè'l gallo io sento :
 La buona moglie s'alza frettolosa,
 E brancolando pel bujo s'apprende
 Alla parete, e'l suo foco raccende.
 Il cacciator che già crede il mattino,
 Chiama i suoi fidi cani, e più non bada ;
 Poggia sul colle, e fischia per cammino :
 Colpo di vento la nube dirada ;
 Ei lo stellato aratro a sè vicino
 Vede che fende la cerulea strada :
 Oh, dice, egli è per tempo, ancora annotta.
 E s'addormenta sull'erbosa grotta.

Odi, odi ;
 Corre per bosco il turbine,
 E nella valle mormora
 Un suon lugubre e stridulo :

Quest'è la formidabile
 Armata degli spiriti,
 Che tornano dall'aria.
 Dietro il monte si cela la luna
 Mezzo pallida e mezzo bruna :
 Scappa un raggio, e luccica ancora,
 E un po' po' le vette colora :
 Lunga dagli alberi scende l'ombra :
 Tutto abbuja, tutto s'adombra :
 Tutto è orrido, e pien di morte ;
 Amico, ah non tardar, schiudi le porte."*

Contemporaneously with this apparition of the first dawn of romanticism in Italian literature, pictorial art was triumphing in France with the classic canvasses of David and Prudhon, and in Italy, after the miraculous creations of Tiepolo, with the pictures of Appiani, Batoni, and Camuccini

* "Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe of snow! white arms and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people: she that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The blast drives the phantom away; white, without form, it ascends the hill."

"Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the west. Slow moves that pale beam along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard. The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night is past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom, rekindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He ascends the hill, and whistles on his way. A blast removes the cloud. He sees the starry plough of the north. Much of the night is to pass. He nods by the mossy rock.

"Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead returning from the air.

"The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, silent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from night" (Macpherson).

—three painters who nourished themselves upon Raphael, but were not able to digest him. At the same time, sculpture was shaping itself anew according to the old models, and was being imposed upon contemporaries in the works of Canova.

And, perhaps, in those works of Canova—in that sugary group of *Psyche* and even in the majestic monument to the Rezzonico Pope, Clement XIII—it is not difficult to discern, with a slight effort, the first signs of that morbid sentimentality, which followed the barocco age, and which became the romanticism of the plastic arts of Italy.

The boundary, alas, of the classic and the romantic spirit is less precisely defined in the works of Italian genius than in those of the genius of other countries. For the Italian mind, tempered in the culture of Greece and Rome, and in the humanistic civilisation of the Renaissance, is somewhat like the bifrontal busts of *Heraclitus* and *Democritus*, which smiled with one face and wept with the other. In the same way, one side of the Italian mind is austere classic, while the other is romantic. In the next chapter, we will attempt to discover, better perhaps than we have so far been able to do, the secret of those two faces.

THE MOTIVES IN CARLYLE'S 'FRENCH REVOLUTION.'

BY J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read November 22nd, 1916.]

“ You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flaming from the heart of a living man. Do with it what you like, — you ! ” With that dedication of his ‘ French Revolution ’ to the public Carlyle strode from the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, on the night of January 12th, 1837. The concluding passage just flung on to paper was the same weird vaticination which, in the essay on ‘ The Diamond Necklace,’ he had fathered upon the arch-quack, Cagliostro. That he should have ventured to conclude a really great work with so poor a piece of rant is curious enough. It may be a sign of the utter weariness which overtook him long before the end, or of that grim humour which was to appear in *Sartor resartus*. Yet it is significant that, after hashing up Cagliostro’s incantation to the supernal and infernal Powers, he lapses into Carlylese, rejoices at the end of “ Respectability with all her gigs,” and hails even the Terror as “ the end of the dominion of Imposture ” with her attendant gigs. Every student of Carlyle must regret that the seer ever lit upon that quaintly insular definition of respectability that had recently

cropped up in Thurtell's trial—"He kept a gig"; for Carlyle ran the joke to death. But the fact that he introduced the gig jest twice into that final invocation to the vanishing shade of the Gentle Reader, illustrates the subjective character of his first great historical effort.

In truth it was not History, as judged by modern standards. It was a dithyrambic outburst prompted by the keen curiosity of a fiery nature as he contemplated the heights and depths of human nature. Living in the dull time of reaction after that cosmic upheaval, Carlyle came to look with something of contempt on the Humanity (or Gig-manity) of his day, and with passionate earnestness sought to reconstruct the earlier age which produced giants, not the petty money-making machines of the smug "thirties." The whole work, therefore, belongs to the poetry of revolt—a revolt directed against the new Supply-and-Demand England quite as much as against the shams of *l'ancien régime*. Or, as he himself confessed in his letter of February 17th, 1837, to John Carlyle: "I find on a general view that the book is one of the *savage*st written for several centuries. It is a book written by a *wild man*, disunited from the world he lives in, looking king and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood and an indifference of contempt." Here, as often, Carlyle is unfair to himself. Under all the fierce denunciations of the human race there is genuine pity. Over against the lurid past he depicts the dawn of a fairer day. Nowhere is the narrative surcharged with the despair which makes

'The Latter Day Pamphlets' so uniquely depressing.

Along with the inquisitiveness of the genuine student as to the riddle of the French Sphinx, there were mingled other motives which sustained him throughout that weary quest. The one was ethical; the other, biographical. The one concerned the incompetence of the many; the other set forth the eternal need for the great man. The motives are fundamental to all Carlyle's works. In 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' they are set forth didactically; in 'The French Revolution,' 'Cromwell,' and 'Frederick,' epically; in 'Past and Present' and 'The Latter Day Pamphlets' with the moralisings of hope or despair. The 'Miscellaneous Essays' are *parenga*, chips from the Cheyne Row workshop. Limiting our survey here to the most intense of all his works, we note that the ethical motive has here a double application. It applies to the moral bankruptcy of the old order of things in France, and also to the helplessness of the new order to organise itself apart from the aid of the heaven-sent genius. Under Louis XV society is rotten, so rotten as not to throw up a great man; and under Robespierre the chaotic efforts of the many produce for long only a pedant, until the olive-cheeked Corsican bursts on the scene and produces order—of a sort.

Here, clearly, were the sources of Carlyle's interest in the French Revolution. To him it appeared the supreme example of man's revolt against all institutions and customs that cramped and belittled human energies. In one of his early essays, 'Signs of the Times' (1829), occur passages

which connect his protests against Benthamism and Manchesterdom with his growing interest in the French Revolution as a revelation of the infinite that is in man. He pronounces his own age to be "not an heroical, devotional, philosophical, or moral age, but, above all others, the mechanical age." Mechanism, spreading from the sphere of industry, is invading the realms of politics, religion, art, and literature. Politics tends to become an affair of institutions and material welfare, to the betterment, perhaps, of the body-politic, but the damnation of the soul-politic; and the higher gifts of the race are being regulated and stunted by religious societies and academies of all kinds—a weariness to every child of Nature. For every great age was inspired, not by appeals to the purse and to bodily comfort, but by the sense of the ideal, "the rapt soul looking through the eyes of one man." . . . "The French Revolution itself had something higher in it than cheap bread and a Habeas Corpus Act. Here, too, was an idea; a dynamic, not a mechanic force. It was a struggle, though a blind and at last an insane one, for the infinite, divine nature of Right, of Freedom, of Country."

This germinal thought bore fruit nine years later in Carlyle's rhapsodic history. In its larger outlook, his 'French Revolution' was a passionate reminder to a more and more mechanical age, that the spirit of man is of far higher worth than all the laws and customs and machinery which then enmeshed him; and that the advent of the hero must always brush aside these unmanning fetters. The passing of the Reform Bill and consequent measures

served but to energise the protest of the seer ; and the following passage in the ' French Revolution ' reveals him as more than ever a rebel against the Whiggism of " the thirties." He is contemplating the advent of Sansculottism in 1789—" What a work, O Earth and Heavens, what a work ! Battles and bloodshed, September massacres, Bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, Ten-Pound Franchises, Tarbarrels, and Guillotines ; and from this present age, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight ! Two centuries, hardly less ; before Democracy go through its due, most baleful stages of Quackocracy, and a pestilential World be burnt up and have begun to grow green and young again ! " Obviously, the explosive force that sped upward this sheaf of rockets is despair at the mechanical tendencies in the England of 1837. Indeed, the whole set-piece is a blazing warning against the dulling *régime* of Benthamism and the factory system. Was not the seer of Chelsea right ? Has not our modern civilisation blinkered the soul and hobbled the feet of man ? Is he not the tool and victim of the machinery created about a century ago ? And is not civilisation now in danger of perishing under the load of the inventions, of which, even in their initial stages, Carlyle discerned the danger ?

The fundamental lesson which Carlyle set out to enforce was the helplessness of the multitude, apart from the guidance of some great leader. The French Revolution lent itself admirably to this theme. The lack of such guidance, before the outbreak, and even right up to the advent of Bonaparte, is obvious :

but our author's love of picturesque detail, and his revelling in all incidents that expose both sham kingship and mad demagoguery lead him into numerous alarms and excursions that lay the buckram figures low by scores. Of course, he is unfair to the eighteenth century—that wonderful age of inquiry and invention which provided nearly all the stock-in-trade for the overrated nineteenth century. His studies in Rousseau, Diderot, and the *Economistes* were superficial, as will appear from a comparison of them with the scholarly estimates penned by Lord Morley. Nothing could be less fair than the hasty generalisation by Carlyle—"An age of book-paper, splendid with theories, philosophies, sensibilities—beautiful art, not only of revealing thought, but also of so beautifully hiding from us the want of thought." Against the *rois fainéants*, Louis XV and Louis XVI, all Carlyle's shafts fly home. Nothing is finer in modern prose than the story of the decline and death of Louis XV. Then, while Louis XVI hunts and gorges, there awakens in France a divine discontent, which, finding no skilled engineer, no safe outlet, bursts forth explosive, as Sansculottism. Sham kings and politicians and courtiers fly aghast; and Carlyle points the moral with prophetic insistence: "O my brother, be not thou a Quack! Die rather, if thou wilt take counsel. 'Tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it for ever!" And again: "That there be no second Sansculottism in our earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise*."

The shams having vanished from sheer inanity,

the great man ought to appear. But here is the weak part of the piece. In his later works, 'Cromwell' and 'Frederick,' Carlyle found ready to hand a really great man, or one whom he long took to be great. But in his 'Miscellanies' ("Essay on Mirabeau," 1837), he still was in doubt as to his heroes in the French Revolution. He names them tentatively as Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau, and suggests that others may be found (possibly brave old Bouillé, the hero of the mutiny at Nancy). Thus, in regard to the hero-*motif*, his piece lacks both unity and sureness of touch. Biographically, and therefore artistically, it falls into three unequal divisions, consecrated to Mirabeau, Danton, and Bonaparte. But Mirabeau, the leading figure, is not convincing as hero. Carlyle's portraiture is vague at many points. The great man ought not only to possess a lion-like pose and roar, but also to perform lion-like deeds. The Mirabeau of this piece is picturesque, but he fails potently to affect its action except in one or two episodes, the importance of which the dramatist exaggerates. Strange to say, Carlyle omitted all description of Mirabeau's chief parliamentary triumph, that of May-June, 1790, when he averted all chance of war between England and France, and secured a not unfavourable compromise for Louis XVI in regard to a share in the control of foreign policy. All that Carlyle passed by (probably as "weariness to the flesh"); and much else, which was known in 1837 (that is, long before the publication by La Marck of Mirabeau's correspondence with the king), scarcely appears, except in fuliginous phrases such as "A man travelling,

comet-like, in splendour and nebulosity, his wild way; whom telescopic patriotism may long watch; but, without higher mathematics, will not make out." It is needless to discuss Carlyle's conjecture that Mirabeau, if he had lived longer, would have changed the course of the history of France and of the world. More apposite is it to note that Carlyle, though unaware of the compromising relations between the King and Mirabeau, arrives instinctively at the just verdict—"paid, not sold"; also that his farewell blends pathos and caution, hero-worship and the critical faculty: "This brother-man, if not epic for us, is tragic; if not great, is large; large in his qualities, world-large in his destinies."

It is clear that Carlyle sniffed hopefully for a time about the figure of brave old Bouillé, queller of mutinous thousands at Nancy. How else shall we explain the exaggerated importance assigned to that episode? But, alas, Bouillé thereafter has to fade into dimness; and his lack of success in the Varennes affair removes him into Cimmerian darkness, the dramatist waving a sad farewell. For the true hero must succeed. He may break laws and sanctities, in conformity with Mirabeau's convenient motto—" *Le petit moral est l'ennemi du grand*"; and if he practises the creed with success (like Frederick in the Silesian and Polish affairs) he attains to the Carlylean dignity of "a swallower of formulas." For this reason Mirabeau was "a reality and no simulacrum." For want of it, the French royalists, Austrians, and Poles of that century were "buckram figures, simulacra, ghastly to the inward sense."

A keen scent for the forceful led Carlyle towards his second hero in the piece. Danton, "the Mirabeau of the *sansculottes*," had even greater formula-swallowing power than his predecessor; and in this second estimate of a hero are found clearly for the first time some of the defects of the hero-worship of Carlyle. He tends to confuse forcefulness with strength. The men who succeeded by dint of balance of faculties and a quiet persistence, like William the Silent, William III, and Washington, did not appeal to him. A strong dash of the pugilist was necessary to attract him, and herein one may detect a trace of his almost peasant-upbringing in Dumfriesshire. Once attracted by displays of successful pugnacity he follows his man through thick and thin. Bill Sikes's dog did not overcome more obstacles in the rush to the gibbet than Carlyle in his breathless pursuit of militant heroism. But, perhaps, the most extraordinary of his feats of special pleading is his defence not only of Danton's share in the September massacres, but also of those massacres themselves, as a kind of people's war. Carlyle never dashed off a more revolting verdict.

At one point his native shrewdness led him correctly. Madame Roland, in her 'Memoirs,' persistently accused Danton of wholesale corruption and fiendish cruelty. But she herself supplied the antidote to her venom; for she admitted that her vivacious fancy was for ever picturing scenes and incidents suitable to the character which she ascribed to this or that person; so that history was for her a set of *tableaux* and the present world a kind of

masquerade. As for Danton, his *rôle* was either that of a Sardanapalus gorged with wine and gold, or else that of a leader of assassins, less cruel than he, whom he incited to murder and outrage. Probably it was this visualising power, added to her charm and courage, which earned from Carlyle praise for her "crystal clearness"—"noblest of all living Frenchwomen," etc. I incline to think that she, rather than Marie Antoinette, was his heroine in this work. Nevertheless, he scarcely notices her slanders on Danton's bribe-taking; and it is a singular tribute to his instinctive feeling for character that his omission to notice her charges, and his implicit vindication of the second tribune of the people has been amply justified by the researches of M. Aulard, who at this point convicts Madame Roland of suppressing evidence in Danton's favour. Carlyle's farewell to this mass of revolutionary force is characteristic: "He had many sins, but one worst sin he had not, that of cant. No hollow formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this; but a very man; with all his dross he was a man; fiery-real from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men." Setting aside the somewhat negative virtue of freedom from cant, we note that the praise of having freed France from Brunswick belongs rather to Dumouriez and Kellermann than to Danton. Carlyle's mistake arose from his overrating the importance of the September massacres and other incidents at Paris, and his underrating

the importance of events on the frontier. It was not the September murderers and the fanatics of Paris, but the regular troops then concentrating on the Argonne, who saved France from Brunswick. This has been abundantly proved. Carlyle's leaning towards the irregular and the Titanic here led him astray. For regular warfare he manifested no liking until he came to describe the battles of Cromwell and of Frederick. In order fitly to describe the chief exploits of the Prussian King he twice visited Germany, in 1852 and 1858. In 1836 it was beyond his purse and his conception of history to visit the battlefields of Valmy, Jemappes, and Fleurus.

In truth, his preoccupation with the more scenic and personal episodes at Paris led him to overlook Fleurus, the most decisive event of the latter portion of the Terror. It is, of course, the weak side of the biographical and picturesque school of historians that they omit notice of events which do not easily focus. But what his canvas lost in breadth and minuteness it gained in intensity; and we must rejoice that "he walked straight his wild road, whither it led him." Clearly, the Reign of Terror wearied him. Writing to his wife about the book, entitled 'September,' (vol. iii, Bk. I) he said: "A hundred pages more, and this cursed book is flung out of me. I mean to write with force of fire till that consummation—above all with the speed of fire. . . . It all stands pretty clear in my head; nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to splash down what I know in large masses of colour, that it may look like a

smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance, which it is." Artistic presentiment overpowers all else in the concluding chapters; but here and there appear the two *motifs*, the death-throes of Sansculottism and the final triumph of a hero. Interest in these two themes sustained the author in his final wrestlings, so that the hundred pages were trebled. Just as belief in the helplessness of the multitude helped him to re-write that marvellous first volume, so the same general notion spurred him on to the end. He took no count of the constructive efforts in the realm of education, law, and government, which rendered the years 1793-1794 for ever memorable. For him the main theme, almost the only theme, is the convulsive efforts of Sansculottism savagely and unavailingly to build an abiding dwelling-place. Time after time the monster destroys its own work. The populace by turns, fierce or craven, fickle or obstinate, guillotines the leaders of yesterday; and the whole scene is a welter against which there finally emerges the figure of the little Corsican. And then chaos ends, order reappears, and the Revolution is no more; "the thing we specifically call French Revolution is blown into space by it [Bonaparte's whiff of grapeshot], and become a thing that was."

A singular judgment, this. True, a little earlier (Bk. VII, ch. 6), he admitted that even Sansculottism, the violent element of the Revolution, lived on, though changed; and this admission dulls the astonishment with which we hail his assertion as to the abrupt ending of the Revolution. When we ask what he meant specifically by the Revolu-

tion, we find the definition (in vol. i, Bk. VI, ch. 1) —“The open violent rebellion and victory of disimprisoned anarchy against corrupt worn-out Authority ; how Anarchy breaks prison, bursts up from the Infinite Deep, and rages uncontrollable, immeasurable, enveloping a World . . .” —which is as if Turner were to try and turn geometrician. But in this *Æolus-let-loose* simile we discover Carlyle's fundamental conception of his subject. Truly, if the Revolution were an immeasurable cataclysm, not the climax of long efforts to attain liberty, then he is justified in dating its end from 13, Vendémiaire, 1795, or, still better, from Bonaparte's coup d'état of Bremaire, 1799. But, indeed, the really important part of the Revolution has never ended and will never end. The struggle for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity survived the whiff of grapeshot, survived the cannonade of Waterloo, and will survive the present highly organised efforts of Prussian State despotism. Valmy was a forecast of Verdun.

There, then we take leave of him, as he waves an adieu to the courteous reader. Prophet-like, he has thundered his warnings with almost tedious iteration, so that the hypercritical reader begins to ask whether there is not some cant in the perpetual injunction to get rid of cant, and some servitude to formula in the worship of men who have swallowed all formulas. In this brief paper no attempt has been made to appraise either the historical or the literary qualities of this great work, but rather to estimate the motives which stamped it with a marked individuality. The freshness and power of nearly

all portions but the last are due, as we have seen, to the seer-like convictions of the author that the story enshrined precious lessons for his own cramped, mechanical, and cynical age. Standing on the brink of the Victorian Era, doubtful whether England would survive the numbing effects of the Georgian age, he endeavoured to inspire his generation with faith in the infinite possibilities of man; and, by plumbing the depths of human baseness, and by soaring to the heights of heroic achievement, he sought to revive the sense of veneration both for the human and the divine. Who shall measure the debt of the Victorians to this invigorating draught of fresh life? In this respect his aim was more than fulfilled; and probably the indirect method of teaching adopted in 'The French Revolution' was more fruitful than all the hortatory passages in 'Chartism,' 'Past and Present,' and 'The Latter Day Pamphlets.'

In other respects he was less successful. The value of his historical work depended very largely on the really heroic qualities of the men whom he selected as heroes. His later histories set forth the exploits of men the mass of whose achievements was immense; but in the case of Mirabeau, Danton, and Bonaparte's whiff of grapeshot, the achievement was grandiose rather than great; and Carlyle had to exaggerate its importance in order to produce the effect at which he aimed. Hence the characterisation of the three men (that of Bonaparte refers only to Vendémiaire, 1795), is not convincing. The panegyric is a trifle shrill over achievements which in themselves are not very impressive. Hence, too,

the tendency to mistake forcefulness for strength, and to palliate crimes which, if committed by lesser men, would not be cloaked by that convenient formula-swallowing motto. The worst example of this is the special pleading on behalf of the September massacres. But other instances might be cited of deeds which, though approved in the case of Mirabeau or Danton, would have brought down prophetic thunderbolts upon Lafayette or Robespierre.

In fact, even in this comparatively immature work there appear signs of that conflict between the moralising *motif* and the hero-worship *motif*. Just as Carlyle himself dwelt fiercely aloof from his own age, shooting down denunciations from above and not co-operating with struggling mortals, so, too, his heroes enjoy immunity from ordinary law. "Depend upon it, sir, God thinks twice before damming a man of that quality." So said the lady Maréchale about a member of the old French nobility; and Carlyle echoes the verdict for the brawny Titans whom he enshrines in his Pantheon. Praise of Danton, the Minister of Justice of September, 1792, foreshadows the eulogy passed on Frederick, spoliator of those buckram figures, the Hapsburgs, and tamer of anarchic Poles at the First Partition. The germ, I repeat, of all the later Carlylean confusion between forcefulness and righteousness, between might and right, is clearly visible in this earlier work, though it was reserved for his 'Frederick' to set forth the theme with a fulness and passion infinitely harmful to the trend of thought in Prussia and Germany. In that later work, which appeared in 1858-1865, the emphasis on success is extravagant; and the

cloak thrown over the hero is then made to spread over all his successful crimes. But, even in the 'French Revolution,' Carlyle identified far too closely the use of temporarily successful methods with devotion to duty and principle. His portraiture in the case of the three outstanding figures was so limited as to obscure the Nemesis that attended the adoption of their forceful and desperate devices. A more complete delineation would have shown royalism discredited by Mirabeau's questionable shifts, Sansculottism, indelibly stained by the September massacres, the whiff of grapeshot ending in a military rule which led up to Waterloo. *Finis coronat opus*; and Carlyle rarely reveals the end. His *chiaroscuro* style throws up in sharp relief certain episodes of the piece; but it closes with no Epilogue, only with an incantation. The moralising *motif*, which probably prompted him at the outset, was overpowered by his majestic *Sinfonia eroica*; and the moral at several points became blatantly immoral. Accordingly, the prophetic message, so inspiring to the age in which it originated, fails to conform to some of the highest canons of eternal truth.

A GREAT MISTRESS OF ROMANCE: ANN RADCLIFFE 1764–1823.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 24th, 1917.]

THE macabre is a note which is to be found in a more or less marked degree—at certain periods almost wholly suppressed, and again at others unduly exaggerated—in all the literatures of the world. It is a subject which possesses an extraordinary power and fascination, a subject open to the most obvious dangers and trivialities. Informed by genius it reaches the grandest heights of shuddering tragedy; profaned by vulgar minds and cheap pens it grovels in the gutter an object of well-merited ridicule and disgust. It would be intensely interesting, if space allowed, briefly to indicate the existence and growth of this sentiment, which, adopting Pater's phrase, I have termed the macabre, this horror and awe, through the great literatures of all nations and times. This is impossible, but before approaching my main subject, the work of Mrs. Radcliffe, I would touch upon one or two points in classical Greek and Latin and in English literature where the supernatural and the awesome are markedly apparent.

It should be pointed out that there are two prin-

cipal ways in which writers deal with the macabre. The object of both is, or ought to be, a serious effect—terror. The first method consists of an appeal to sheer physical dread and repulsion, by the description of and dwelling upon the black shadows of dissolution and decay, of mortal corruption, a brooding upon the gloomy and the sinister,

“dismal preparation,
[And] talk fit for a charnel.”

Lafcadio Hearn, in an essay entitled “Nightmare-Touch,” said that the fear of ghosts is the fear of being touched by ghosts, the dread of actual sensible contact with the supernatural—in one word, shock. Incidentally it may be remarked that Dr. Havelock Ellis tells us that Touch is of fundamental importance—the skin is the Mother of all the other senses. On this essential idea is to a large extent based the first method of utilising and dealing with the macabre in literature. This we find in many of Bandello’s novelle, in the inhuman stories of Grazzini, in the ‘Orbecche’ of Giraldis Cinthio, in Lewis’ ghoulis romance ‘The Monk,’ in the works of such a poet as Maurice Rollinat, and in much vulgar writing analogous to the *Police Times*.

But Hearn’s explanation is only very partially true. The second method, far finer in its working and far keener in its result, is, without any emphasised and undue concentration upon what is merely ghastly and loathsome, to create an atmosphere, an intangible spiritual atmosphere of psychic dread, such as has been done with such consummate mastery and skill by the genius of Henry James in

“The Turn of the Screw,’ with such subtle terror by Mrs. Oliphant in her ‘Tales of the Unseen’ and ‘The Beleaguered City,’ with such terrific force by D’Annunzio in ‘La Città Morta,’ by Van Lerberghe in ‘Les Fleurs,’ by Maeterlinck. In the very vagueness and uncertainty of such fear lies the terror; there is a sense of some indefinable presence which may be able and about to manifest itself suddenly; there is an utter inability to judge or cope with the extent of the power this presence can exercise, probably for evil and malignant ends. Sometimes the two methods are combined, as in Webster’s magnificent tragedy ‘The Duchess of Malfi,’ where we find sepulchral properties such as the dead man’s hand, a corpse brought to the murderer’s room at midnight, poisoned books, coffins, cords, and a bell, waxen images counterfeiting death, where people can hardly say the simplest thing without some funereal metaphor, where they reproach each other in recklessly gruesome terms and talk of shrieking mandrakes, lycanthropy, disease, and yet with all these material affrightments Webster never oversteps the mark. The physically horrible touches are mere details on a far more terrible background of spiritual gloom and despair.

It has been rashly and mistakenly averred that in ancient Greek literature the macabre finds little place. And yet in the ‘Agamemnon’ where we see the triumphant return of the king from Troy he brings with him the weird woman Cassandra, and, all others having passed into the house, she stands and shudders as she gazes upon the dazzling white walls of the palace rising calm and serene in the hot

sunshine of the midsummer day. The marble steps are covered with rich tapestries; the statues of the gods are garlanded with flowers; all is joy, all is peace. The chorus, the elders, watch her curiously, this barbarian captive. And even as she hesitates the pangs of inspiration tear her. She shrieks out that the phantom forms of murdered children,

“ Whose hands are filled with meat of their own flesh,
Χεῖρας κρεῶν πλήθοντες οἰκείας βορᾶς,”

bleeding and woeful, crowd the house-roof. Hell and doom are lurking within those festive doors. Slowly, painfully, foreknowing her own destruction, she approaches step by step, keening as she goes. At the threshold she starts. The foul smell of blood assails her. She shivers and recoils. “ ’Tis but the odour of the sacrifice upon the hearth,” say the chorus. “ To me,” rejoins the prophetess, “ it is the reek of charnels.” But needs must. She touches the door and disappears. The scene is empty. The chorus in low tones and disjointed speech chant their terror and their dread. Anon there is silence. And then suddenly the loud cry of Agamemnon rings out: “ Alas! I am stricken with the stroke of death!” It has been said: “ This shriek is the most terrible incident in all tragedy, owing to its absolute and awful timeliness, its adequacy to the situation.” I have laid some little stress upon this catastrophe owing to the manner in which Aeschylus creates his atmosphere. I would emphasise, strongly emphasise, the romanticism of this severely classic tragedian.

Other instances of the macabre might be cited

from Greek literature—the scene of the foul and hideous Furies slumbering within the hallowed precincts of Delphi and the dark wraith of Clytemnestra with the deep wound in her breast where the blood is never staunched, rousing the avengers from their sleep and hounding them on her son with bitter taunts and biting tongue—the unearthly figure of Teiresias, the seer, in the ‘Oedipus Tyrannus’ and the terrible agony which closes that tragedy—but enough has been said amply to show that the macabre had its part in the most self-restrained of ancient literatures.

Amongst Latin authors the macabre is strongly marked. Both Horace and Lucan—who was imitated by the prolix Silius Italicus—have descriptions of a witches’ sabbat. With no little irony Horace in his ‘Epistles’ asks the man who piques himself on being thoroughly unsentimental, unromantic, unimaginative,

“Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?”

“Do you really laugh at dreams, magic spells, wonders, witches, the terror that walketh by night, and Thessalian prodigies?” In Seneca’s tragedies we have several apparitions. Particularly striking is the long description in ‘Oedipus’ of the necromantic rites by which the spirit of Laius is evoked. In Propertius the ghost of Cynthia appears with crackling finger-joints,

“Pollicibus fragiles increpuere manus,”

her robes are still scorched by the funeral pyre—

“lateri uestis adusta fuit”—two very modern touches. At the immortal dinner of Trimalchio the guests tell each other ghost stories freely, and the host’s hair stands on end—“si qua fides est pili inhorruerunt.” But the most striking book where the romantic and macabre are combined is undoubtedly the ‘Metamorphoses’ of Apuleius, a true decadent in language, style, and matter. At the outset Lucius confesses to an overwhelming interest in magic and occult arts. He is travelling in Thessaly, the very centre of wizardry and superstition, and indeed before long his curiosity affords him a drastic lesson in the craft of the warlocks and sorcerers. The episodes which deal with the supernatural, and they are many, are very powerfully told. Incidentally it is worth noting how completely the last book, XI, with its detailed and wonderful description of the mysteries of Isis, the processions, the ritual, the liturgy, contradicts Gautier’s assertion that mysticism was unknown to the ancient world.

In the Middle Ages the supernatural and abnormal played a large part. It would indeed have been remarkable if a world which in the year 1000 reeled to its base, awaiting the crack of doom, which thrilled with the militant mysticism of the Crusades, which saw S. Bruno and his hermit Carthusians

“come together for more loneliness,
Whose bond is solitude, and silence all their part;”

which suffered strange plagues and stranger ecstasies, should not in its literary expression have been most deeply imbued with the macabre. In the thirteenth

century Rutebeuf's 'Miracle de Théophile,' an ancestor of 'Faust,' has scenes full of sinister and terrible import; in the Coventry 'Slaughter of the Innocents,' in the fifteenth century 'Everyman' Death appears in person, grim and ghastly like Thanatos in the 'Alcestis'; and, above all, in the Towneley 'Raising of Lazarus' there are macabre stanzas almost Websterian in their combination of loathsome detail and impressive restraint. In the Scottish alliterative poem "The Awntyrs of Arthur," Guinevere's mother appears to her in the course of a hunt. The spectre is described in hideous wise. The body is black and gaunt, the eyes glow like live coals, a baleful toad sits and gnaws the skull. At the sight the hounds scatter in all directions, yelping wildly; the birds rush through the trees in terror. In days, too, which witnessed the trials of Gilles de Rais, of Urbain Grandier, the bull of Innocent VIII, the witch burning of Wurtzburg, of Como, of Warboys in Huntingdonshire, of Pendle, men's minds were always prone to the abnormal, and the volumes of the demonologists, of Bodin, Delrio, the Capuchin Sinistrari d'Ameno have pages as fantastic and macabre as anything in literature. I cannot refrain from quoting the little interlude, 'The Three Queens and the Three Dead Men':

1st Queen.	I am afeard.
2nd Queen.	Lo! what I see?
3rd Queen.	Me thinketh it be devils three!
1st Dead Body.	I was well fair.
2nd Dead Body.	Such shalt thou be.
3rd Dead Body.	For Godes love, be-ware by me!

It is hardly necessary even in passing to draw

attention to the extraordinary popularity of the 'Drama of Blood and Horror' in the Elizabethan theatre, inspired as it primarily was by the tragedy of Seneca and his lurid Italian imitators, but which soon utterly cast aside the stiff trappings of formal classicism to take a completely native dress and tongue, to deal with actual events and recent crimes such as the murder of the Kentish squireen Arden ; the madness and infanticides of Walter Calverly ; the clubbing to death of Robert Beech and his boy by a dissolute tavern-keeper, Thomas Merry ; the execution of Mistress Browne and her servant at Bury St. Edmunds. It is interesting to know that Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy' was attracting audiences as late as 1668 ; and 'Titus Andronicus' proved a great favourite in the first decade of Charles II's reign. In the winter of 1686, when Shakespeare's play was revived after an interval of some ten years, Ravenscroft, in order to make it more palatable, added a few additional murders and sundry ferociously horrible speeches and torturings. Even in the sober reign of George II Lillo, the most moral and sentimental of all dramatists, was drawing upon old Elizabethan ballads and chapbooks for his great successes, 'The London Merchant,' 'Fatal Curiosity,' and 'Arden of Feversham,' which last is merely an alteration of the older tragedy.

These things belong to the cruder presentation of the macabre, to that order which is physically horrible and revolting even, rather than to the terrible, the atmosphere of spiritual dread. But the latter is by no means untouched. We find it in Webster, in Ford, in Marston, in Cyril Tourneur, in the

melancholy fantasies, the Nocturnals and Obsequies of Donne, a poet in whose praise I find it difficult to speak with words on this side idolatry. Nor can I neglect to mention the last sermon preached by the Carolan dean of St. Paul's, delivered at Whitehall in Lent, 1630, before the King, a sermon whose sonorous periods—as Mr. Gosse has admirably said —“are adorned with fine similes and gorgeous words as the funeral trappings of a king might be with gold lace. The dying poet shrinks from no physical horror and no ghostly terror of the great crisis which he was himself to be the first to pass through . . . our blood seems to turn chilly in our veins as we read.” When published in 1632 the book presented an extraordinary frontispiece, the head and bust of a corpse wrapped in a winding sheet. The poet as he lay on his death-bed had the ghastly fantasy to be placed in a coffin and to be drawn in his shroud.

Swinburne half hints that on the stage Cyril Tourneur makes too much play with skulls and crossbones, yet I cannot but think that the churchyard scenes of ‘The Atheist’s Tragedy’ are entirely justified both from a poetic and a dramatic standpoint. In such a play as the ‘Death’s Jest Book’ of Beddoes, a poet who “dedicated himself to the service of death,” no doubt the macabre element would not bear presentation. The midnight feast of bleaching atomies and their partners, the dance to rattling music, whilst a sentinel skeleton armed with a scythe sings a hideous song, these are too grotesque; they would defy the producer’s skill. Mr. Gosse (who in an illuminating passage compares

Beddoes in poetry to Breughel in painting) writes again that Beddoes "followed the very tricks of Marston and Cyril Tourneur like a devoted disciple." I would even venture to add that he caricatured them. I trust my above criticism will not be thought impertinent because Beddoes wrote with no idea of the stage. 'Death's Jest Book' is a play, and as such it is, I think, legitimate to discuss it from the producer's point of view. A churchyard may be presented with great effect. 'Hamlet' will, of course, occur to every mind. Very impressive is the final scene of Wedekind's 'Frühling's Erwachen,' where, on a clear November night in the bright frosty moonshine, Melchior, escaping from the reformatory, clambers across the wall and encounters his chum, the suicide Moritz Stiefel, who comes stamping over the graves with his head under his arm, whilst presently the talk between the two boys, the quick and the dead, is interrupted by the mysterious figure of "Der verummte Herr."

Terrible, too, is the last act of Laparra's 'La Habanera,' which shows us ancient vaults and a campo santo wherein grow tall cypress trees like burned-out torches, dark against the faded sky. Pilar and Ramon are kneeling by the tomb of the murdered Pedro, and as the sun sets and the shadows grow deeper she flings herself into his arms with words of love, words which are drowned in the mournful chant of a belated funeral *cortège*, "Ego sum resurrectio et uita," a chant repeated again and again. She falls back crooning the dance music of la habanera, music which becomes mute before the booming of the solemn dirge. And then in horror,

leaving her motionless, inert, Ramon flies, and the last sound we hear is the iron claug of the cemetery gate.

These are modern examples of tragedy, and it was tragedy that preserved the macabre from utter forgetfulness in the long period of 100 years from the Restoration to the beginning of the reign of George III. It is most noticeable how absolutely matter-of-fact, business-like, and entirely untouched by the shadow of the ghostly is such a relation as the narrative of 'The Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705,' surely one of the most designedly plain and commonplace, as it is one of the cleverest, pamphlets in our literature.

It is pretty generally held that Horace Walpole was the first to introduce us to prose romanticism in 1764, and it may be allowed that 'The Castle of Otranto' is the first piece of romantic fiction to make its influence widely felt, to be copied and advertised as the pioneer of a fashion and a school. None the less, Walpole was not the earliest of our prose romanticists, a position repeatedly but erroneously claimed for him. Two years before 'The Castle of Otranto' appeared was published 'Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, Son of Fair Rosamond,' "a romance of feudal times," which is to be attributed to the Rev. Thomas Leland, D.D., of Dublin (1722-85), an Irish historian and classical scholar of repute. The work is picturesque, but on the whole poorly executed. Yet it certainly is the first English romantic novel, and although 'Otranto'

is famous and ‘Longsword’ has been wholly forgotten, although *to* Walpole is—not undeservedly—ascribed far-reaching influence, and to Leland apparently little or none, yet the name of the latter should not have been so entirely obliterated from the history of fiction as in the past. Undeniably he is the first of our romantic novelists, and as such should be given his place and due.

But the fact that tragedy had paved the way and preserved the romantic spirit must not be minimised nor overlooked. Nor should that most powerful tragedy of Walpole’s own, which Scott judged to be “horribly impressive”—‘The Mysterious Mother’—be disregarded in this connection. Yet what was the heroic theatre of Dryden save drama of a highly romantic order and the finest quality? ‘Don Sebastian,’ ‘Venice Preserv’d,’ ‘The Mourning Bride,’ Thomson’s ‘Tancred and Sigismunda,’ all carried on the same tradition and partook of the same spirit; whilst Home’s ‘Douglas’ (produced at Covent Garden in March, 1757, and in Edinburgh the December of the preceding year) from the very first lines—

“Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul’s sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart . . .”

to the close of the fifth act—

“Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait,”

is surely romanticism *in excelsis*.

I do not say that tragedy was the only form of literature which preserved romanticism alive. That

would be altogether too sweeping when we remember the odes of Collins; the pinchbeck fantasies of Macpherson, received with enthusiasm they little deserved; the work of Joseph and Thomas Warton; and in later years, that isolated classic, 'Vathek,' which owed nothing to current tendencies of thought. But tragedy, I repeat, was the main channel of romanticism.

I am very loath to speak disparagingly of an old friend, but I must confess that 'The Castle of Otranto' is one of those books I am grateful to have read whilst yet I was a boy. Viewing it critically, its faults are too patent, its mysteries and swarming ghosts too absurd. The mammoth members and giant armour of Alphonso seen in the courtyard and in several chambers of the castle, the extravagances of a statue bleeding from the nose, a picture walking out of its panel all to no purpose, these soon make us feel like Manfred himself, "inured to the supernatural." I think no critic has remarked the extreme appositeness of the introduction of the name of St. Nicholas, which Gray seems to have found more incredible than any other of the wildest incidents in the story. Otranto lies at no great distance from Bari, the headquarters of the cult of S. Nicholas, who is indeed popular throughout the South-east coast of Italy. Nowadays the pother of the first preface of 'The Castle of Otranto' with its talk of a book "printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529," of Onuphrio Muralto and William Marshall, can but provoke a smile, an unfortunate prelude to a tale of horror. Walpole's servants are hardly happy in their prolixity, and

Mrs. Radcliffe was presently to show how the type of the garrulous domestic, faithful but a very magpie, could be used with far greater skill. The figure itself is, of course, from comedy. Dryden was one of the first to exploit it, and his Maskall in 'An Evening's Love' and Benito in 'The Assig-nation' yet hold their own. They are in some sense derived from the Spanish theatre of Lope de Vega, Juan Perez de Montalvan, and Calderon. Even in so mystic and sombre a tragedy as 'La Devocion de la Cruz,' or in so philosophical a drama as 'La Vida es Sueño' the *gracioso* has no insignificant place. In comedy he is rampant.

Walpole soon found a disciple. In 1777 Clara Reeve, the estimable daughter of a respectable clergyman, published 'The Champion of Virtue,' "a picture of Gothic Times and Manners," a story which the authoress herself informs us is the "literary offspring of 'The Castle of Otranto.' A second edition, called for in 1778, was dubbed 'The Old English Baron,' under which name the book is now generally known. Miss Reeve, however, was far from approving of the violence of Walpole's supernatural machinery, and although she admits a phantom he must needs behave soberly and decorously as a discreet and gentlemanly ghost should. The result is that her work is cold and commonplace enough; Walpole himself damned it as a *caput mortuum*, and sarcastically remarked it was indeed "'Otranto' reduced to reason and probability." Clara Reeve failed egregiously, but she probably died quite unconscious of her failure. Her name is more than partially forgotten, and has

been almost wholly obscured by her far greater successor, Ann Radcliffe.

The life of Mrs. Radcliffe need not detain us long. It was, in truth, so very quiet and domestic, so entirely without incident, that when Christina Rossetti wished to write the biography of the great queen of romance, whom she immensely admired, she was obliged to relinquish her project owing to lack of material.

Ann Radcliffe, born in London,* July 9th, 1764, was the only daughter of William and Ann Ward. The father, though in trade, was a nephew of William Cheselden, the famous surgeon; and her mother, whose maiden name was Oates, was first cousin to Sir Richard Jebb, physician to George III. Her parents being in very comfortable and easy circumstances, a great part of Ann Ward's youth was spent with her superior relations, with whom she seems to have been a prime favourite. She was in particular a frequent guest at the house of the partner of Josiah Wedgwood, Bentley, who had married her aunt, and who resided first at Chelsea and afterwards at Turnham Green. Here she met several of the chief literary and social figures of the day, amongst others, Mrs. Thrale, whose intimacy with Dr. Johnson had begun in the winter of 1764, and who was to marry Gabriele Piozzi in 1784; the famous Mrs. Montagu, the blue-stockings; Mrs. Ord; and James Stuart, "Athenian Stuart," a pioneer of classical archaeology. Mr. Bentley's shy little niece seems to have attracted considerable

* In the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, where it was once fabled John Webster had been sexton and clerk.

attention both from her beauty of person and charm of manner. One day William Radcliffe, an Oxonian, and a student of law, who later abandoned being called to the bar and became proprietor and editor of the *English Chronicle*, fell in love with this modest girl whose heart and hand he soon won. They were married at Bath in 1787, and it may here be remarked that Mrs. Radcliffe's wedded life was one of unclouded happiness, cheered by the devotion and admiration of her husband, who has left on record his deep affection for his amiable partner.

William Radcliffe's business often keeping him out late at night, and her own household tasks and cares over, the young bride sat down to pass the time by penning a tale. It is said that her husband urged her to make the attempt, and it was on those long solitary winter evenings spent in a quiet room by a blazing fire that she wrote the strange and romantic stories which, with all their faults, so unmistakably bear the hall-mark of genius. She composed rapidly, and the effects of this haste are now and again discernible in some details of her work, some incident is left unexplained, some promised solution of an event is forgotten, some thread not gathered up. It is, I think, obvious that she as thoroughly enjoyed telling her stories as we do reading them.

Her first romance, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, A Highland Story," printed in 1789, is of no great length, and it must be regarded merely as an essay, a first step. It is a wild tale with improbable and strained incidents, often disconnected and confused, yet it appears to have met

with considerable success. It ran into several editions, and in 1824 attained to the honour of being "embellished with engravings," to wit, two full-page woodcuts in the style of Pollock's juvenile theatre. 1836 is the date of the last separate edition I have examined, and although there may be even a more recent reprint, I do not think it was well known after the middle of the last century. To-day, I imagine, it is almost entirely unread. On May 9th, 1806, there was produced at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Miss Smith, a tragedy by George Manners entitled 'Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds,' professedly founded on Mrs. Radcliffe's novel. It is a poor drama, and won scant favour. 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne' was translated into French upon its first appearance, and a later version published in Paris, 2 vols., 1819, is fairly spirited and exact. There is, of course, no effort in this "Highland story" to describe either the manners or scenery of Scotland, but the discerning critic will notice, and, if he be generous, admire, a feeling for nature, a power of imagery which give speedy promise of finer things.

To some extent this promise was fulfilled in 'The Sicilian Romance,' published in 1790, a notable advance upon its predecessor. The book met with great success, and was avidly read even in the highest quarters. Already has Mrs. Radcliffe won her title of "the first poetess of romantic fiction." The opening which describes a traveller halting before the sombre and decaying ruins of the castle of Mazzini is a fine piece of word-painting pregnant with impressive suggestion. Anon he obtains hos-

pitality at a neighbouring monastery, where he is allowed access to the library, and from an ancient manuscript extracts the story of the deserted walls. The stern Marquis of Mazzini, who has newly married a second wife, would force his daughter Julia, who loves the Count de Vereza, to wed the Duke of Luovo. Much of the book is taken up with Julia's flight from her father. She is captured and brought back, but escapes once more. Mystery surrounds the castle. In the deserted rooms doors are heard to close at night, and now and again there is "a sullen groan." These noises prove to proceed from none other than Mazzini's first wife, who is not dead, as supposed, but imprisoned by him in secret chambers. Eventually Mazzini's second lady, who has been faithless, poisons him and stabs herself. Julia and her lover are united, and all retire to Naples, leaving the castle to solitude and ruin. A very powerful use does Mrs. Radcliffe make of subterraneous passages, trap-doors with flights of steps descending into darkness, gothic windows that exclude the light, the sobbing of the wind, the wild haunts of Sicilian banditti. One incident in particular has been remembered by novelists and painters not a few. The Duke of Luovo, in pursuit of Julia, at nightfall finds himself near a distant monastery. On knocking at the door the porter refuses him admittance, alleging that the inmates are at their devotions and may not be disturbed. The Duke, after some parley, enters by force, and finds a company of jolly, well-paunched friars presided over by a rosy superior feasting in the refectory.

There have been innumerable editions of 'The Sicilian Romance.' Only a few years ago it was published in some sixpenny series. It has been translated into French more than once, and in Italy it is especially popular. In 1883 Simonetti of Milan published at a lira a translation with woodcuts, which are far from despicable, 'I Sotterranei di Mazzini.' In 1889 Sonzogno of Milan printed quite a new version as 'Giulia, o i Sotterranei di Mazzini' in the 'Biblioteca Romantica Tascabile,' at 50 centesimi. Myself I confess I always re-read 'The Sicilian Romance' with considerable pleasure.

'The Romance of the Forest,' which appeared in 1791, is a far better planned and regulated work. The characters, too, especially the vacillating La Motte, weak but not criminal, and his wife, are distinct and well sustained. From the very first sentence interest is awakened—the hurried midnight flight of La Motte from Paris, the extraordinary way in which the heroine, Adeline, is entrusted to him, the romantic forest and ruined abbey where he takes shelter, his fears for discovery, his clandestine visits to the tomb, the deep-laid plots of the unscrupulous Marquis de Montalt, all are described in the most interesting way. The book is certainly romantic rather than macabre; in fact, the supernatural plays a very small part, although the mysterious is by no means wanting. Extremely beautiful is Mrs. Radcliffe's description of the luxuriant woods, the huge-girthed oaks, the avenues and far-stretching vistas, the cool stream winding past the grassy lawns, the gothic abbey, a vast pile,

lone and deserted now, but bearing traces of ancient grandeur and wealth.

James Boaden, the clever biographer of Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, and a playwright of no mean capacity, dramatised 'The Romance of the Forest' as 'Fontainville Forest.' 'Fontainville Forest,' produced at Covent Garden on March 25th, 1794, was received with much favour. It was frequently acted the first season to crowded houses. The play follows the romance pretty closely, and is, it must be confessed, a skilful enough piece of work. Pope created La Motte; Mrs. Pope, who had acted Cordelia to Garrick's Lear, Adeline; Farren, the Marquis; and Hull, Peter, a comic servant. With some slight alterations, the piece was revived at the same theatre January 8th, 1796, and, it was found, had lost nothing of its popularity.

So great a success was 'The Romance of the Forest' that Messrs. Robinson offered Mrs. Radcliffe £500 for her next novel; a sum then so unusually large for a work of fiction that Cadell, the famous publisher, on hearing the statement, wagered five guineas it was a mere canard. 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' appeared in the spring of 1794, and at once exceeded even the warmest expectations. It straightway became, and has since remained, the most popular of her writings, and the very title passed into a proverb in our language. "The public," it has been said, "rushed on it with the most eager curiosity and rose from it with unsated appetite." Edition after edition was called for and rapidly exhausted. Joseph Warton, then Headmaster of Winchester, happening to take it up one evening,

found it impossible to go to bed till he had finished the book, and sat up the greater part of the night for that purpose. Sheridan and Fox both speak of it in terms of the highest praise. Indeed, judged as a pure romance, it must be accorded a prominent place in fiction. It is a book which it is impossible to read and forget. The description of Udolpho is written with consummate power and skill—those dark battlements, high amid the Appenines, a castle of awe and gloom, through whose halls and shadowed corridors prowl armed bandits, at whose evil banquets the Venetian glass cracks as the poisoned wine hisses into it poured from the host's hand, in whose inmost chambers are hidden horrors not to be guessed at nor named. Not only do strange and unwonted sounds appal us, but the rushing wind, a rustling curtain, a half-heard sigh, the lonely watch-word on the terrace are startling and eerie here.

In 1797 was published in Paris a French translation of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' from the pen of Victorine de Chastenay, a well-known woman of letters of the day. This was frequently reprinted. There is one specially noticeable edition of 1808, in six duodecimo volumes, each of which has an exquisite frontispiece. These are none the less delightful because—although the period of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' is 1584, the reign of Henri III—in these illustrations all the characters wear the costumes of the directoire, and the ladies are robed and coiffed *à la grecque*. On the 19 Frimaire year VII—December 9th, 1799—there was produced at the Ambigu-Comique a spectacular drama by René-

Charles Guilbert de Pixérécourt entitled ‘Le Château des Appenins, ou le Fantôme Vivant,’ entirely founded on ‘The Mysteries of Udolpho.’ Pixérécourt, who died in 1844, was an experienced writer, his plays, of which nearly 200 are known, almost rivalling in number the prolific Lope de Vega. He had done his work cleverly, and the new melodrama thronged the theatre.

In the summer of 1794 Mrs. Radcliffe accompanied her husband on a tour through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine. The same year she stayed in the lake district of Westmorland, and she has recorded her impression of these two visits in a well-written work entitled ‘A Journey through Holland.’

‘The Italian,’ which was published in 1797, and for which Robinson gave £800, has far more unity of plan than ‘The Mysteries of Udolpho,’ and is, in my judgment, the finest of Mrs. Radcliffe’s works. The wooing of Ellena by Vivaldi, wooing overshadowed by the dark and mysterious figure of Schedoni, a masterly study in psychology, and as such the unifying *motif* of the book; the machinations of the monk and the Marchesa for the murder of the heroine; her capture and confinement in the convent among the hills, a landscape most beautifully described; her terrible sojourn with Schedoni in the fisherman’s hovel by the sea when her lover has been seized by the familiars of the Holy Office; the awful conversation with the ruffian when the deed is planned; the long and hideous preparations as Schedoni mans himself to strike the blow; his strange relentings and bitter remorse; the episodes

in the dungeons of the Inquisition when fear of bodily torture is almost overcome by apprehension of the supernatural; these are all scenes depicted in the most impressive and romantic manner, scenes in which the genius of the authoress shows itself capable of a power and an eloquence which till then perhaps had hardly been realised. The descriptive passages, and they are many, have been compared to the style of Salvator Rosa. That there are occasional inaccuracies, absurdities even, in this, as indeed in all of Mrs. Radcliffe's works, will hardly disturb the candid critic. In 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne' a lover indites sonnets of sixteen and twenty lines; in 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' there is talk about the opera as a fashionable amusement at Toulouse in the days of the League; in 'The Italian' a Carmelite nun is clad in "white drapery"; an abbess appears with a mitre on her head; the vesper-bell rings for mass, which is celebrated in the evening. But these and other such errors can, I think, be honestly condoned. A more vulnerable point of criticism is that until her last and posthumous work, 'Gaston de Blondville,' Mrs. Radcliffe refrained from the use of supernatural machinery, and at the close of her romances explains by natural agency the whole marvels of her story. Frequently the cause is totally inadequate to the effect, and we are obliged to confess a serious blemish here. In this connection the words of the *Quarterly Review* for May, 1810, a just, if drastic, passage, can be cited and confirmed: "We disapprove of the mode introduced by Mrs. Radcliffe, and followed by Mr. Murphy and her other imitators,

of winding up their story with a solution, by which all the incidents appearing to partake of the mystic and marvellous, are resolved by very simple and natural causes. . . . We can believe, for example, in Macbeth's witches, and tremble at their spells; but had we been informed, at the conclusion of the piece, that they were only three of his wife's chambermaids disguised for the purpose of imposing on the Thane's credulity, it would have added little to the credibility of the story, and entirely deprived it of its interest."

The masterly way in which Mrs. Radcliffe has made use of the Inquisition, and the restraint which she has exercised in depicting the scenes in the cells and sombre halls of that tribunal, are most noticeable. The Inquisition itself has, of course, been employed in many subsequent novels, but never with such decorum and effect.

Immediately upon its appearance 'The Italian' was translated into French by no less a personage than the Abbé André Morellet. Boaden dramatised Mrs. Radcliffe's chapters, and August 15th, 1797, there was produced at the Haymarket 'The Italian Monk,' a play which is partly written in prose and partly in blank verse. The adaptor has made several changes, and supplied a happy ending. Schedoni was created by Palmer, the original Joseph Surface; Vivaldi, Charles Kemble; Paullo, Dicky Suett, of shambling gait and slippery tongue; Ellena, Miss de Camp. The first season it was acted twelve times, and it was revived in the following year at the same house for Miss de Camp's benefit on May 30th.

‘The Italian’ was the last of Mrs. Radcliffe’s works to be published in her lifetime, and from 1797 till her death she withdrew herself in a more than ordinary privacy of domestic life, entirely declining to be lionised and *fêted* by London society. Scott, no doubt correctly, assigns as her motive for this exceptional and even rigid seclusion a disgust “at seeing the mode of composition which she had brought into fashion profaned by the host of servile imitators, who could only copy and render more prominent her defects, without aspiring to her merits.” As the years passed by in silence various rumours began to circulate. It was suggested that she was travelling in Italy, a country she never visited, and there accumulating material for new romances. A pamphleteer was at some pains to describe her methods of composition, and told a gulled public how she was wont to sup late on underdone pork chops to induce nightmare, which was her inspiration. Often it was openly asserted and confidently believed that she was dead; obituary notices appeared. Another yet more persistent report stated that through brooding over horrors and terror a deep melancholia had invested her, and this had increased to such an extent that tottering reason gave way and she was perforce confined in a private asylum. A minor poet of the time rushed into print with an “Ode to Mrs. Radcliffe on her lunacy.” She did not even give herself the trouble to contradict what people were saying. The only time she expressed annoyance and concern was when Miss Seward, in a letter dated May, 1799, stated that literary gossips were hinting Joanna

Baillie's 'Plays on the Passions,' published the previous year, belonged to Mrs. Radcliffe's pen and that she was quietly owning them.

For several seasons it was Mrs. Radcliffe's custom to take excursions with her husband through beautiful and interesting parts of England. Thus they thoroughly explored the southern coast and much of the midland counties. But during the last twelve years of her life she at intervals suffered greatly from spasmodic asthma, which considerably affected her general health and spirits. On January 9th, 1823, a violent attack of the disease seized her. After a serious turn she appeared to rally, but being exceedingly weak she died quietly in her sleep between two and three in the morning on February 7th. She was in the fifty-ninth year of her age. Her remains were interred in a vault in the Chapel of Ease, Bayswater, belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square.

Her husband, who survived her many years, in 1833 published, or rather edited, four volumes of her posthumous works. These included 'Gaston de Blondville,' a romance; 'St. Albans Abbey,' a metrical tale; and various poetical pieces. Other poetical works also appeared separately. Of Mrs. Radcliffe's verse it is not necessary to say much. It is graceful and facile enough. 'St. Albans Abbey' itself, an imitation of "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," gives some happy lines, which we might esteem higher were it not for Scott's originals. 'Gaston de Blondville,' feigned to be taken from an old manuscript, has the scene laid at Kenilworth Castle, and deals with the "Court of

Henry III keeping festival in Arden." It is rather curiously divided into "eight days" [eight parts or chapters]. It is one of those books about which there is really nothing of note. It neither asks for praise nor blame. The influence of Scott can be very clearly detected, and Mrs. Radcliffe is far from her best here. There seems also a certain languor in the narrative, as though it had been written with effort which had not quite succeeded.

It is often said that Jane Austen, the most perfect, if not the greatest, of English novelists, began 'Northanger Abbey' as a satire on Mrs. Radcliffe. This is only very partially true. 'Northanger Abbey' is a satire, gentle and delicate enough, not on Mrs. Radcliffe, whose work is therein mentioned in terms of warm and sincere admiration, but on the school of Mrs. Radcliffe, that legion of imitators who distorted and caricatured the romance and genius of Udolpho—a very different story. This important distinction has, I think, rarely, if ever, been recognised and emphasised by the critics. George Mathias also in a note to the First Dialogue of his satire, 'The Pursuits of Literature' (1811), when he writes contemptuously of the whole tribe of female novelists especially excludes Mrs. Radcliffe from his censure. He says: "Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Mrs. etc., etc., though all of them are very ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently *whining* or *frisking* in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures." He then continues: "Not so the mighty magician of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' bred and nourished by the Florentine

muses in their secret solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition and in all the dreariness of enchantment ; a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged as

‘La nutrita
Danigella Trivulzia al Sacro Speco.’ ”

In ‘Northanger Abbey’ it will be remembered that Miss Andrews, “a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world,” recommended Isabella Thorpe some seven novels, which, “having read every one of them,” she vouched as being “horrid.” And now, one hundred years after, I have to thank Miss Andrews for her list. Following her good example, “having read every one of them,” I thoroughly endorse her opinion, “horrid” being transmuted to “exciting.” They are all, it may be mentioned, of an excessive rarity. Three at least are not to be found in the British Museum. In their day they were borrowed from the circulating libraries and read and read, until they were literally read to pieces. The list is as follows : ‘Castle of Wolfenbach,’ ‘Clermont,’ ‘Mysterious Warnings,’ ‘Necromancer of the Black Forest,’ ‘Midnight Bell,’ ‘Orphans of the Rhine,’ and ‘Horrid Mysteries.’ It has even been surmised that some of these titles are false, the invention of Jane Austen herself. But no, they are all genuine, and all actually exist. A few details may be of interest. ‘The Castle of Wolfenbach,’ published in 1793, said on the title-page to be “a German story,” is by Mrs. Eliza Parsons, a most prolific novelist, who died in 1811. She was the daughter of a Plymouth wine merchant

named Phelp. For some time she resided near Bow Bridge, and on the occasion of a dreadful fire by her presence of mind she saved, it is said, the whole of Bow from destruction. For this service she was granted a small place at Court. ‘The Castle of Wolfenbach’ was reprinted as late as 1835. Hers also is ‘The Mysterious Warning,’ which bears the date 1796. ‘Clermont,’ by Regina Maria Roche, was first published in 1798, and translated into French by Victorine de Chastenay. Mrs. Roche, who died in 1845, was Irish, and is of course a fairly well-known writer. Her ‘Children of the Abbey’ may be frequently met with. She inclines to sentimentalism rather than sensationalism. ‘The Necromancer; or, The Tale of the Black Forest,’ 2 vols. (1794), a product of the Minerva Press, purports to be “translated from the German of Lawrence Flammenburg by Peter Teuthold.” The German original has about as much existence as the Chinese manuscript of Eliza Haywood’s ‘Unfortunate Princess.’ This novel is peculiar in that following Mrs. Radcliffe the author explains all his ghostly visions and mysterious phenomena by natural means. The Necromancer is a charlatan and a cheat; the spectres a band of robbers, who at the conclusion are decimated and dispersed, whilst their leader perishes on the scaffold. ‘The Midnight Bell,’ also stated to be a German story, and published in 1798, went through three editions, and was translated into French in 1799. It is the work of Francis Lathom, an eccentric actor and novelist. Said to be the illegitimate son of a distinguished peer, Lathom, who was wealthy, for a time seems to have been closely

connected with the Norwich theatre. He retired, however, to a lonely farm in Aberdeenshire, where he died on May 19th, 1832. He has left some twenty novels and ten plays. 'The Orphans of the Rhine' is anonymous. It first appeared in four volumes. 'Horrid Mysteries' we owe to the pen of Peter Will, sometime minister of the German Lutheran chapel in the Savoy. Will further translated Krugge's 'Practical Philosophy of Social Life,' and one or two treatises of a similar kind, besides writing a magico-political romance, which surely must be unique. It was fiction such as this that Jane Austen was satirising all too gently. A bolder corrective, however, was administered by Eaton Stannard Barrett, who in 1813 published his burlesque attack 'The Heroine; or, The Adventures of Cherubina,' a piece of delicious fooling. Miss Cherry Wilkinson, half-crazed by reading nothing but the most sensational and blood-curdling fiction, disowns her father, an honest old yeoman of no small fortune, hight Gregory Wilkinson, and flies from his house. As she is leaving very secretly at dawn, in the greatest flurry, hurry, and distress, she deems it incumbent upon her there and then to compose a sonnet. At nightfall she enters a tumble-down barn. But no dead hand grasps hers and forcibly drags her in; no flaming eyeball glares furiously through a crevice. It is really most disheartening! Her further adventures in London and in a ruined castle when she tries to establish herself with a retinue of servants are good fun. Eventually she is weaned from her follies, and Stuart, her lover,

completes the cure with doses of ‘Don Quixote’ and ‘The Vicar of Wakefield.’

The influence of Mrs. Radcliffe on her contemporaries can hardly be over-estimated. Every pen essayed to catch something of her style, to write of some peerless heroine persecuted by wicked marquis or villainous monk, imprisoned in a terrific castle or mouldering abbey, scared by apparitions and illusions caused by cracking doors, unaccountable noises, sudden gleams of light where no person could be walking, until at last Matilda, or Rosalia, or Imogene is rescued by her lover, and as the story closes with this happy bridal it is discovered that the very castle or abbey where she had been secretly detained is part of her own domain now restored to her by the death of a cruel and treacherous relative. Smartly wrote Colman of the fiction that poured from the press—

“ A novel now is nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door,
A distant hovel,
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—
Old armour and a phantom all in white—
And there’s a novel ! ”

Although it is quite impossible to give anything like a complete list of even the best known novelists who reflect Mrs. Radcliffe’s influence, a few names might be mentioned. One of the most notorious of the macabre romances is Matthew Gregory Lewis’ ‘The Monk,’* which appeared in 1796. Not content with

* ‘The Monk’ was published at Paris (chez Maradan), 1797, in a translation by Deschamps. There are also French versions by Desprez, Benoit, Lamarre, etc.

vaults and charnels, with the Wandering Jew and the Bleeding Nun, "Apollo's sexton," as Byron dubbed him, spiced his pages with schoolboy erotics, which caused considerable scandal, and led to a speedy suppression of the first edition. It was immediately reprinted in a slightly abridged form, but the fashion had been set, and writers such as Charlotte Dacre, who assumed the name of Rosa Matilda, penned novel after novel with would-be piquant titles, 'The Libertine,' 'The Passions,' 'The Confessions of the Nun of St. Omer,' which latter is dedicated to Lewis himself in admiring terms. All these and their kin are rather stilted and very absurd, and as a matter of fact quite harmless.

In the preface to his first novel, 'The Fatal Revenge' (1807), Charles Robert Maturin roundly declared that no source of emotion is so powerful or so universal as the "fear arising from objects of invisible terror," and his work is in truth drenched in horror, blackness, and gloom. His masterpiece, 'Melmoth, the Wanderer,' published in 1820, is of excessive length and invention. The main theme is that of life prolonged by a mysterious compact, but narration is tangled with narration; form and proportion are entirely lost. Nevertheless there are many passages of exquisite, if sombre, and unearthly beauty. Maturin's tragedies, in the best of which, 'Bertram,' produced at Drury Lane, May 9th, 1816, Kean had a tremendous success, are one and all as wild and terrifying as his romances. In his dramatic work there can further be seen the influence of Schiller's 'Die Räuber,' first made

known to England in a paper read by Henry Mackenzie to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1788. The romanticism of Germany and its sentimentalism immediately coalesced with the romanticism of Mrs. Radcliffe and her followers and the sentimentalism both in fiction and on the stage of such authors as Cumberland, Holcroft, Mrs. Inchbald, and the younger George Colman. Monk Lewis, William Taylor, of Norwich, George Walker, Lathom, and Sir Walter Scott himself in his earliest work turned to German inspiration. This met with some terrible parody in 'The Anti-Jacobin,' and there can be no doubt that Canning's 'Rovers' had a much-needed and salutary effect. We must not forget the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe upon Scott, and more particularly perhaps upon Lord Byron.

The romances of William Godwin, especially 'St. Leon,' with the hero's imprisonment in the dungeons at Constance, the escape from the *Auto da Fé* at Valladolid and his subsequent journey to the deserted mansions of his fathers, owe much to Mrs. Radcliffe. Shelley's chaotic tales 'Zastrozzi' and 'St. Irvyne,' which borrow some of their mad ideas from a distortion of Godwin's politics, are perhaps the two most worthless books ever printed. The style is execrable, the incidents a mere nightmare phantasmagoria. Mary Shelley's shorter stories have merit, and 'Frankenstein' is certainly not without considerable power, but the apocalyptic 'Last Man,' which so deeply impressed Jefferson Hogg, and which Dr. Garnett commends, I confess I find almost unreadable. 'The Vampire,' that rather

ghastly little fragment of Byron's, from which Polidori, the young Italian doctor, made something of a story, is not to be forgotten. 'The Canterbury Tales' of Sophia and Harriet Lee, twelve stories related by travellers thrown together by accident, are memorable for other reasons than that 'Werner' is directly derived from the German's tale 'Kruitzner.'

'Rookwood,' published in May, 1834, the best romance of William Harrison Ainsworth, whose talent, though very unequal, has been quite unduly depreciated of late, is confessedly founded on Mrs. Radcliffe. Says the author in his preface: "Wishing to describe somewhat minutely the trim gardens, the picturesque domains, the rook-haunted groves, the gloomy chambers and gloomier galleries of an ancient hall with which I was acquainted, I resolved to attempt a story in the bygone style of Mrs. Radcliffe (which had always inexpressible charms for me), substituting an old English squire, an old English manorial residence and an old English highwayman for the Italian marchese, the castle, and the brigand of the great mistress of Romance." Many of the novels of Bulwer Lytton, a far cleverer writer than nowadays is generally allowed, are of the same school. The works of Sheridan Le Fanu, whose 'In a Glass Darkly' teems with imps, trances, spectres, are written with considerable skill and power. In 1848 Catherine Crowe issued 'The Night Side of Nature,' which has been called "one of the best collections of supernatural stories in our language," a book which, it is to be feared, is almost forgotten to-day, but it has none the less many admirable pages and

is assuredly deserving of a more lasting popularity. Lineal descendants are Dr. Frederick George Lee's 'Sights and Shadows' and 'Glimpses of the World Unseen' and W. T. Stead's 'Real Ghost Stories.'

Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist to count, is, especially in 'Wieland; or, The Transformation' (1798), steeped in the tradition of the macabre. 'Arthur Mervyn' deals with the yellow fever which devastated Philadelphia; 'Edgar Huntley' tells the adventures of a sleep-walker, a somnambulist who commits a murder. Incidentally it may be noted that Brown's Red Indians are far less idealised than Fenimore Cooper's. It is not necessary to do more than mention the name of Edgar Allan Poe.

At the same time as Ainsworth and Lytton, George William MacArthur Reynolds, chartist and agitator, was penning his interminable and innumerable works. There is hardly one which is not of quite portentous length. All are replete with the most outrageous incidents and clap-trap melodrama, whilst history itself runs stark mad through his pages. 'The Bronze Statue; or, The Virgin's Kiss,' is a tale which centres round a gruesome instrument of torture similar to the Iron Maiden of Nuremburg; 'Pope Joan' relates the wild adventurings in Moorish Spain of that entirely mythical dame; 'The Parricide,' 'Robert Macaire,' 'The Necromancer' are titles which proclaim themselves. In 'The Mysteries of London,' a huge romance, Reynolds details what Spaniards would call *la mala vida* of the metropolis in the first years of Victoria's reign, the gaming dens, St. Giles'

Rookery, thieves' hotels, flash kens, body-snatching, burking, garrotting, and midnight ruffianism of every kind. It was Reynolds, too, who had the effrontery to write 'Pickwick Abroad,' fatuous rubbish which was published in 1839, and had a sale of 12,000 copies. Again, bodily taking Hogarth's great pictures of "The Two 'Prentices," "The Rake's Progress," "The Harlot's Progress," and "Marriage à la Mode" to illustrate his chapters, he wove around them a tangle of lurid incidents which he called 'Old London.' It is an easy transit from these *London Journal* romances to writers such as Proctor, George and William Emmett, Fox, J. F. Smith, the old-fashioned "penny-a-liner" Bohemians, who knocked about Fleet Street and produced "dreadfuls" and "shockers" galore. Degraded and incredibly vulgarised even here in the very dregs we can trace the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe, but put to what base use! The gold is turned into vile dross! There were also published in the mid-decades of the nineteenth century novels, written by hacks and grub-street journalists, to which her name was unscrupulously affixed. Such is 'Manfrone; or, The One-handed Monk,' an utterly worthless compilation of ill-digested horrors and ranting absurdities, which unblushingly bears on its title-page—"By Mrs. Radcliffe."

Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, as we have seen, were translated into French immediately as they appeared. They passed swiftly from hand to hand, and in Paris became the rage. The circulating libraries could not provide copies enough: the booksellers reprinted them again and again.

In the Marquis de Sade's indiscreet satire on Josephine and the First Consul, 'Zoloé,' published in Messidor VIII (July, 1800), the novels of the day are discussed by a fashionable assembly, and Volsange (Mde. Visconti) declaims against the prevalent anglomania. She "tears to shreds all that bombastic twaddle and those rank impossibilities which the authors of to-day delight to heap up in their novels, which they keep on endlessly repeating and accumulating. Those castles, those subterranean vaults and passages, those mysteries and tortures which have never existed save in the sickly imagination of the novelists themselves seemed to her nothing less than an outrage on common sense." Forbes, an English nobleman, undertakes the defence of English literature, and he is warmly supported by Zoloé (Josephine) and Lauréda (Mde. Tallien). This passage vividly shows us the literature which was chiefly in demand in French society a century and a quarter ago.

As fifty years later in mid-Victorian England, so then sundry novels appeared professing to be the genuine work of Mrs. Radcliffe, which are in reality only imitations of her more macabre incidents, hardly of her style. That they were popular is shown by 'Les Visions du Château des Pyrénées,' a romance which ran into a second edition in 1810 and which purported to be translated from a novel of Mrs. Radcliffe's published at London seven years before. It is, in truth, an original tale by Count Garnier and Mdle. Zimmermann. 'Le Couvent de St. Catherine,' a romance of the thirteenth century, which was published in two volumes (1810), also

feigned to be by the same pen that wrote ‘Udolpho.’ It is an improbable story enough of the days of Edward I, unhistorical to a degree. In Italy romances occasionally appear even at the present day which bear Mrs. Radcliffe’s name, but of which she is wholly innocent. Such a one is ‘Gli Assassini di Ercolano,’ which was published at Milan in 1871, most profusely illustrated “splendidamente illustrata!” In justice, it must be confessed that the French romances are as a rule of an infinitely superior quality to the English false goods. The more legitimate authors frankly allowed that their works were “imité de l’Anglais d’Anne Radcliffe,” an inscription which frequently occurs on the title-page of novels by Madame Ruault de la Haye. This lady was born about 1790, married whilst quite a girl against the wishes of her family, and being after a few years deserted by her husband, she was reduced almost to want. She took to her pen for a livelihood, and writing under the pseudonym of the Countess de Nardouet, became a prolific purveyor of macabre romances. Hers is ‘Barbarinski; ou, les Brigands du Château de Wissegarde,’ 2 vols., (1818), which has a frontispiece illustrating a somewhat weird incident in the story. Henri, the young, faithful, and brave valet of the hero, Lord Wilson, having penetrated to the chapel of the dead, is seen starting back from an open tomb whence rises a sudden bright and sulphurous flame. In the frontispiece to ‘Le Panache Rouge, ou le Spectre de Fer,’ 2 vols. (1824), two damsels—the heroine Ines and her confidante—are gazing through a grille into a vaulted cell when they behold a carious skeleton

chained to a massy pillar. ‘Le Château de Sombremar,’ ‘Le Chevalier aux Armes Noires,’ ‘Le Mystérieux Don Ténébros,’ all partake of the same quality, and the macabre and horrible are pushed to their utmost limits. Yet withal Mde. de Nardouet has a certain knack of story-telling, and knows how to grip her readers’ attention.

But greater names than this forgotten novelist owed allegiance to Mrs. Radcliffe. Honoré de Balzac thought her romances admirable, and many of his first efforts were directly inspired by her pages. In some of his maturer work their influence still prevails, as it often does in Dumas, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, Joseph Petrus Borel, Baudelaire—and when I have said Balzac and Baudelaire what more can I add?

In English literature the macabre is not unrepresented to-day. We have the work of E. F. Benson, Bram Stoker, Algernon Blackwood, the Provost of King’s, and many more. I am only too conscious that here and throughout my paper where I have mentioned one name I might have referred to a dozen, where I have cited one novel I might have numbered a score. So great has been the influence of the genius of Ann Radcliffe, a landmark, and a power in English literature. And that is praise enough.

THE MODERN HINDUSTANI DRAMA.

BY A. YUSUF ALI, M.A., LL.M., F.R.S.L.

[Read February 21st, 1917.]

THE Modern Hindustani Drama is as composite in its origin and its structure and growth as the Hindustani language. To understand its chequered character, a brief consideration of its sources and the traditions which it inherits is necessary. But before I proceed to describe them, let me explain what I mean by Hindustani, the area, population, and social systems which that language represents, and its influence in India generally and on Indians living beyond the frontiers of India.

All living languages, especially with reference to living neighbours of the same kin, tend to have undefined frontiers. This is markedly the case with Hindustani, especially in its relations with the other Indo-Aryan languages of India. In spite of their great diversities there are so many features of similarity between them that a common grammar of the Indo-Aryan languages is possible, and its study reveals in a remarkable way the workings of human psychology and the laws of human speech. Even the Dravidian languages of Southern India have been very largely influenced by the Indo-Aryan vernaculars and their literatures. But

Hindustani, as the *lingua franca* of the large mass of people living in the United Provinces, the Eastern Punjab, Behar, the Northern part of the Central Provinces, and a great part of Rajputana and Central India, as well as of the Muhammadans of Hyderabad, and most parts of India, has, by its position, its historical and imperial prestige, its catholicity and flexibility, its facility for the incorporation of modern and foreign words, and the hold which it has on some of the most vigorous races and communities of India, attained peculiar importance as the vehicle of Indian ideas. The areas which I have mentioned total up to about 500,000 square miles, with a population of between 113 and 136 million—roughly, half of the area of British India including Burma, and about half its population.

I include in Hindustani both Hindi and Urdu. These two languages (if they are to be called separate languages) are structurally identical, and only distinguished by three tests: (1) the use of the Nagri or the Persian alphabet; (2) the use of Sanskritic or Arabic-Persian words for the expression of abstract and religious ideas; and (3) their use by Hindus and Muhammadans, implying also allusions, associations, and literary traditions of the Hindu and the Muhammadan world respectively. But these distinctions are not clearly defined or rigidly enforced in practice. Musalmans, especially the half-illiterate ones in the villages, use the Nagri character, and on the other hand, educated Hindus in Upper India use the Persian character, which has a cursive script almost as

rapid as shorthand. Muhammadan poets like Malik Muhammad Jāisi have used Hindi for their poetry, and Hindu novelists like Pandit Ratan Nath have made a fine use of Urdu for the expression of their highest thoughts as literary artists. Dramatists like Amānat have freely used the Hindi associations of Brij and the Krishna legends in their lyric poetry, and purely national Hindu folk poetry like the 'Cycle of Alha and Udal' is full of allusions that imply some acquaintance with Musalman life and culture. The fact is that in the mouth of the people, Hindi and Urdu are not two separate languages, but one language. The modern stage, except in plays with a purpose, has no particular interest in supporting one particular party or another, and the diction which it employs is broadly that which is used by every-day people, subject only to its consonance with the characters which it seeks to depict. Hindustani, as I use the term in this paper, refers to this common language, and includes both Hindi and Urdu in their literary manifestations.

The social systems which Hindustani drama, as I have defined it, reflects, are all those varied ones which make up the lives of the 136 millions of people into whose heritage the Hindustani language or influence enters. It includes the caste system of the high-caste Hindus, the semi-caste system of the Hinduised Muhammadans, the democratic trade-union caste system of what are called lower-caste Hindus, the Europeanised or semi-Europeanised system of the "England-retained" men, Hindu and Muhammadan, who are emancipated from the main trammels of their "old-fashioned" folk but who still

in varying degrees have a "race memory" of various customs, feelings, and institutions which they consciously reject in their own persons and unconsciously tolerate in their *entourage*. There is another social system which is also reflected in modern Hindustani drama in a proportion far greater than in the actual lives of the people. This is the floating Bohemian casteless society of Indian towns, whose artistic temperament makes them *āwāra-gird* (stray sheep) to their smug and respectable fellow-Indians. That is the society into which, or out of which, most of the actors and actresses are recruited. The successful play-wrights, but not always the theatrical managers (or managing directors, as they are called), also tend to gravitate into that circle of ideas. They are naturally closely familiar with its conditions, and the pictures they draw, if lurid, keep close to the facts as drawn from direct observation and experience. The parallel of the Russian novelists will at once occur to most students of European literature. The main stream of life in Russia is very different from the scenes which these novelists paint. They seem almost to come from an under-world of imagination, and yet they are the closest in fidelity to the lives actually experienced by the artistic world to which they belong, and the strong feelings, and passions, and outbursts, which seem so strange and over-coloured to the slow-moving susceptibilities of the West are as the very atmosphere of that morally volcanic world.

There is indeed one social factor which is the central theme of all drama and all poetry (with the

doubtful possible exception of epic poetry) and which nevertheless is treated of in a somewhat artificial vein in modern Hindustani drama. This is the theme of Love—the romantic, healthy, and full-bodied love between man and woman. It is inevitable that in a society which counts among its canons of respectability the seclusion of women, this theme can only be an exotic. Conjugal love exists in abundance in India, but that is very different from romantic love. Romantic love—of a kind—also appears in the Bohemian society which centres round the stage, but the sordid conditions that surround it and the absence of that stimulus of high endeavour and aims which weaves romantic love into the very texture of the every-day lives of young people of both sexes, doom the “Love” of the Hindustani stage to the character of a wail of despair or the empty semblance of such incidents as the loves of men with *Peris* (Fairies) or the love whose chief mechanism is not life but magic.

In the classical Sanskrit drama itself the theme of love is treated somewhat differently from the treatment it receives in either the Greek drama or the modern national dramas of Europe. In Greek comedy love is a thing to laugh at ; in Greek tragedy it is a thing of pain and disaster. And the whole subject, tragic or comic, is treated in too high a key, whereas love is illogical, airy, and fantastic. The modern national dramas of Europe have for the first time brought its tragi-comedy into actual relations with every-day life, and while they have etherealised its virtues and sought a reconciliation of its whimsicalities, have also in a great measure influenced

and refined the actual lives of the people and the relations of the sexes in society. In holding a slightly flattering mirror up to Nature, they have also induced Nature to live up to her reflection. The aim of the Sanskrit dramatists was different. They have given some fine passages of romantic love, but it was depicted only as a first phase—an earthly love as a stepping-stone to that higher spiritual love which is free from passion and endures for ever. This presentment still persists in that part of the Hindustani drama which looks for its canons to the classical Sanskrit drama and which is mainly Hindu. On the other hand, that part of the Hindustani drama which is mainly Muhammadan and takes its canons from Persian poetry, gives a colour to love like that of the Persian mystics. Earthly love must point and lead up to heavenly love, but to the end it must remain a passion, a frenzy. Indeed, it must gather momentum the higher it progresses, and the final *fanâ-fillah* (absorption in the divine) is like the extinction of the moth in the flame of the candle. That was the idea of Muhammadan love poetry at its best, but it is hardly suitable for dramatic presentment. The result is that, in its degeneration, it becomes a series of marvellous plots and intrigues, and magical transformations which take us farther and farther from the actualities of life. In the more human comedies and tragedies (I use the conventional English term, though such a division really does not apply to Hindustani plays), love is not the central or inspiring theme, but is either a subordinate episode or is oppressed by a number of low and

cunning passions, which do not triumph only because the dramatist does not wish to break the dramatic proprieties.

The appeal of the Hindustani drama is coextensive with the appeal of the Hindustani language. I have mentioned the area and population in which the language is commonly used; but all over India the language is used by the Muhammadans (with minor exceptions), and it is understood in its colloquial form as the language of the street by the population at large and by the many visitors who pass through the country. Both Bombay and Calcutta, which are outside the general Hindustani area, are the homes of some of the most important Hindustani theatrical companies which tour over Northern India and maintain standing theatres in the Presidency towns. The Parsis, whose language is not Hindustani, are among the leading exponents and theatrical managers of the Hindustani drama. An enterprising Karáchi company has often toured through Upper India. In Southern India, Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam's dominions, is also an important centre of Hindustani culture. Hindustani companies reap a rich harvest there. The Parsi Curzon Theatrical Company of Calcutta, which specialises in scenic effects, has toured not only all over India, but has extended its triumphs to Burma, Straits Settlements, and Penang; which implies the interest taken in Hindustani drama in the little Indian Settlements beyond the seas. The Hindustani play, Amánat's *Indar Sabha*, has been edited, annotated, and published with a German translation in Europe,*

* 'Die Indar Sabha des Amanat,' Friedrich Rosen, Leipzig, 1891; and a lithographed edition of the text, 1892.

having formed the subject of an Inaugural Dissertation in the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Leipzig. I am not aware of any English editions, translations, or productions of Hindustani plays, but these will no doubt follow the entry of India into the Imperial family circle. It is clear, however, that the appeal of Hindustani drama is very wide, and its influence is extending.

Let us survey the different influences which have produced the Hindustani drama. They will help us to classify the plays on natural lines, and to understand the different features of each in relation to their historical origins. We shall then be able to pass on to individual plays, stage conditions, dramatists, actors and actresses, and the companies or managers that produce them.

There are five main streams of influence whose channels still run separately, though there is a distinct tendency towards convergence and the elimination of factors inconsistent with modern conditions, or unsuitable for the modern stage. These streams are :

- (1) The influence of the classical Sanskrit drama ;
- (2) The influence of the purely religious Hindu play ;
- (3) The influence of the Folk play ;
- (4) The influence of the Perso-Muhammadan love poetry and legends ; and
- (5) The influence of the English stage and modern European stage traditions.

The influence of the classical Sanskrit drama is slight, but perceptible. I believe that the Bengali,

the Marathi, and the Gujarati stage owe more to these classical languages than the Hindustani stage. The influence of the Muhammadans predominates over the Hindustani language as popularly spoken, while the other three languages are almost purely Hindu. Plays like 'Sakuntala' or 'Harish-chandra' are, however, produced in Hindustani, especially in the smaller Hindu States of Bundelkhand and Baghelkhand, but the elaborate stage traditions of the classical Sanskrit drama are rarely observed. The comic character of the Vidushak is rarely introduced, and the intricate plots of the Sanskrit dramatists, with scenes piled upon scenes, are rarely met with on the Hindustani stage.

The purely religious Hindu play is a very strong factor in the modern Hindustani drama. Its technique and methods have been developed on lines of its own, and its appeal is universal to the religious-minded. It is financed by wealthy patrons, or temple priests, or by subscriptions, and the audience are admitted entirely free. It is not acted in a permanent building, but in the courtyard of a temple or other open space, covered over with a canopy. It is an epic drama, and the whole story of the 'Ramayan' or whole episodes from the Krishna legend are recited and acted, night after night, for eight or ten nights in succession. It is not acted all the year round, but only at appropriate festivals. The book of the play, in the case of the Rama legend, has, as often as not, the great Hindi epic, the 'Ramayana' of Tulsi-Das, for its basis. The Dohas of this famous classic are given in a sort of recitative, and the dramatic passages are given

as they stand; but many dialogues are specially composed for the occasion, and songs by local poets are freely interspersed. Topical allusions are not wanting, and the scenery is composed in three dimensions, and not merely indicated by painted scenes on a picture stage. The actors are not paid salaries: if any of them are poor they are paid their expenses, but the whole thing is a labour of love, in which the local men—goldsmiths, shopkeepers, shoemakers, cowherds, professional chanters, and poets—co-operate as a labour of love. There are no actresses; the part of women is taken by boys. It is quite proper—and indeed meritorious—for women and children, as well as men, to see these plays. They appeal to the higher instincts of the people, and I look forward to future developments in which this species of play will exert its purifying influence on the stage generally.

The folk-play also derives its rude strength from the soil, although it caters for a humbler class of audience and assumes many protean forms. It has not the dignity of temple associations, and is rarely housed in a building or tent, or even under a canopy. It is often given in street corners in the open air, and while the central theme is arranged beforehand, and there is a certain amount of dressing up, the actual words used on a given occasion are improvised. Its object is frankly comic, and nothing escapes from its lash. At one end it touches the dance, the mimic play, the Bahrupia's art, or the acrobatic performance. The Hindustani word for Drama or a Play (*Náṭak*) is derived from the same root as the word for the Dance (*Náḥ*). At another

end, in the shape of the Yátra or the Rás, it almost touches the religious play.

Probably the *swang*, or the comic sketch (or farce), when properly developed, will be the true precursor of a Comedy of Manners. At present it hides its head as a thing of low degree—for sweepers and cobblers to enact and to witness. To do it justice, it can sometimes be fairly scurrilous. It only escapes attention because it has no *litera scripta* on which it can be brought to book, and it is despised as beneath contempt. I have, however, seen *swangs*, which “take off” high personages and high-sounding movements with the greatest freedom, and the applause of the street crowds shows that all the shafts reach home. This sort of play goes to the bed-rock of realities, and if ever a talented writer takes it in hand, it ought to have a great future as being free from the artificialities and airy nothings of the developed legitimate drama.

The bulk of modern Hindustani plays, as acted in theatres, reflect the influences either of the Perso-Muhammadan love-poetry and legends or of the modern English stage and European stage traditions. These influences are now almost completely blended. In stage-craft, in the mechanism of the theatre, in scenery and costumes, in organisation and management, in the hours and manner of performances, in the arrangement of the audience, in the divisions of the play and the arrangement of the parts, English influences are obvious, while in the subjects of the story, the mode of its telling, the characterisation and the morals to be drawn from it, the influence of the early nineteenth century Perso-

Muhammadan love-poetry obtrudes itself even when the writer consciously tries to emancipate himself from its trammels and strike out an original path for himself.

The name of Shakespeare is decidedly popular, but if you examine the acting editions of Shakespeare in Hindustani, you will find that they merely take Shakespeare's plots and treat them with all the paraphernalia of *ghazls*, intrigues, and a social *milieu* which completely transform the atmosphere and make it almost wholly Indo-Muhammadan. Even the names and characters of the *dramatis personæ* are altered. Thus the romantic Romeo becomes the pale-blooded Firoz Laqa, and the passionate Juliet becomes the frightened Gulnár, while the disinterested and sympathetic Friar Laurence becomes a somewhat crafty and worldly-minded Qázi. The famous balcony scene is not acted from the balcony, and the tender argument of the ardent lovers exchanging pure vows of eternal fidelity is misunderstood. The straightforward moral drawn by the Prince at the end of the play, and addressed to the warring houses of Montague and Capulet—"See what a scourge is laid upon your hate!"—is transformed into a trite saying which might have come from a latter-day commentator of Hafiz: "In this earthly love is a stepping-stone to heavenly love."* The hollow didactic tone of the play is seen in the preface to Mirza Nazir Beg's edition. We are told that the play is founded on "the late Mr. Shakespeare's famous play," and that

* 'Ishq majázi men 'ishq haqiqi ka zina hai.

“though apparently a play, it is really a matchless book of wisdom.”*

Of course the scholarly translations of Shakespeare follow him with more fidelity, but alas! they smack of the midnight oil, and would be impossible to act on the Hindustani stage. They are made by men not conversant even with the technical terms of the modern Hindustani stage, which are almost entirely English, and their pedantic renderings deprive Shakespeare of all the grace and naturalness of which he is such an unquestioned master.

The *Āshiqāna* form of Urdu poetry first assumed dramatic form in the Court of Wájid Ali Shah, the last king of Oudh. Wájid Ali Shah was himself a poet and a great patron of all the Arts. His dream, to make Lucknow, his Capital, famous for art, music, and literature, was rudely cut short by his deposition in 1856. But meanwhile he had collected some French statuary and Italian paintings, and he founded with Amánat's ‘Indar Sabha’ the modern school of Hindustani Drama, which has taken deep root, and shown a power of vigorous growth and development which augurs well for the future. And yet the ‘Indar Sabha’ stands out, as compared with its progeny, to be numbered by the thousand, like a Primitive among the less sincere but more technically elaborate schools of later Art. The play still holds its own on the Hindustani stage after a run of seventy years, and its universal popularity is proved by the numerous but unsuccessful imitations made of it. Most companies even now include it in their repertory.

* Pand-náma la-jawáb.

The plot is of the thinnest. Indar, the King of Ceylon, is a sort of type of Wájid Ali Shah, the King of Oudh : he cannot rest without seeing the Peris dancing and singing in his Court. They all come, the Topaz, the Sapphire, the Ruby, and the Emerald, one by one, dressed in gorgeous costumes, and give a whole gamut of dances and songs, in Urdu and Hindi, the Braj dialect of the Krishna legend. The songs and music include all the popular Hindu and Muhammadan airs—the “Chaubola,” the “Sha’ar,” the “Chhand,” the “Thumri,” the “Basant,” the “Ghazl,” the “Holi,” the “Sáwan.” There are wonderful descriptions of Nature in all her moods. But the Emerald Peri is in love with a mortal, and conceals him in a box tree. One of the Deos discovers him, and betrays the Peri to Indar, who banishes her and imprisons the man Gulfám (rose-face). She goes, but comes back disguised as a religious devotee. With the power of her music she enchants the heart of Indar, who offers gift after gift, which she refuses. At last he asks her to name her own reward. She promptly throws off her disguise, and asks for Gulfám, with whom she is united in a further dazzling scene of dance and song. The supernatural there is, but there is very little extravagance. The diction is not laboured, but popular and poetic. A high appreciation of Art, with a complete disavowal of mercenary motives, is put into the mouth of the Topaz Peri :

“Nor throne nor crown is my desire,
My Art alone I prize ;

Throughout the world, my Lord, I seek
That my Master's word prevail."*

Limitations of space do not allow of a further notice of individual plays. But they may be noted generically. As I have already stated, there are numerous plays about Peris and Demons, the loves of Men and Peris, and assemblies of dance and song in the regions of the air. Legends from the 'Arabian Nights' are freely used, such as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." The famous lovers of Moslem and Hindu tradition are also favourites, *e. g.*: Laili and Majnun, Farhád and Shirin, Chitra Bakáwali, Nal and Daman. Legends from Indian folk-lore and history are often drawn upon, such as Púran Bhagat, Alha and Udál, and Sultan Mahmúd. Themes from the Sankrit classics are treated of in a much lighter vein than in the religious drama, *e. g.* 'Ram Lila,' 'Harish Chandra,' or 'Pahlád.' Modern sketches (*naqls*) are generally given as curtain-raisers, and are then of the lightest description; but sometimes political and social controversies are presented in a serious vein for the edification of special classes. A 'Police Drama' satirised the foibles of the police force, and its presentation was only rendered possible by enrolling as its patrons the Magistrate and the Judge of the district. Various widow remarriage plays were given in the nineties of the last century, to resist the legalisation

* Hunar apna cháhiye,
Takht na mujh Ko táj;
Jag men bát Ustád ki
Bani rahe. Maharáj!

of widow remarriage among the Hindus, about which legislation was then proposed. The excitement caused by the Ilbert Bill in Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty was also exploited on the stage, while the more recent controversy about the comparative merits of Hindi or Urdu has given rise to some propaganda plays, mostly on the side of Hindi. These plays, however, are sectional, and are generally given free to those who come to applaud the particular doctrines suggested. There is much room for plays which will hold the mirror up to Nature and refine Society by showing characters as others see them—a difficult art in a society with so much diversity that generalisations are next to impossible.

Among foreign (*i. e.* non-Hindustani) plays, there is no magnet like the name of Shakespeare on the Hindustani stage. As I have said, there are as yet no adequate Hindustani translations of Shakespeare, and the scholars' translations which exist may be ignored for stage purposes. The stage pieces are not translations, and hardly even adaptations. They take the plot and work out the whole play in an Indian atmosphere. In this way, the following plays have been known to be produced on the Hindustani stage: 'Romeo and Juliet,' the 'Comedy of Errors' (three versions), the 'Merchant of Venice' (three versions), 'Cymbeline,' 'Hamlet' (three versions), 'Macbeth' (*not* a great favourite), 'Measure for Measure,' 'As You Like It,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'The Tempest' (two versions), 'Othello,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'King John.' This is far from being

an exhaustive list, but I have confined myself to the plays that I know. Apart from Shakespeare, there are a few other English plays sometimes given, but treated in the same way, *e. g.* Sheridan's 'Rivals' and Bulwer Lytton's 'Lady of Lyons.' Quite modern English plays are rarely given, and Continental plays are not the fashion, although 'Faust' has been played by the "Civilised Theatrical Company of Calcutta" at Delhi. This was, of course, before the war.

The stage conditions are not as yet of a very elevating character. Of the actors and actresses and companies I shall speak presently. Of permanent theatres there are very few, and those are almost entirely in the Presidency towns. In the provincial towns temporary tents or pavilions are erected when a company comes round or when a local company gives performances.

Electric light or even gas is rarely available in the provinces, but the stage and the theatre precincts are lighted with acetylene, and sometimes lime-light is used for the principal actor or actress. Smoking is strictly prohibited in all parts of the theatre. The mechanical devices on the stage are primitive, judged by London standards, and yet the best companies pride themselves on what they call "elaborate appliances" and advertise the fact. The advertisement is generally done by marching in a procession with the properties through the principal streets, supplemented by play-bills, often rudely illustrated. Scene-painting for the stage is becoming quite a specialised profession. Enterprising companies like the Parsi Theatrical Company of Calcutta, advertise

special scenes painted for the company by the "celebrated Parisian painter, M. Larouffe." In one play you have, among the scenes, a magnificent Royal Durbar; a crowded bazaar, full of colour; an ocean, with moving ships; a soldier's camp, with bustle, activity, and swearing; and a dream—a bedroom melting into Heaven. The dresses are gorgeous according to the wealth of the company, but little attempt is made to study historical or ethnical accuracy. A Musalman heroine might appear in English dress (so-called) and wear Hindu jewellery, while the hero might step forward with a sword that might do duty impartially for Hamlet, or King John, or a Rohilla bandit, or Sindbad the Sailor.

The music is a special feature of the theatre, but very little money in proportion is expended on music. There is often a band, but rarely any pretence to an orchestra. One or two men sit in the wings with portable harmoniums, or what are called "Dwarkan flutes," and play the accompaniments to the songs. He or they also in many cases do duty as prompters. The music itself is not of a very high order, but it contains catchy tunes that soon spread over the bazaars. The best Indian music makes an appeal to a special cult, but this free and easy rag-time music of the stage is developing a special school of its own.

The hours of the plays are inordinately long. Usually the play begins at 9 or 9.30, and the doors are opened an hour beforehand. When it ends, only a hardened playgoer can tell. Long though the plays are, the audience never have enough. Besides the play there is often a curtain-raiser; then

a farce or two may be inserted between the acts; and there may be a final bonus in the shape of a *Nayl*, or light sketch, with possibly just a spice of local malice, which will escape the notice of the police and the dignitaries, who will be sure to have left long before!

The Indian actor or actress has no place in society. The actresses are recruited from the professional singers and dancers, and as the dance and song form a very important part of the play, the companies as it were get their recruits ready-made. Cases are known of actresses playing the leading parts in a year or two after they join the stage, and they sometimes write their own plays. The actors are recruited from the Bohemian nondescripts of the towns, but sometimes wealthy young landowners are stage-struck and go through their fortunes, first as spectators, then as actors, and finally, if they have any money yet left, as playwrights and managers of companies. Very few of the actors are themselves managers, and most of them are in sordid poverty. The play-bills make a point of reminding the tradespeople that no credit should be given to actors or actresses, and that unauthorised debts will not be recognised. The majority of the actors and actresses are Musalmans, but a few talented Parsis have made a name on the stage, and there is a sprinkling of "Anglo-Indians."

If an actor or actress prospers and has education, he or she wants to turn into a play-wright, and if he or she has capital, ambition points the way to become a manager, or (the usual term) managing director. But a large number of managers or

managing directors belong to a class quite different from the actors, as their work requires both business ability and capital, and artistes are proverbially deficient in both. Among the managing directors, the Parsis have shown special aptitude and enterprise, and their companies are reputed to have made huge profits.

The dramatists are not sharply differentiated from the theatrical managers. Practically every successful dramatist is a theatrical manager or actor, although there are many theatrical managers who are not dramatists. Then there is a large class of hack writers for the stage. The manager conceives or adopts an idea, and it is handed on to one of these hack writers, whose name will perhaps never be known. Some of this work is meritorious. Occasionally it passes under some well-known name, and quite frequently it bears no name at all. Many of the plays are also touched up, improved from an acting point of view, or from the point of view of the public taste, or adapted, with new songs, and some are frankly plagiarised. All these conditions carry us back to something that was quite familiar behind the English stage in Shakespeare's time.

There are innumerable companies that produce the plays. Almost all of them are touring companies. There is no one centre where any of these companies can establish itself permanently and make a living. Many of them are mushroom companies that start on borrowed capital and break up within a few weeks. The up-country companies have each a patron, some ruling Prince or influential personage, who can protect them from molestation and also

render financial assistance to concerns not at all over-capitalised. The names of the companies are quaint and reveal unexpected glimpses of psychology. Wherever possible the words are English. You have the New Shining Star Theatrical Company of Karachi; the Indian Shakespeare Theatrical Company of Bombay (which has as much to do with Shakespeare as the Shakespeare Theatre of South London); the Civilised Theatrical Company of Calcutta; and so on. There are companies called after the Jubilee and the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria respectively. The name of Royalty is a useful adjunct. There are companies called after Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George.

We have seen that the output of Hindustani drama is considerable, and its scope and variety gradually extending. Its quality also shows progressive improvement. Inasmuch as the pale sentimental, artificiality of *Ashiqāna* poetry is slowly giving place to a healthy living interest in the actualities of life, and dramatists are trying to observe for themselves and furnish a commentary and criticism on contemporary manners, there is a bright future for Hindustani drama. Hindustani literature has definitely, in its newer schools, cast aside the conventions of an earlier age, and the movements of general literature must influence the drama. But it is not to literary celebrities of other spheres that the drama should look for its most promising hope of rejuvenescence. It is by the penetration of the stage with brains and a high sense of vocation that its ultimate salvation will be achieved.

DANTE AND BOETHIUS.

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THE sorrow of Dante is better known to the world than his immortal poem. The poem is the joy and heritage of a few: his sorrow has taken hold of the imagination of the world. Thousands know the names of Dante and Beatrice, who know little or nothing of the terraces of the 'Purgatorio,' or the fair garden of the 'Earthly Paradise.' The reason is simple: sorrow is the lot of all: imagination of the high order requisite to enter into the spirit of the 'Divina Commedia' is not within the reach of all. Therefore it has come to pass that the story of Dante's sorrow when Beatrice died has laid hold upon the sympathy of the multitude, and poet and painter have conspired to make the tragedy known to the world.

The text of my lecture must be that sorrow of Dante. Dante was barely twenty-five when Beatrice died. His sensitive, imaginative, and affectionate nature gave to this sorrow an exquisite poignancy. It befell him at an age when emotion and imagination were strong and as yet unchastened by experience and undisciplined by the sense of proportion which experience brings.

At this time of keen and youthful sorrow, Dante began the study of a book which brought to him a measure of comfort. Our sympathy with the story of his sorrow awakens our curiosity about this book. What was the book, and how did it minister to the troubled soul? What was the range and power of its influence over the heart and life of the poet? Was it one of those ephemeral manuals which may be said to dry a transient tear, or did it bequeath some principle of abiding consolation or inspiring courage?

This brings us to Boethius; for it was to the ‘*Consolations of Boethius*’ that Dante turned in the hour of his grief, and did not turn in vain.

The ‘*Consolations of Boethius*’ is a work which has had a curious history, and controversy regarding its character and quality is not yet dead. It has been declared to be the fragment of a work which the author did not live to complete. It has been described as a work of heathen philosophy, and it has been claimed as a Christian apology. Its author has been spoken of as a pagan, and he has been canonised as a saint. Controversy has raged and raged around his name, and has wrangled over the genuineness and authenticity of his works. For some thousand years he was regarded as an orthodox Christian theologian who had enriched the literature of the Church by tracts on the Trinity and other points of Christian doctrine; his ‘*Consolations*’ were regarded as a work which would have assumed a correct Christian vesture had not death cut short the author’s life, who lived as a Christian apologist and died as a Christian martyr.

But the reputation which had endured for centuries was not left unassailed, and when the assault came it challenged the foundation on which the Christian fame of Boethius rested. Gottfried Arnold roundly declared that the theological tracts were unauthentic and that the true Boethius was a pagan writer. Happily it is no part of my duty to enter into the merits of this controversy, which, though it must have an interest for the student of Dante, is yet not essential for the due understanding of the influence of Boethius upon the poet's thought and life. It is perhaps enough to say that the question is not yet finally or fully settled. The fragment discovered in 1877, and known as "Anecdoton Holderi," does not appear to me to possess much evidential value, and the question remains where it was before the discovery. What may be said with some feeling of security is this: Very few readers of the 'Consolations' would detect in the work any very distinctive Christian thought. If the book had not been associated in the minds of men with the theological tractates, it would not have been claimed as a Christian apologetic. But this does not settle the question whether Boethius is to be reckoned as pagan or Christian. It is next to impossible to suppose that Boethius was uninfluenced by Christian thought and theology. In his early life he was clearly under very distinct Christian influences. Did he throw off these influences in later life? Shall we picture him as one who in his youth was keenly interested in questions of Christian theology? If so his active and inquiring mind could hardly fail to absorb the theories, which were the very atmosphere

of his age, and his youthful ardour and intellectual tastes may well have led him to attempt some essays along the lines of contemporary religious thought. Did later reflection and experience lead him to repudiate the theology of his youth? Do the 'Consolations' prove that he lapsed into philosophical paganism, or are they the prologue to what might have proved a powerful Christian apologetic? We must leave the questions unanswered; but I should like to hazard one conjecture. Theological forms of thought possess a fascination for the young, especially for those minds which possess a strong rationalising tendency. In later life men become less trustful of definitions: life too blurs the edges of youthful infallibilism: men see that the best things are greater than our definitions of them: we revert to poetry in our later life: it is to us more philosophical than philosophy: our experience is one of values, not of crystallised theories: what we want is not something about which to speculate, but something to live by, and in possession of which to die. Was such the influence of life upon Boethius? If so I can understand how the dogmatism of youth was softened and widened by experience, and I might find in the 'Consolations'—not dogmas to satisfy ecclesiastical pedantry, but great living principles robed in poetical form, possessing the power of the old doctrines, but presented to the soul rather than to the intellect, and becoming, instead of hard propositions, like the touch of a loving and guiding hand reached out to help the spirit through the last stages of its earthly journey. If this conjecture may be allowed, then the 'Consolations'

may be found to hold in solution, as it were, the living and sustaining essence of the Christian teaching which exercised the adventurous mind of Boethius in his youth.

But the controversy is not needful for the Dante student, for whatever position is finally assigned to the famous work of Boethius, the controversy had no existence in Dante's day. To him, as to all writers of his time, Boethius was the orthodox Christian apologist, who in life defended the faith, and in his last hours faced martyrdom on its behalf.

The 'Consolations of Boethius'—the work which brought some solace to Dante in his sorrow—consists of five books. The first is devoted to the sorrows of Boethius; the second expatiates on the vanity of Fortune's gifts; the third seeks to distinguish between true and false happiness; the fourth deals with the subject of Fortune, good and evil; the last book enters upon the question of Fate and Foreknowledge. There does not seem to be much in this arid statement which would be likely to afford much comfort to a sorrowing heart; but when we attempt to analyse anything we threaten its life. As we resolve things into their component parts the very spirit which gave them vital force evaporates in the process. To realise the attractive powers of the 'Consolations' we must approach the work in a different way and endeavour to catch its spirit.

First then the very form of the work was likely to appeal to Dante; for it is a mosaic of poetry and prose. It opens with a chant of regret: the happy life of the past stands out in sharp contrast with the

hard lot of the present. Dante's words rush into our minds :

“Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria e ciò sa il tuo dottore.”

—‘*Inf.*,’ v, 121–3.

They are words which are like an echo of the words of Boethius—“Truly in adverse fortune the worst sting of misery is to have been happy” (Bk. II, iv).

We feel that a real bond of sympathetic emotion between Boethius and Dante has been established at the outset. This song of retrospect is followed by philosophical conversations, and once again the author breaks into song. These serious reflections are interspersed with outbursts of poetry. What sorrow ponders over in hard prose is translated into song.

Again, there is employed in the book the method of allegory. A great and picturesque figure appears as the genius of consolation. This figure is that of a woman, whose stature seems to vary—now divinely tall, now just sweetly womanly ; varying in aspect—now stern and stately, now touchingly tender. The eternal womanly finds its place in this book of philosophy. To Dante, sorrowing for Beatrice, this image of a womanly comforter must have appealed most powerfully. The form of the book was to Dante sympathetic. But those who know Dante know that his exquisite sensitiveness was accompanied by a virile robustness of mind : he was no sentimentalist, who loved to drown his grief in a flood of gushing emotionalism. His spirit asked for man's food, and the strong and vigorous philo-

sophy of consolation offered by this allegorical figure appealed to the courage and level judgment of the poet. His intellect and his affection alike received ministry. The work adroitly suggested a right womanly comfort, while its philosophical tone appealed to the vigour of his manhood.

Nor was this all. It unfolded before the sorrowful Dante a wider outlook upon life. The death of Beatrice was a personal and intimately private grief to Dante: his love for her had been one of those sanctuary loves of the soul, cherished in solitude, possessed of its own unspoken tale of despondency and joy, of contentment and despair; it was one of those deep, spiritual, and ideal affections with which no stranger—no, nor even accepted friend—could be allowed to intermeddle. The sorrow which followed was sacred, secluded, an anguish of the soul, personal and unshared. But when Dante opened the work of Boethius, he found himself confronted by the story of a sorrow, which, while it touched Boethius, was a sorrow of the world. Dante might bewail his own loss when Beatrice died: then to him joy no longer walked along the streets of Florence: but behold there are griefs which involve larger issues than the anguish of a single heart; there are troubles which, in striking down individuals, bring irreparable loss to the world, and rob men of those hopes which make life tolerable. Towards the larger issues of life Dante's mind was directed as he studied the 'Consolations of Boethius.' In these he saw the picture of a man who had suffered greatly, but also of a man who had deserved well: the tragedy was not that of a broken heart, but of a great career

broken, and with it great aims defeated. Boethius was no mere private sufferer; he was a man of practical heroism. What he wrote received weight from what he had done. He had been a pillar of honesty and rectitude: with his fall, evil had seemed to win; integrity was overthrown. The story was pathetic, but not in a merely emotional fashion; its pathos called to action. It showed a man who in the throes of adversity and disappointment learned to possess his soul in peace; who, in the hour when the foundations of right seemed to be thrown down, yet held fast by righteousness, and saw the rays of a changeless love making a brightness among the clouds.

Thus with a healing sympathy, with a wholesome severity, and with a wide vision of life's possibilities, the words of Boethius brought a kindly, stern, and wisely wide power of comfort into Dante's life at a time when mere sentimentalism might have overthrown his wit, when harshness would have wounded his soul, still sensitive to any rough handling, and when the vision of life's larger issues helped to detach him from the selfish narrowness of private sorrow.

We are now in a position to turn our attention to the way in which Dante acknowledged his indebtedness to Boethius.

The most direct and emphatic acknowledgment of his indebtedness is given in the tenth canto of 'Paradiso.' In this canto we are introduced to those famous doctors whose teaching has been like sweet music in the ears of men. They are in the Fourth Heaven—the heaven of the sun, a hostel for those

who shone as lights in the world—their heaven is under the shelter of the sun :

“Lo ministro maggior della natura
Che del valor del cielo il mondo imprenta.”

(Among great Nature's ministers the chief
Who stamps Heaven's influence on the world.)

The worthies whose dwelling is the sun—who were themselves lights in the world, find their fitting place in the sun, for the light they send forth is greater than that of the natural sun—some of these great spirits come forth and cluster round Beatrice and Dante as a nimbus about the moon. Music and movement follow; then a pause comes, and Thomas Aquinas, the angelical doctor, tells the names of the illustrious souls. This, on his right hand, is Albertus Magnus; this, on his left, is Sigier, who taught in Paris unpalatable truths. Gratian, Peter Lombard, Solomon, Joachim dei Fiori, Dionysius the Arcopagite, Orosius, Bede, and St. Victor are here. They represent every race—Greek, Roman, Hebrew. They are drawn from every country—Spain, Italy, Germany, England, and Scotland. It is in this cosmopolitan and distinguished company that Boethius is given a place by the grateful poet.

The selection of names shows thought and independence: it is remarkable because of names omitted and of those included. Neither in this circle nor in that introduced by ‘St. Bonaventura’ do the great doctors St. Augustine, St. Jerome, or St. Athanasius find a place; and we are tempted to ask why Sigier and Joachim dei Fiori are accounted doctors when Cyprian and St. Gregory are omitted. And still more must surprise be felt when Boethius is among

them, and given a recognition fuller and longer than that given to any other of that great and worthy company. The poet dismisses Bede, Isidore, and Victor in three lines; gives three lines to each of the following—Gratian, Dionysius, Orosius, and Peter Lombard; he gives six lines each to Solomon and Sigier the heretic; but to Boethius, who stands eighth in the circle, he devotes nine lines. The lines, spoken by Thomas Aquinas, are these:

“Ov se tu l’occhio della mente trani
 Di luce in luce, dietro alle mie lode,
 Già dell’ottava con sete rimani,
 Per vedere ogni ben dentro vi gode
 L’anima santa, che il mondo fallace
 Fu manifesto a chi di lei ben ode,
 So corpo ond’ella fu cacciata giace
 Ginso in Cieldauro, ed essa da martiro
 E da esilio venne a questa pace.”

—‘Par.,’ x, 121–9.

(Now if thy mind’s eye pass from light to light,
 Upon my praises following, of the eighth
 Thy thirst is next. The saintly soul, that shows
 The world’s deceitfulness, to all who hear him
 Is, with the right of all the good that is,
 Blest there. The limbs, whence it was driven, lie
 Down in Cieldauro; and from martyrdom
 And exile came it here.)

Such is Dante’s eulogy on the man whose work brought him comfort. To him Boethius is a saintly spirit—a teacher who has exposed the emptiness of the deceitful world. His body rests in an honoured burial place, but his portion on earth had been exile and martyrdom; yet, after experiencing the injustice of the world, his soul is seen rejoicing in all aspects of good now that he has gone into this Rest.

It is well to weigh the full-heartedness of this tribute: the words are instinct with gratitude, affection, and admiration, and the incidents of Boethius' life are touched upon with sympathetic tenderness. We must remember that they were written five and twenty years after Dante had first found the 'Consolations of Boethius.' In that quarter of a century Dante had experienced the rough winds and storms of life: he had met ingratitude: he had suffered exile: he had seen the collapse of his high hopes: he had learned how futile are honest intentions and unselfish patriotism in the midst of men treacherous through weakness or criminal self-interest. Life, in fact, had written for him a clear commentary upon the teachings of Boethius. Boethius has become more than a gentle hand which wipes away the tears of young and passionate grief: he has become a brave, wise, and staunch friend, whose words and spirit have helped him with the inspiration of courage and the invincibility of hope. (Boethius: Bk. I, Song iv; Bk. II, vi; Dante: 'Inferno,' vii, 70; xv, 91-96; 'Purgat.,' v, 10-16.)

The strong and constant reality of Dante's appreciation of Boethius may be put to a simple test. Dante's 'Convito' was written, according to Scartazzini's judgment, between the Spring of 1307 and 1309, *i.e.* when Dante was about forty-five years old—in other words, when the powers of judgment have ripened, when the capacity for intelligent sympathy has replaced the sentimentalism of youth. The 'Convito' is the most philosophical of Dante's writings: it gives his mature views on many things. It is in this work that we can estimate how highly

Dante valued Boethius, for in it he refers to the 'Consolations,' not only frequently, but with a regularity which implies confidence. The references are distributed with something like evenness. In the first book of the 'Convito' there are two references, there are four in the second book, two in the third book, and four again in the fourth or last book. In this short work (which occupies 100 pages in the Oxford Press edition, so carefully prepared by the Rev. Canon Moore) there are twelve references, and in the 'Divine Comedy' there are at least ten more. Perhaps a more striking way of marking the sympathy of thought between the two writers is to note parallels. I find in my copy of Boethius that in one song (the famous "Invocation" in Bk. III), which in Mr. James' translation makes a poem forty-two lines in length, that I have noted down no less than twenty-nine parallel passages from Dante's writings.

But to trace out all the interesting parallels is impossible. It is better to leave these on one side, and to note resemblances out of some of which arise interesting contrasts.

One such resemblance, which confronts us as we open the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, is a resemblance in form and structure. In both works prose and poetry succeed one another. It is, I think, unlikely that Dante adopted this alternation from the example of Boethius. Such interlacing of prose and verse was not uncommon in Dante's day: it is to be met with in Provençal works which were almost certainly known to Dante before he began the study of Boethius. Moreover, as has been pointed out by Murari, this resemblance is somewhat superficial,

for Dante and Boethius are moved by different principles in adopting this medley of prose and poetry. The poems in the 'Consolations' arise out of the thoughts which the prose portions suggest; in the 'Vita Nuova' the prose is a running commentary on the verse. This difference seems to show that there is not much imitative affinity between the two works.

(i) When, however, we examine the thoughts of the two writers, we meet with marked resemblances. One of these has perhaps special interest for us who have heard the teaching of Bergson. We have had pressed upon our attention the theory that our processes of reasoning may be vitiated by the persistent way in which thought is translated into terms of time and space. We are tempted, so we have been warned, to substitute the quantitative interpretation given by our understanding for the qualitative impression of our own consciousness. Do not be alarmed, I am not going to discuss the theory. I only wish you to note that both Boethius and Dante feel that man possesses an intuitive sense of something which sets aside the notions of time and space. Thus Boethius writes (Bk. V, 6): "Whatever is subject to the condition of time, although, as Aristotle deemed of the world, it never have either beginning or end, and its life lie stretched to the whole extent of time's infinity, it yet is not such as rightly to be thought eternal. For it does not embrace the whole space of infinite life at once." The eternal must "hold the infinity of movable time in an abiding present." The eternal, in fact, is not the equivalent of the everlasting. Similarly Dante ('Par.,' xxix, 10-21) tells of the

eternal in which every where and every when do meet :

“ Dove s'appunta ogni ubi ed ogni quando.”

(God's eternity is outside of time, and His going forth is Such that it cannot be said to have any before or after.)

“ In luce eternita' di tempo fuore
 Enor d'ogni altro comprender, come i piacque
 S'aperse in nuovi amor l'eterno amore.
 Nè prima quasi torpente si giacque ;
 Chè nè prima nè poscia procedette
 Lo discorrer di Dio sopra quest'acque.”

—‘Par.,’ xxix, 16–21.

(Neither before nor after aught else did the
 Movement on the face of these waters take place.)

(ii) Another parallel is seen in the treatment of the freedom of the will and its limitation in form. The freedom of the will is claimed by both. According to Boethius, this is essential to all rational beings ; without it the creature is not rational. Dante is equally explicit :

“ Lo maggior don, che Dio per sua larghezza
 Fesse creando ed alla sua bontate
 Più conformato e quel che’ci più apprezza
 Fu della volontà la libertate
 Di che le creature intelligenti
 E tutte e sole furo e son donate.”

—‘Par.,’ v, 19–24.

(The greatest gift that in His largess God
 Creating made, and unto His own goodness
 Nearest conformed, and that which He doth prize
 Most highly, is the freedom of the will ;
 Wherewith the creatures of intelligence
 Both all and only were and are endowed.)

But, according to Boethius, this freedom becomes limited freedom when the soul takes a bodily form—"Human souls must needs be comparatively free while they abide in the contemplation of the Divine Mind, less free when they pass into bodily form, and still less again when they are enwrapped in earthly members" (Bk. V, 2).

Dante, in a similar fashion, after arguing that justice and free will would be violated if necessity ruled all, proceeds to speak of the limitations which life brings upon freedom. Man cannot excuse his evil deeds on the ground of necessity. Planetary influence may possess some power, but discernment between good and evil is open to man. If man will but nourish rightly the powers of his moral judgment, he will realise the Divine might to be with him.

(iii) Akin to this question of free will is the problem of Fate or Fortune. As Boethius and Dante are in agreement about free will, their views of good or evil fortune have much in common. The figure of Fortune has a fascination for both writers. Boethius devotes his fourth book to the subject, and Dante refers to it eighteen times in the 'Divine Comedy.'

Are you tempted to murmur that Fortune is fickle?—hearken how Boethius rebukes you. The wheel of Fortune is a moving wheel—"O stupidest of mortals, do you not see that if the wheel stood still, it would cease to be Fortune's wheel? Thou deemest Fortune to have changed to thee: thou art mistaken—such is her nature" (Bk. II, i).

So Dante writes:

"Le sue permutazion non hanno triegne
Necessità la fa esser veloce."

(Her changes never intermission know,
Necessity doth make her swiftly go.)

Hence she is the power which is so vilified by men who ought to praise her. Her inconstancy shows her faithful loyalty to her nature. Behind the fluctuations of fortune, both Boethius and Dante recognise the working of a Divine Providence—"All things which are under fate are subjected also to Providence, on which fate itself is dependent" (Bk. IV, 6).

And Dante, in the eighth canto of the 'Paradiso,' maintains that the ordering of Providence can be reconciled with the varieties of fortune ('Par.,' viii, 67-97). In the spirit of the same principle Dante, in the 'De Monarchia' (II, x), says that fortune may be more fitly called "divine providence." Hence it is that he pictures Fortune as moving on her way with calm indifference to the maledictions of mankind, as one who knows that she is fulfilling the purposes of heaven :

"She is blissful and she hears it not ;
Among the other primal creatures gladsome
She turns her sphere and blissful she rejoices."

Boethius cannot reach such a high vision of her. To him she seems like a malign Puck, glorying in mischief, like a wanton boy who kills flies for sport :

"She heedeth not the wail of hapless woe,
But mocks the griefs that from her mischief flow,
Such is her sport, so proveth she her power."
—(Bk. II, Song i).

To Boethius she is an evil Pixy : to Dante she is the equable, calm, and contented mistress of God.

Both men, as we shall see, believe in Divine love, but the conviction of the rule of that love is clearer and stronger in the Italian than in the Latin writer. In one thing they are both united: in the changes of fortune man must maintain his manhood unshaken. Both applaud and approve the heroic soul which is not Fortune's pipe or puppet:

“ Provided that my conscience do not chide me
For whatsoever Fortune I am ready.
Such handsel is not new unto mine ears;
Therefore let Fortune turn her wheel around
As it may please her.”

—‘Inf.,’ xv, 91–6.

So speaks Dante, and not less brave are the words of Boethius:

“ Whoso calm, serene, sedate
Sets his foot on haughty fate,
Firm and steadfast come what will,
Keeps his mind unconquered still;
Him the rage of furious seas
Tossing high wild menaces,
Nor the flames from smoky forges
That Vesuvius disgorges,
Nor the bolt that from the sky
Smites the tower, can terrify.”

—Bk. I, Song iv.

(iv) One last picture I must give, as it indicates perhaps more clearly than anything else the resemblance and contrast between the two writers.

Both of them show us the inescapable influence of the eternal womanly.

Goethe wrote, as you will all remember:

“ Das Ewig-weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.”

The eternal womanly leads us on. When sorrow falls, or when deep questioning fills the mind, it is to woman man turns, and even if no woman friend be at hand, his vision of hope will take a woman's form. This is what we find in Boethius and Dante. When misfortune befalls Boethius and he seeks consolation it comes as from a womanly form. It is in his case a purely allegorical figure: it is Philosophy, but philosophy with woman's features and form. The allegorical character of the woman is indicated at once. At one moment she seems of ordinary stature; at another she towers majestically above him. Her robe is of an imperishable fabric: it is tarnished by age and neglect, and is in some places torn into rags, as though eager hands had plucked away some portions. On the robe the emblems of two aspects of Philosophy—the theoretical and the practical. On the lower edge of the garment is embroidered the Greek π ; a small worked ladder leads from this, the practical, to the Greek letter θ , which denotes the life of thought. The woman carries in her right hand a note-book, and in her left a staff.

The womanly figure which Dante celebrates, as he meets her in the 'Paradiso,' is arrayed in robes of green and white and flame colour: flowers fall from her as she rides in the heavenly car. There is allegory here, but it is interwoven with memory and affection: the figure represents (say) Theology, but she is Beatrice too: only because of what she, as woman, was in Dante's life is she now the emblem of Theology: the sweet and tender and inspiring influences of the providential life may become the

forms round which the highest and holiest thoughts may meet: first perhaps that which is natural: afterwards that which is spiritual.

But to return, how do these womanly visions act towards those to whose assistance they have come? Both come animated by the wish to help: both come with reproaches on their lips. But there is a difference in the nature of their reproofs. Philosophy comes to teach; Beatrice to blame Dante for a disloyal desertion of an ideal. The one deals with error; the other with sin. The woman, Philosophy, never forgets her rôle: she is the vigorous and uncompromising instructress: she does not lack sympathy, but she is intent above all else on preparing and improving the mind of her pupil. To Dante, Beatrice is far more than teacher: she is severe with the severity of wounded love and disappointed hopes, but beneath the severity is the undercurrent of true love which knows that only severity can heal.

Both figures insist upon being recognised. "Dost thou know me?" says Philosophy to Boethius, "wherefore art thou silent?" "When I had lifted up my eyes and fixed my gaze upon her, I beheld my nurse Philosophy" (Bk. I, iii). Similarly Beatrice bids Dante "Look at me well: I am, I am Beatrice" (*Purgat.*, xxx, 73). This recognition is designed to give point to the reproaches which follow. "Art thou that man," asks Philosophy, "art thou that man who erstwhile fed with milk and reared on the nourishment which is mine to give, had grown up to the full vigour of a manly spirit?" (Bk. I, ii). "Such had this man become," says Beatrice—

“Such had this man become in his new life
Potentially that every righteous habit
Would have made admirable proof in him.”

But both Dante and Boethius had fallen victims to the false things of life. But in the case of Boethius it is a misapprehension of truth which follows: he has called things by false names (Bk. II, vi). In the case of Dante, it is a failure to estimate moral values: he has followed “false images of good” (*‘Purgat.,’* xxx, 131).

In both the fidelity of these guardians is made plain. “Could I desert thee, child?” asks Philosophy (Bk. I, iii); while Beatrice claims that to rescue Dante she “visited the gates of death” (*‘Purgat.,’* xxx, 13). Yet in both the failure is in a measure due to mistaken or misused intellectual pursuits. Finely written words, according to St. Jerome, are the devil’s bait, and Beatrice warns Dante against the sirenlike voices, and Philosophy drives away the Muses from the side of Boethius—“Get ye gone, ye sirens, whose sweetness lasteth not” (Bk. I, i).

I have said that both these guardian women demanded recognition; but the way in which this recognition takes place shows an appropriate difference in the two cases. Boethius recognises his nurse Philosophy gradually. He is so overcome with stupor and sorrow that he does not know who it is that speaks: his sight was dimmed with much weeping, and he does not recognise her till Philosophy has with a fold of her robe wiped his eyes, “clouded with a mist of mortal things” (Bk. I, ii). The recognition is gradual. In Dante’s case it is immediate, instinctive. Though the face of Beatrice is

hidden in a cloud of flowers, the feeling of the old and unquenched love with unerring instinct tells him who is near: a thrill of sympathy passes from her to him: he knew the traces of the ancient flame ("segni d'antica amore"): the heart has its unseen messengers: love is quicker to discern than knowledge: it was the disciple of love, who first on the wondrous dawn, knew the strange figure that stood upon the shore, and said to his comrades, "It is the Lord."

The truth is that there is greater spiritual depth in Dante's experiences than in those of Boethius. It would be an ill task to speak slightly of Boethius: his work is full of lofty thought. As we read it we know that we are in the presence of one who is fighting bravely for magnanimity against littleness of soul: he is striving to win intellectual, and indeed moral, independence: he seeks to grasp the treasure within, which is more precious to man than any of the dazzling things without. "If thou art master of thyself, thou wilt possess that which thou wilt never be willing to lose" (Bk. II, iv). It is the brave fight for the quiet mind of the emancipated. All of us who have had experience of those ills of life which breed bitterness of heart will reverence the story of one who fought down the temptation to make personal disappointment a reason for cynicism. Over such a temptation Boethius is seen to come out victorious.

When we turn to Dante, however, we are aware that his heart is acquainted with another realm of experience, which complicates and intensifies the struggle.

The conflict in Boethius is mainly in the realm of intellect, and his helpmeet, therefore, is rightly described as Philosophy. The problem is the old problem which pressed upon Psalmist and Sage: the vanity and injustices of life. The final solution is found in the recognition that the sources of all that is best in man's life are within.

The conflict in Dante's case is that of the soul fighting for spiritual emancipation from the tyranny of moral evil. To the questions which troubled the writers of the 37th and 73rd Psalms and the Book of Ecclesiastes are added the difficulties of the soul which found utterance in the writings of St. Paul and St. Augustine, of Tauler and of Bunyan. Hence it is that in the case of Dante, Beatrice deals not as an intellectual teacher, but as a spiritual guardian. In the case of Boethius, not his conduct but his judgment is blamed; but Dante is made to face his own moral fall. Beatrice convicts Dante of sin. The atmosphere of the 'Consolations' is intellectual; that of the 'Divine Comedy' is spiritual.

My task must end here; it might be prolonged through many avenues of practical and speculative philosophy; but before we close let me ask you to note the verdict upon life as a whole which is given by these men—the last of the Latins and the first of the Italians.

Both men met bitter experiences: both found how vain are Earth's pleasures, how fugitive its hopes: both were the victims of injustice and cowardice: both learned how powerless was single-mindedness in a world where unscrupulous self-seeking governed the larger portion of mankind. From both we might

have expected a harsh and condemnatory judgment upon life; but the wonder is that from both we meet with the verdict that good is not only better than but stronger than evil.

Boethius, notwithstanding the loneliness to which false friendship or astute timidity has condemned him, sings the praise and victory of love. In the friends who have proved themselves true he has found the most precious of all riches, and high above this treasure of friendship he discerns an all-sovereign love, and to it he consecrates the song in the second book :

“ Why are Nature’s changes bound
 To a fixed and ordered round ?
 What to leaguéd peace hath bent
 Every warring element ?
 Wherefore doth the rosy morn
 Rise on Phoebus’ car upborn ?
 Why should Phoebe rule the night
 Led by Hesper’s guiding light ?
 What the power that doth restrain
 In his place the restless main
 That within fixed bounds he keeps
 Nor o’er earth in deluge sweeps.
 Love it is that holds the chains
 Love o’er sea and earth that reigns
 Love—whom else but sovereign love ?
 Love, high lord in Heaven above.

—Bk. II, viii.

The reader of the ‘ Divine Comedy ’ will recall the oft-repeated faith of Dante that love built, sustains, and rules all things :

“ L’amor divino
 Mosse da prima quelle cose belle.”

Divine love worked behind all the beauty of the world, and gave to all things that movement which seems like a widespread joy.

The nearer we are to love, the nearer we are to God: the nearer to God, the fuller is the power of love. Life, according to Dante, finds its perfection in love. In the first canto of the 'Paradiso' he sings of the love which rules the heavens, and his phrase is thought by Scartazzini to be derived from Boethius' words, "*Caelo imperitans amor.*" Let this pass. Dante's last words linger over the thought of this supreme love which moves the sun and all the stars. Boethius, if he does not reach the same height, yet moves a long way towards it, when he sings:

"Ye are blest ye sons of men
If the love that rules the sky
In your breasts is throned on high."

The last of the Latins and the first of the Italians are at one in their verdict upon life. Live it in its fulness: bear it in its pains, and beneath and above all you will find the supremacy of an unflinching love.

CURRENTS OF ENGLISH DRAMA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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THE most striking fact that confronts the student of English drama in the eighteenth century is that the output of dramatic work was in quantity very large, much larger than it had been in the two previous centuries, but that nevertheless the names of very few dramatic authors of that century have been enrolled in the book of fame. Of the hundreds of dramatic works put forth in the eighteenth century, scarcely one, besides the plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan, has stood the test of time.

From the outset one must confess that the more you study the drama of the eighteenth century the more you must realise that it was unquestionably in a state of decline, that the bright hopes for comedy amidst which the century opened were gradually dispelled, and, but for the transient glory of Goldsmith and Sheridan, the Castor and Pollux of the dramatic sky in the eighteenth century, the heavens were illuminated by no bright planet or radiant galaxy. Nevertheless, the heaven was not always overclouded, and to the careful searcher may be revealed the fitful gleam of lesser stars

which gave light to the stage through that long dramatic night.

At the end of the seventeenth century Dryden had made famous the form of Heroic Tragedy, a genre which gained much admiration in its day, but not a little ridicule—ridicule which has gradually grown until modern critics regard Heroic Tragedy as little more than an interesting literary phenomenon of the past. Whilst this majestic, if somewhat too luxuriant, growth was flourishing, there was expanding another finer, more delicate, and more subtly created blossom on the comic stage. The old traditions of English comedy which illuminated the Elizabethan and Jacobean scene were not without their influence on the comic modes which fashionable dramatists brought across the Channel from Paris. Etherege and Sedley; Wycherley and Congreve produced a certain number of comedies which raised the comic stage in England on to the highest plane of dramatic achievement. Nourished by the comic muse of Molière, well skilled in reproducing the manners which they observed in the gay, licentious, unspiritual, witty society of which they were typical members, they jointly erected that light and delicate structure known as the Comedy of Manners.

Against this palace of art, with its bright galleries crowded with elegant lords and perfumed ladies, whose conversation scintillated with a brilliance excelling even the jewels which begemmed their persons, advanced a grim giant with an arm fit to wield the cudgel he bore. This was Jeremy Collier, a serious, puritanical, matter-of-fact parson, to whom

this dramatic edifice was Babylon scarlet in her sins. With mighty blows the righteous priest dealt destruction around, and the dramatists confessed defeat with scarcely a blow given in defence. The upshot was that the finest flower of English comedy withered, to bloom again but once, in the works of Sheridan, during the two succeeding centuries.

That, in a few words, is the usual account given by critics of the cause of the decline of the Comedy of Manners. But a closer inspection shows that this decline had causes far more deeply seated than is sometimes thought. Jeremy Collier undoubtedly played a very important part in bringing the fashion of the stage into disrepute; but by examining the drama itself both before and after his day, and by studying it in relation to the literary and social tendencies of the time, one can see clearly that even whilst the Comedy of Manners was flourishing, there were in the drama itself the seeds of that disease which killed it, or at least stunted its growth for two hundred years.

The courtiers who created the Comedy of Manners were men whose chief aim in life was pleasure. They were men of delicately trained aesthetic appreciation who admired art which satisfied their sense of the beautiful. Rationalists and sceptics towards life, they accepted society as they found it, except perhaps Wycherley, whose palate became cloyed. Oft-times Wycherley slips into furious satire; but to Etherege and Congreve the follies of their society are but food for the laughing Muse. They were content to paint with the utmost realism of manner the artificial, irreverent, wicked, but gay

and witty men and women who formed the society they frequented. History—social, political, and literary—has bestowed undue attention on this comparatively small element of the English nation as it existed at the end of the seventeenth century. The great mass of the people was of very different stuff, lived very different lives, and was inspired by very different ideals. The real English people was composed of a generation sprung from those men who had witnessed the Revolution of 1648. Their fathers might have fought for King or for Republic; but they were earnest, serious men of sombre northern stock to whom the light gallic manners and fashions of Paris were utterly foreign and repugnant. Whether they favoured the forms of the Anglican Church or preferred the melancholy comfort of dissenting conventicles, they were all of that common breed of Englishmen to whom religion and politics were solemn matters, a breed apt to foster the puritan spirit in morals, if not necessarily the puritan tenets in religion. Whilst Etherege was initiating the vogue of the Comedy of Manners for the delectation of Charles's court and the London society of which it was the centre, in Bedford Gaol John Bunyan was labouring with bodily and spiritual anguish to create a work which, by its appeal to the heart and soul of England, held sway and wielded influence over countless thousands for centuries after Etherege and the Comedy of Manners had passed into the limbo of vanity. This is a significant literary fact which helps to show, what is even more evident if one studies the social and political ideas of the time, that the middle class

morality of England was steadily gathering way. Soon it was to dominate the thought and life of the nation.

The Comedy of Manners was without moral intention: it was a realistic picture of what the dramatist saw in life. He made no comment: he merely transcribed. And it was this absence of sermonising and this straightforward portrayal of human nature that were in large part the sources of greatness of these dramatists. But this tendency was soon to be borne down by a resurgent wave of didacticism and morality which was gradually swelling, till at length it flooded the whole field of English literature with an influx of virtuous intention.

Yet another tendency, in essence not altogether unconnected with the didactic tendency, influenced English literature in the eighteenth century. The Comedy of Manners was essentially intellectual, and one of its chief merits is that in reflecting a purely hedonistic, soulless age its appeal is purely to the intellect and not to the emotions or feelings. Congreve's 'Way of the World,' perhaps the most perfect comedy in the English language, is pure wit: it makes no address to the feelings and arouses no emotion. But sentiment is an essential human element; and, however coldly intellectual a society or a man may be, emotions and feelings will eventually become manifest. Passion, well balanced by judgment, was the soul of Elizabethan life and literature. In the seventeenth century it ran riot until it perished by its own exuberance. The age of Anne, the age of Pope and Swift, has well been

called the Age of Reason. Intellect predominates in the first part of the eighteenth century; but emotion cannot long be kept under. If true passion and feeling are denied their place in human life and human expression we shall find a false growth of sentimentalism. Hence as an undercurrent to the main stream of eighteenth century intellectualism there ran an ever growing sentimentalism and mawkish emotionalism, which in the end developed happily into the humanitarian and passionate Romantic Movement.

So long as the Comedy of Manners remained on the plane of intellect, so long it flourished, the glory of the English stage. But very quickly emotion and warm passion found their way into comedy. These elements had been present in our earlier comedy and had not wholly destroyed it. But when passion mingled with the heartless rationalism of the Comedy of Manners it produced a horrible mixture which, while ceasing to make a solely intellectual appeal, was at first disgusting and finally fatuous. For the emotional element was not true sentiment, but sentimentalism, the bastard offspring of true sentiment and morality.

I have already referred to Jeremy Collier, who in 1698 published that ponderous pamphlet 'A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage.' His indictment is clumsy and in many respects irrelevant, but his attack was not to be withstood, for he voiced the deeply-seated opinions of a large body of thinking Englishmen. Morality was once again to hold sway, and fifteen years later a voracious public was battenning greedily

on the moral pabulum of 'The Tatler' and 'The Spectator.' Morality walked hand in hand with sentimentalism, and the realism of the Comedy of Manners gave place to a sententious idealism. Like artists fearing to portray the truth, the dramatists shrank from depicting society as they saw it. With little faith they went half-way with the realists, and then turned down the speciously pleasant paths which led them to the Doubting Castle of morality. Smitten in their conscience they felt that society was evil, so they tried to overlay their picture with a varnish of morality, a morality which did not exist, but which public opinion was beginning to demand.

Now it is usually said that the first dramatist to moralise the stage was the well intentioned but unfortunate Richard Steele. Without question no one did more than Steele in such plays as 'The Tender Husband' and later 'The Conscious Lovers,' not merely to purge the stage of that wild gaiety and libertinage which had shocked the contemporaries of Collier, but to colour it with sentimentalism and direct its purpose from pure pleasure towards a moral goal. He tells us in the Preface to his second play, 'The Lying Lover,' that it was his "honest ambition to attempt a comedy, which might be no improper entertainment in a Christian commonwealth"; and in the Prologue he admits half apologetically that

"our author treads the stage
With just regard to a reforming age."

Lest there should be any mistake as to his

didactic purpose he says frankly in the Preface to 'The Conscious Lovers' (1722), "nor do I make any difficulty to acknowledge that the whole was writ for the sake of the scene in the fourth act, wherein Mr. Bevil evades the quarrel with his friend; and hope it may have some effect upon the Goths and Vandals that frequent the theatres, or a more polite audience may supply their absence." The play was in fact a pamphleteering effort to bring duelling into discredit—as frank a sermon as his early 'Christian Hero.'

I have asserted that hand in hand with didacticism in the drama goes sentimentalism. Steele's work proves this. If his plays show strong moral purpose they also appeal directly to the heart as well as to the head. In the Prologue to 'The Funeral' he definitely deserts the purely intellectual appeal of Etherege and Congreve and implies the intention of bringing the emotional element into comedy. He says:

"Nature's deserted, and dramatic art,
To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart."

The immediate result of introducing sentiment into comedy, especially when it is accompanied by moral intention, is that the realm of pure laughter is abandoned and tears begin to flow. Not the burning, bitter tears of tragedy, but the facile, soothing flood which is quickly stanchèd by the sympathetic kerchief which the author applies with gentle art in the fifth act and which he quickly dries and with the conjuror's skill converts, amidst the alluring sound of wedding-bells, into the exquisite

veil of a costly marriage. In 'The Lying Lover' Young Bookwit is thrown into Newgate as an alleged murderer. There we see him languishing amidst a crowd of gaol birds; busy intrigue has given place to mourning; we witness the sorrows of faithful friendship; the heart of the cruel fair is melted by remorse. The once distant Penelope now bursts forth when she believes that Lovemore, who is supposed to be murdered, is no more: "Love-more no more. Thou shalt be no more. Thou shalt live here for ever. Here thou dearest paper, mingle with my life's stream. Either the paper bleeds a-new, or my eyes weep blood"—and so on. We attend at the affecting scene between Old Bookwit and his felon son. Grief and remorse are poured forth in verse rich in polysyllabic epithets and crammed with sententious phrases. But all is well. The murdered man is brought to life, and true love, born of sorrow, can flourish at length; the young felon is no felon, and all tears are forgotten in the ecstatic pleasure that follows on the heels of woe. The author is obviously a little dubious as to the propriety of his matter. In the Preface he says: "The anguish he there expresses, and the mutual sorrow between an only child and a tender father in that distress, are, perhaps, an injury to the rules of comedy, but I am sure they are a justice to those of morality." There we have the clearest indication of one of the main currents of English drama in the eighteenth century.

In 'The Conscious Lovers' Steele develops other elements afterwards so common in Sentimental Comedy. The cruel father is replaced by a kindly

parent in Sir John Bevil; the scheming servant makes way for the trusty old Humphry, the good genius of the play; instead of a witty, sharp-tongued Millamant we have as one of the heroines Indiana, the unfortunate beauty, conspicuous for her virtue, whose joy is finally made perfect after much tribulation when she is joined with her true lover, Bevil, and is restored to her long-lost father, Sealand.

In Steele we see the first full expression of the two chief characteristics of Sentimental Comedy (or as the French have better named it, *la comédie larmoyante*)—moral intention reinforced by a sentimental appeal, and as a corollary to this emotional element a certain admixture with laughter of the tears which shall finally give place to joy. Seeing that he is perhaps the best known of the earlier writers of Sentimental Comedy I have taken Steele's work as a sample of this new genre. At the same time we must beware of imagining that suddenly, with cataclysmic upheaval, Steele by his own unaided effort created a new kind of drama. To discover the prime sources of sentimental drama one must travel back to the writers of the seventeenth century. The first fact to remember is that the Comedy of Manners, as usually understood, consists of the plays of three men—Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve, to whom may be added Sedley—in all not a dozen plays. Whilst they were writing, many other dramatists were flourishing, chief amongst these the great Dryden. This should serve to recall the fact that if the Comedy of Manners was the finest dramatic product of that age, un-

doubtedly it was the Tragic Muse who received more honour at the time. We nowadays are delighted by the realistic portraits in which Etherege and Congreve display before our eyes the very image of the free society through which the Sir Foplings and Mirabels, the Loveits and the Milla-mants pass in gay procession, as, travelling no whither, they wend aimlessly through life, enjoying the journey infinitely and unrestrainedly. But in their own day the sententious, sounding periods of Dryden, in which he depicted the falls of princes and the fatal loves of queens, stirred afresh the bosoms which, in the scented seclusion of the closet, heaved at the tales of heroic romance provided so liberally by such as La Calprenède and Madame de Scudéry. Lee and Rowe swelled the numbers of grandiose tragedies, whilst Otway and Southerne, though pruning away much of the bombastic rant of Dryden and his school, told tender tales of wronged innocence in the plainer speech of blank verse. Then turn to the writers of comedy themselves. In two of Etherege's plays there are parts which are very foreign to his usual spirit and manner. In 'The Comical Revenge,' a poor piece with which he began his dramatic career, and in 'The Man of Mode,' which is undoubtedly the best of his three comedies, Etherege includes a sub-plot which appeals to the sentiments. It is noteworthy that blank verse is sometimes used in those parts of the plays which are designed to stir sympathy with the virtuous lovers, who, after some vicissitude, crown their mutual affection with marriage. Furthermore, these characters are very different from the typical men

and women of the Comedy of Manners in that they are obviously meant to be amiable. These true lovers—Graciana and Lord Beaufort, Aurelia and Bruce in ‘The Comical Revenge,’ and Emilia and Young Bellair in ‘The Man of Mode’—though one must confess that their amiability evokes but little sympathy, definitely show that Etherege was not content to leave the heart out of all count, and, like Congreve, direct his whole appeal to the head. Fortunately for his reputation, they fill so slight a part that we may pretend not to see these romantic lovers and pass them by without a word.

For our present argument the significance is that Etherege ever dreamed of admitting them on his stage. Emotion and passion are foreign to this world of wit and adultery. Sexual relationships in this land of cuckoldry are utterly different from what prevail in our world. The love of a Horner, in Wycherley’s ‘Country Wife,’ as Mr. John Palmer has well emphasised, is devoid of passion, and all intrigue in the Comedy of Manners is merely a coldly sensuous pursuit into which erotic warmth and ardour never enter. Yet even Wycherley introduced more than a trace of romantic faithfulness and sentimental appeal in the character of Fidelia in ‘The Plain Dealer’; and once again it is to be remarked that the pathos of Fidelia’s tearful soliloquy on hopeless love is cast into blank verse. This is very far from Wycherley’s usual manner, and it is not to be regarded as more than a lapse. But a lapse into what? A lapse into a style and mode of thought which, I maintain, was not utterly foreign to the time, and was soon to flourish far and

wide through English drama. With these exceptions emotion and passion are absent from the true Comedy of Manners. And if Etherege does show signs of something like sentiment, he was a sufficiently perceptive artist to keep this element in a compartment by itself. But when we come to succeeding dramatists we shall observe how an attempt was made to embody in the same person the ideals of a Horner and the ardour of a romantic hero. The result was moral and artistic failure; but it is a phase in the evolution of English comedy which is all important to a full understanding of how Sentimental Comedy came into being.

The two best known names that occur in this connection are those of Sir John Vanbrugh and George Farquhar. Vanbrugh apparently aimed at continuing the traditions of the Comedy of Manners; but the touch of Congreve is gone, and it is a coarser, cruder production that came from the pen of his literary successor. In Vanbrugh's first play, 'The Relapse' (1697), one finds a moral atmosphere unknown in Congreve's world. For Congreve the morality of our world does not exist: Vanbrugh knows our ideas of good but chooses to follow evil. In the opening scene we are introduced to the domestic happiness of Loveless and Amanda, and again it is noticeable that this scene, tender in its sentiments, is thrown into the form of blank verse. We see Loveless fall a prey to the seductive beauty of Berinthia, who plots doubly to induce Loveless to adultery, and to secure Amanda's capitulation to the guilty love of Worthy. The flippant and irresponsible adultery of Congreve's gay sparks has

gone, and here we meet no longer the nebulous coquetry of lightsome beaux and belles. Licentious lovers lay siege to virtue with warmth and emotion; the dazzling eloquence of Congreve's brilliant and realistic prose dialogue makes way for passionate pleading in long periods of blank verse. In Wycherley's 'The Plain Dealer' Lord Plausible, with fine critical acumen, defends 'The Country Wife' by pointing out that the poor author "did not think to disoblige the ladies by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his play." On the other hand it is just that soft, luscious, passionate element which we meet in 'The Relapse.' Lady Brute, in 'The Provoked Wife,' is not of the cloud land of cuckoldry of which Millamant and Lady Wishfort were denizens. She is an errant member of our own world, and with subtle casuistry she weighs up right and wrong and makes evil her good.

In Farquhar one finds a more striking confusion of dramatic and moral ideals. In some of his characters he has created figures not unworthy of the Comedy of Manners. Sir Harry Wildair and Mirabel rival the brightest of Etherege's beaux. But Farquhar had not the courage to be consistent. 'The Recruiting Officer' and 'The Beaux' Stratagem,' the best of his plays, are fairly free from sentiment and moralising, but 'The Constant Couple,' 'Sir Harry Wildair,' and 'The Inconstant,' despite the lively rake who is the pivot of each play, show all the elements of Sentimental Comedy. There is the sentimental story of romantic faithfulness, injured innocence and virtue, which in the end finds reward and reparation from a repentant rake. Sir

Harry Wildair is a puck who has wandered from the land of Sir Frederic Frolic and Sir Fopling Flutter into the world of 'The Conscious Lovers' and Sir Roger de Coverley. Mirabel, "The Inconstant," is equally foreign to this country where sentiments and morality would please even the righteous soul of Jeremy Collier. Fortunately they are allowed free play during four acts and the non-juror gets his solace only in ridiculous fifth-act conversions. But alas! the penetrating fog of sentimentalism and morality has choked the merry tinkling laughter of Congreve. Our feet are clogged by the shackles of seriousness and even of pathos, so that no longer can the dance rush forward with unalloyed gaiety and abandonment to mirth. Lurewell, in 'The Constant Couple,' appears at the outset to be a typical light flirt of the Comedy of Manners. But she turns out to be a man-hater on principle, a once virtuous woman robbed of innocence and happiness, who can draw a moral with the earnestness of Addison. With the true touch of the moral dramatist Farquhar brings about the discovery that the honest Colonel Standard, another typical character of Sentimental Comedy, is the misjudged lover who has all his life sought the long lost woman whom he had loved and wronged, and in search of whom he had spent weary years in vain. That Farquhar felt the absurdity of this kind of romantic nonsense and that his genius impelled him towards the comic realms of Etherege and Congreve is significantly displayed in the sequel.

In his next play, 'Sir Harry Wildair,' we meet

again Colonel Standard and Lady Lurewell, who is now his wife. But we witness no quiet domestic scene of conjugal peace after the stormy voyage of earlier years. Lady Lurewell has married the faithful Colonel, but she has retained her nature as well as her name. Her nature is what we had all along expected, and we are not to be fooled a second time when at the end of this play Farquhar has the audacity once again to convert her from a fashionable life of extravagance, gaming, and intrigue to conjugal love and domestic virtue. If Farquhar had created only such characters as these he would long ago have been forgotten, submerged in the quagmire of sentimentalism which swallowed hundreds of plays in the eighteenth century. But he was also the creator of Sir Harry Wildair who rolics through 'The Constant Couple' and the play called 'Sir Harry Wildair,' and of that other similar headlong rake Mirabel in 'The Inconstant.' Yet even this unsubstantial spirit, the bubbling, effervescent Sir Harry, after a dashing course is rendered flat and insipid by an absurd fifth-act repentance and marriage. In the sequel play Farquhar was impelled by his comic genius to restore the real Sir Harry, just as he was forced by his artistic sense to give us back the true Lady Lurewell. But again his morality gets the better of his art, and Sir Harry, after another flight of wild comic episodes, is dragged to earth once more. The absurd marriage with the virtuous and sentimental Angelica at the end of 'The Constant Couple' is perhaps explicable as but another vagary of his usual irrelevant impetuosity, but his conversion in

the fifth act of the second play into a virtuous husband, overcome by the touching sorrow and tenderness of his much wronged and grossly abused wife, is beyond the bounds of the fantastic. Even Farquhar himself felt that these fifth-act repentances were ridiculous. He confesses naïvely in the Preface to 'The Twin Rivals' that, although in the play the rake Richmore is supposed to be reformed and to make restitution by marrying the wronged Clelia, "he never did, for he was no sooner off the stage but he changed his mind, and the poor lady is still *in statu quo*." One is half inclined to think that Farquhar was intentionally humbugging his audience, but the evidence is all against such a theory. In the same Preface he frankly admits that Collier had done good service by his attack, and he proceeds to set up a plea for the *comédie larmoyante*. 'The Twin Rivals' is in great part pure sentimental drama, and Farquhar admits that "the most material objection against this play is the importance of the subject, which necessarily leads into sentiments too grave for diversion, and supposes vices too great for comedy to punish." Note the moral purport. Comedy is no longer merely to give pleasure: it is the flail in the moralist's hand to scourge evil from the temple of society. He then proceeds to enunciate a doctrine which was the very foundation of sentimental drama, that form in which, as I have said, tears so often usurp the place of laughter. He says: "'Tis said, I must own, that the business of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly; and that the punishment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if

there be a middle sort of wickedness, too high for the sock, and too low for the buskin, is there any reason that it should go unpunished ? ”

I have already spoken of Steele's contribution to the current of sentimental drama, but I desire to emphasise that Farquhar in his most advanced characteristics is independent of Steele. I referred to the elements of sentimentalism, including the introduction of virtuous characters and even serious, if not plaintive, themes into his 'Lying Lover.' This play was first acted at Drury Lane in December, 1703. Before that date Farquhar had produced all of his plays to which I have referred in detail. Steele had, however, produced two years earlier his play 'The Funeral,' in December, 1701, a play which is designedly moral and is flavoured with sentimentalism and sententiousness. But there is nothing in it which can be regarded as having influenced Farquhar in his introduction into 'The Inconstant' (1702) of tragic elements such as the melodramatic episode in which the devoted Oriana, disguised as a page, saves her beloved but unloving Mirabel from murder by a set of desperadoes. And as for Farquhar's earlier plays, 'The Constant Couple' (1699) and 'Sir Harry Wildair' (1701), they were both prior to Steele's first play ; so that, although they display some of the characteristics of Sentimental Comedy, we are forced to the conclusion that they were unaffected by any influence from Steele.

There is still another important name which must be included in any list of the forerunners of the sentimental movement in English drama. That is

Colley Cibber, a voluminous writer of plays, who is better known as actor and theatre manager, and perhaps best as Pope's butt in 'The Dunciad.' In 1696 Cibber produced his first play, 'Love's Last Shift.' Despite the earlier traces of sentimentalism, to which reference has already been made, I think one may fairly consider 'Love's Last Shift' the first comedy to show to any marked degree the characteristics which distinguish sentimental drama. In *Amanda* we have the element of virtue. The gross injuries suffered at the hands of her worthless husband Loveless make her a piteous object, whose story of love lost and won is verging on the borders of the tragic. There is plenty of comedy, and Sir Novelty Fashion, the *rôle* which Cibber himself filled so well, is a character worthy of a place with Etherege's or Congreve's fops; but the whole play is draped with a veil of didacticism and moral import which we have seen to be an integral part of the sentimental drama.

In later plays Cibber sustained the note on which he had begun. His second play, 'Woman's Wit' (1697), has its sentimental vein; and in 1704 he produced 'The Careless Husband,' which is a striking attempt to maintain the sparkling wit and irresponsible gaiety of the Comedy of Manners alongside the newer traditions of a sentimental picture of moral worth and virtue disdained. Lady Easy, the ill-used wife of Sir Charles Easy, is obviously depicted as a woman of gentle, uncomplaining virtue. She sees clearly her husband's ill-disguised callousness, and knows only too well what intrigues he is carrying on even with her own maid,

Edging. Unlike the proud heroines of pure comedy, she strives to win him with quiet, undisturbed affection, and at length she succeeds. On the other hand, Lady Betty Modish, the sharp-tongued, witty belle, whom the dutiful and worthy Morelove serves so patiently despite insults and rebuffs, is a comic figure. And so Cibber attempts to drive in double harness his ill-matched pair of comedy and tragedy.

There is no doubt that Cibber was affected by Collier's anathema against the stage. In 'The Careless Husband' it is obviously as a counterblast to the 'Short View' that he makes Lord Morelove protest that "since the late short-sighted view of 'em (*i. e.* plays) vice may go on and prosper; the stage dares hardly show a vicious person speaking like himself, for fear of being called profane for exposing him." To which the virtuous Lady Easy replies: "'Tis hard, indeed, when people won't distinguish between what's meant for contempt, and what for example." Later, when he came to write 'An Apology for his Life,' Cibber expressed without ambiguity the creed of the literary moralists who then ruled popular taste. "Therefore," he says, "whatever any of my productions might want of skill, learning, wit, or humour, or however unqualified I might be to instruct others, who so ill-governed myself; yet such plays (entirely my own) were not wanting, at least, in what our most admired writers seemed to neglect, and without which I cannot allow the most taking play to be intrinsically good, or to be a work upon which a man of sense or probity should value himself. I

mean when they do not, as well *prodesse* as *delectare*, give profit with delight!"

Another dramatist who early in the century flavoured her plays with sentimentalism and didactic purpose was Susanna Centlivre, a prolific author of plays from 1700 to 1721. Her last play, 'The Artifice,' shows these characteristics most markedly, but having regard to its date the most noteworthy is 'The Gamester,' a comedy designed to show the horrors of gambling. This play, produced in 1705, displays the clash of evil and virtue and is at times so deeply serious that one feels that tragedy is not far off.

I have dwelt long on these early dramatists, for they display in embryo most of the characteristics which were so rudely obvious in the full-blown sentimental drama of the latter part of the century. The current of sentimentalism becomes less easy to trace after the early years of the century, but it was there, and presently it is very apparent. If, for the moment, it was not so apparent in comedy it was gathering strength in tragedy. Towards the end of the seventeenth century sentimentalism, as we have seen, to some extent replaced bombastic and rhetorical passion in the blank verse tragedies of Otway and Southerne, and at the same time themes and persons became less grandiose. A direct outcome of the influence of sentimentalism and didacticism, those inseparable traits of eighteenth century literature, we find domestic tragedy, or *la tragédie bourgeoise*, springing into existence once again as the counterpart of *la comédie larmoyante*. The most important dramatist in this kind was George Lillo, three of whose plays,

'The London Merchant' (1731), 'Fatal Curiosity' (1736), and 'Arden of Feversham,' which was published posthumously, are the most famous domestic tragedies of the time. His works show how close tragedy and comedy were approaching one another. So similar are they in feature that one cannot but recognise the realistic tragedy of domestic life and the comedy of tears as brother and sister, whose sire was moral purpose and whose mother was sentimentalism.

Though the drama of feeling is most notably exemplified at this period by Lillo's tragedies, signs are to be found also in comedy. Even Fielding, who in his best work shook himself free from sentimentalism, contributed to the sentimental drama with his second comedy, 'The Temple Beau' (1730). Outwardly the play is a comedy of intrigue, but in the loves of Bellaria and Veromil we have a purely sentimental theme and treatment—two veins which in later years characterised on the one hand the hardy creator of Tom Jones and on the other the author of the tear-stained Amelia. It is worth noting, however, that in 1730 didacticism and sentimentalism seemed to call for apology and comment, for the Epilogue, "Written by a Friend," begins thus :

"Critics, no doubt, you think I come to pray
Your pardon for this foolish virtuous play."

And it continues to suggest that the author

"will argue that the stage
Was meant t'improve, and not debauch the age."

Another play which should be mentioned is 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield.' This piece was acted at Drury Lane in 1736. We are told that it was a success, but it makes poor reading to-day. Described variously as a farce and as a dramatic tale this work of Robert Dodsley, the bookseller, may best be designated a romantic comedy. Its theme is based on a traditional story of Sherwood Forest, and it is an interesting example of those romantic plays, so popular to the taste of later generations, in which royal and noble persons are brought into pleasing contact with virtuous peasants and their spotless maiden daughters. At first sight a pale afterglow of the gentle romance of the Elizabethans, it is rather the first ray of that artificial dawn which in the later melodrama suffused the scene with the unreal light of stage romance. The characteristics of this naïve tale are brought out in Baker's typically eighteenth century eulogistic criticism of Dodsley. "In prose," he says, "he is familiar, yet chaste; and in his dramatic pieces he has ever kept in his eye the one great principle, *delectando pariterque monendo*; some general moral is constantly conveyed in the general plan, and particular instruction dispersed in the particular strokes of satire. The dialogue moreover is easy, the plots are simple, and the catastrophes interesting and pathetic." Such a description, which is not wide of the mark, is sufficient indication that Dodsley's name must be reckoned in the list of those dramatists who maintained in the drama the current of feeling and morality.

Now although our concern has been almost solely

with the serious elements which characterised English comedy in the first forty years of the eighteenth century, it should be stated clearly that still the main ostensible motive of comedy was laughter. If doctrine and pathos were also found in comedy, these new elements were certainly subsidiary to the chief end, which was amusement. Not one of these dramatists who have been mentioned but strove to move their audience to mirth, and realised that if amusement was to be tempered by teaching not without tears, it was still amusement which was the chief and final aim of comedy. Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, Centlivre, and even to some extent the virtuous Steele, each in his or her fashion, whilst in reality they destroyed it, tried to keep alive the tradition of the Comedy of Manners. But the airy spirit of Etherege and Congreve had vanished, unable to breathe the heavy atmosphere of the seriously minded eighteenth century. 'The Spectator' was too ponderous for such delicate spirits as Millamant and Mirabel; the light beings of the older dramatists needed an atmosphere in which there were no such suffocating elements as morality and emotion. Gradually we find the dramatist renouncing manners and character and turning to incident and intrigue for comic effect. A fatal declension. No longer are we stirred by the pure laughter of the intellect which Meredith accredits to the stimulus of the Comic Spirit, but by the boisterous bumpkin mirth of humour or farce which is an affair of lung and ribs. This was the tendency of such as Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Centlivre in their best plays. Alongside this

line of evolution we find the growth of satire. Satire is in essence different from pure comedy, but their frontiers are not always well defined. Wycherley stepped from one to the other and back again, but gradually as the Comic Spirit ceased to wield such powerful sway the prevalence of satire increased. The tradition of the famous 'Rehearsal' was revived, and it flourished with signal success in such famous productions, so deservedly popular in their time, as Gay's 'The Beggar's Opera' and Fielding's 'The Tragedy of Tragedies ; or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great.'

'The Beggar's Opera' reminds one of the growing popularity of musical drama. Many are the complaints of the regular dramatists of the filching away of their audiences by the purveyors, often foreign, of this light stuff which went near to killing the taste for orthodox dramatic productions. But it was not remarkable, as literature and the theatre became less and less the monopoly of courtiers catering for a witty court and a comparatively small London audience, and fell more and more into the hands of middle class professional authors who supplied the demand of a middle class public, that kinds should multiply, whilst at the same time booksellers and actors should regard literature and drama as marketable products. Thus one may account for the fact that comedy was mainly the comedy of situation, often farcical in its humour and plot, that music played an increasing part, and that pure farce developed with great rapidity. At the same time it should be noted that in tragedy the realistic themes of Lillo were as yet rare, and the buskin

trod the stage to the stately measures of elevated tragedy such as Addison's 'Cato' and a host of such solemn, and, to our taste, exceedingly dull productions in blank verse. So strong was the tradition of what may be called classical tragedy that, despite the mordant satire of 'The Rehearsal' and 'Tom Thumb,' and later on Sheridan's 'The Critic,' it held its place throughout the century.

Turning again to comedy one finds that the history of the drama in the eighteenth century inevitably degenerates into a history of the stage. Players dominate plays, and the drama is less important than the theatre. The history of the drama during the first third of the century synchronises with Colley Cibber's career. His long and successful reign ended in abdication in 1733, when he sold out his interest in Drury Lane Theatre. An interregnum of about ten years followed, when no great man dominated the theatrical world. But in 1741 a young man, who had already made his *début* in Ipswich, appeared for the first time on the London stage at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields. This young man, one David Garrick by name, instantly took the town by storm; the more fashionable theatres further west were deserted, and persons of every rank flocked to Goodman's Fields. Next season saw him at Drury Lane, and by 1747 he had attained the highest position possible in the realm of the theatre by becoming chief actor at Drury Lane and with James Lacy partner in the proprietorship and management of the theatre.

For close on thirty years Garrick was the star

who outshone all lights in the theatre. He was the sovereign of the stage who assumed by common consent the sceptre which had been laid down by Colley Cibber. If he had a rival it was Samuel Foote. But Foote, diabolically clever and brilliant, was too unscrupulous to be great, and his fame depended rather on notoriety than on reputation.

During Garrick's long and wonderful career all sorts of dramatic kinds flourished and multiplied. Comic opera, the burletta, burlesque and topical satire abounded, and of these sideshows of the regular drama Foote was certainly master. This, however, was not all. Benjamin Hoadly's 'The Suspicious Husband,' Murphy's 'All in the Wrong,' Colman's 'The Jealous Wife,' Colman and Garrick's 'The Clandestine Marriage,' and above all the plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan show that English comedy was not dead. In all these comedies there is life and *ris comica*. But, with the possible exception of Sheridan's best work, comedy had ceased to be a dish in which the manners of high life, seasoned with witty dialogue, delighted the palates of intellectual epicures, and had come to depend on intrigue and plot, the fun of absurd complexity and ridiculous situations. The spirit of Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Centlivre had ousted the spirit of Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve; in a word, Farce had invaded the realm of pure Comedy. But the plays of Sheridan were the last flare of comedy before it sank into extinction and darkness, and the comic stage remained unilluminated for at least a century by anything more lucent than the smoky light of sentimental plays, the poor rushlights of

farce and musical comedy, or the short-lived dazzle of such stuff as passed for comedy with an audience that knew not what English comedy had been.

In Garrick's time sentimentalism was slowly making way and gathering force. The popular taste was being trained more and more to enjoy the pleasures of the emotions. Richardson and Sterne, influencing and influenced by the parallel course of public taste in France, were providing rich sentimental provender in the form of the novel, and in his last novel Henry Fielding returned to that vein which we have seen in his early comedy. Poetry also, from Thomson onwards, had followed the respectable lead of 'The Spectator,' and the periodical was sensibly influenced by Steele and Addison. If for a while sentimentalism seemed to be in abeyance in the drama it was only the recoil which preceded the swelling and breaking of the wave which was to flood the stage with tears, as the gathering force of emotionalism was presently to inundate the lending libraries with such lachrymose tales as Henry Mackenzie's notorious 'Man of Feeling' (1771).

During the earlier part of Garrick's period one must search to find plays of this character; but one notable instance is Edward Moore's 'The Foundling' (1748). It is perhaps the first example of pure sentimental drama. The cloak of comic intention to be found in Steele is finally cast off, and only shreds and remnants of laughter hang on to the plot in which all makes for pleasing emotion and the romantic issue of good from evil in a story of patient innocence rewarded after long suffering and danger. In the earlier days of the century dramatists perforce

apologised for their "virtuous" plays, and often they had to swallow the disapprobation of an audience which expected stronger meat. Steele for instance confesses in his 'Apology' that 'The Lying Lover,' a comedy which he designed to be "no improper entertainment in a Christian commonwealth," was "damned for its piety." The fact is that the play was a theatrical failure. The Prologue to 'The Foundling' is good evidence that social and theatrical conditions and tastes had changed radically. Brooke, the author of the Prologue, affirms of the dramatist :

"He, like all authors, a conforming race
Writes to the taste and genius of the place ;
Intent to fix, and emulous to please
The happy sense of these politer days,
He forms a model of a virtuous sort,
And gives you more of moral than of sport ;
He rather aims to draw the melting sigh,
Or steal the pitying tear from beauty's eye ;
To touch the strings that humanise our kind,
Man's sweetest strain, the music of the mind."

Moore's other play of note was 'The Gamester' (1753), one of the best pure domestic tragedies of the century. In this play his didactic tendency leads Moore into the depths of realistic tragedy, so that he may show the terrible consequences of the prevalent vice of gambling. The play was, however, not a great success, and it was alleged against it that "the distress was too deep to be borne"; though Baker suggests that the true cause of disapproval was that the audience was so severely

reproved in the awful sermon which Moore preached against "their darling vice, their favourite folly."

Mrs. Elizabeth Griffith's name must be remembered in the story of Sentimental Comedy for her best known play, 'The School for Rakes,' an insipid production which met with some success in 1769. A year earlier Kelly, a staymaker of Dublin, ill equipped for dramatic and literary production, had fought and won the first pitched battle between the comedy of emotion and the comedy of laughter. In 1768 his notorious 'False Delicacy,' an absurd farrago of sentimental rubbish, was presented at Drury Lane by Garrick, simultaneously with the production at the rival theatre of Goldsmith's rollicking 'The Good-natured Man.' Nowadays we appreciate that Kelly was not worthy as a dramatist to unloose the latchet of Goldsmith's shoes, but nevertheless, whilst 'The Good-natured Man' fell flat, the wretched 'False Delicacy' was a triumphant success. Kelly followed up his success with plays of a similar type, the chief ones being 'A Word to the Wise' (1770) and 'The School for Wives' (1774). Comedies they are called, but the term comedy has acquired a very different connotation since the days even of Steele. From a speech of Sir John Dormer, in 'A Word to the Wise,' we can infer what a comedy was according to the newer standard. He says: "And perhaps, Sir George, even you, may be a considerable gainer in the end, if we can but contrive to make an actual comedy of to-day's adventures, by your marriage with a certain lady in this company." Apparently all that was necessary to make a comedy was in the last scene

to unite in marriage a lady and a gentleman who during five acts had displayed their incompatibility.

In a most interesting and significant Preface to 'The School for Wives' Kelly declares that "his chief study has been to steer between the extremes of sentimental gloom and the excesses of uninteresting levity; he has some laugh, yet he hopes he has also some lesson." He goes on to deplore the fashion for "wits, even with his friend Mr. Garrick at their head, to ridicule the comic muse, when a little grave," and he expresses the opinion that "she degenerates into farce, where the grand business of instruction is neglected." This is surely a frank enough avowal of the cardinal artistic heresy of literary criticism and practice in the eighteenth century, the confession of didactic purpose as the main object of art. One would like to study the curious and interesting cross-current which ripples the surface of Kelly's placid sentimentalism and didacticism, but I can only refer to the incongruity of Garrick's Preface to 'False Delicacy,' in which he humorously girds at the "stubborn scribblers," who

"Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon—only preached in acts."

And he proceeds with further fooling to laugh at the simpering and the whimpering, the tears and the cambric handkerchiefs, and the thumping of breasts which the author seems to expect. It is extraordinary to find such things in the Prologue to

the most sentimental of sentimental comedies. Even in the plays themselves there are passages which almost seem like subtle satire on that very kind of comedy of which they are themselves the most characteristic examples. But the temptation to regard Kelly as a deep satirist (though the hypothesis is interesting) must be put aside, for the evidence is too strong that he was at heart a typical sentimentalist and dramatic moralist.

Sentimental Comedy had gained a foothold which was not to be shaken for many a long day, even by the transient visits of the Comic Muse. An official mark had been put on the new fashion by William Whitehead, the Poet Laureate, who, in 1872, had produced his 'School for Lovers.' Even Foote's tremendous burlesque in 'The Primitive Puppet Show' (1773), which reduced Sentimental Comedy to an absurdity in a puppet play called 'The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens,' could not stem the tide. But it did not hold the field undisputed. Satire continued, comic opera flourished, farce was still seen on the stage, and there were real comedies of Goldsmith and then Sheridan which seemed to portend the turning of the tide. In fact, Sophia Lee, in the Preface to 'The Chapter of Accidents' (1780), says that "Sentiment was now exploded and I therefore sought to diversify it with humour." Such an attempt is seen in many of the plays of the last quarter of the century. Burgoyne and Mrs. Cowley succeeded to a certain extent in keeping sentiment sufficiently under control, to produce plays in which *vis comica* is no small and unworthy element, and 'The Heiress' and 'The

Belle's *Stratagem* ' are comedies of merit which well deserved the success they attained. But sentimentalism was unquestionably the dominant note in such characteristic authors as Cumberland and Holcroft. And the Younger Colman and Thomas Morton maintained the vogue till finally the drama degenerated into that queer mixture of tragedy and farce, compounded with music—the melodrama, which, imported from France, first attained popularity when the new century was dawning and flourished for at least fifty years, if it is dead even yet.

It has been impossible to deal with this vast subject exhaustively, and it has been necessary to confine our study almost wholly to the growth of sentimental drama. Even that has been inadequately treated, and authors and works of prime importance have been merely named. The vital fact that sentimentalism permeated not only the drama but every branch of literature has been barely mentioned; and the extremely significant parallel movement on the Continent of Europe, especially in France, though not forgotten, has been ignored. Scant attention has been paid to what there was in the eighteenth century of pure comedy, and tragedy has been almost wholly neglected. My chief aim has been to show that the sources of sentimental drama may be found even in the comic writers of the days of William of Orange and Anne, and to trace this main current from those sources through the seas of didacticism and sentimentality which surged through the century. It would be a matter only of time and patience to follow its course still further through

the ocean of melodrama, into which it flowed at the close of the century and which it continued to feed in the nineteenth century, until at length we see its waves dancing with never-ending shimmer as they roll up unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible on the romantic shores of the picture drama.

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GÓNGORA.

BY PROFESSOR J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY, LITT.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read May 23rd, 1917.]

IN 'The Foreigner at Home' Robert Louis Stevenson refers to a writer whom he describes as 'the diabolically clever Mr. Hillebrand,' and Karl Hillebrand's name is still remembered by students of Góngora, though they are not likely to share Stevenson's enthusiasm. They are much more apt to belittle Hillebrand, and blame him for disseminating erroneous notions about Góngora. They have some justification. In his 'Six Lectures on the History of German Thought' Hillebrand incautiously says: 'Not only Italian and German Marinists were imitators of the Spanish Gongorists, even your English euphuism of Shakespeare's times had its origin in the *culteranismo* of Spain.' As Góngora was the protagonist of the *culto* movement in Spain, this assertion can only mean that Góngora was responsible for English euphuism. This theory, though not even plausible, has found considerable acceptance. This is all the more surprising, since a comparison of dates is fatal to it. It is true that there are still many lacunæ in Góngora's biography. These lacunæ were much more numerous thirty-eight years ago than they are now; but, even then, enough was known to furnish proof that Hillebrand's

statement was incompatible with chronological exactitude. However, as the established facts of Góngora's career are not familiar to everybody, it will not be superfluous to record them, so far as they are relevant to our purpose.

Luis de Góngora was born on July 11, 1561. His father, Francisco de Argote, was a *juez de bienes* and also an inquisitionary official at Córdoba; his mother was Leonora de Góngora. Her famous son chose to adopt her family surname rather than that of his father. This practice was not uncommon in Spain even in Góngora's time, but we may reasonably assume that it was not followed without some sufficient reason. What was Góngora's motive? Some have seen a touch of snobbery in his action, and have supposed that he regarded Góngora as a more aristocratic name than Argote. This is possible, no doubt. On the other hand, heralds and genealogists are by no means persuaded that Argote has less patrician associations than Góngora, and it would seem that the poet's brother used the paternal surname. As we shall see in a moment, Góngora was under special obligations to his maternal uncle, and, though he was not a sentimentalist, his uncle's timely kindness may well have influenced him in his choice of a surname. At the same time, all that we know of Góngora is consistent with the supposition that he assumed his mother's maiden name simply because of its impressive sonority. The fact that it happened to be a *palabra esdrújula* would be an additional recommendation. All his life, long words stressed as the antepenultimate had a seductive charm for him; his poems are enamelled with

dactyls like *túmulo*, *púrpura*, *júnebre*, and *bóveda*. A bantering passage in Tirso de Molina's '*La Celosa de sí misma*' bears witness to this. But it is needless to labour this point any farther.

Of Góngora's early youth we have no details. When he was fifteen, he was sent to the University of Salamanca—there to study law, as befitted his father's son. He does not seem to have pored assiduously over his legal text-books. His academic career was consolingly undistinguished, and, though some excessively polite contemporaries insisted on calling him a 'Licentiate' after he became celebrated, there is no evidence that he ever took a degree of any kind. There is, however, abundant evidence that, though his means were ample and even lavish, Góngora was heavily in debt when he left the University. He was helped out of his difficulties by his mother's brother, the prebendary Francisco de Góngora. Now Luis de Góngora quitted Salamanca in 1580: the first part of '*Euphues*' was issued in 1579. Hillebrand, therefore, invites us to believe that Lyly was dominated by a Spanish lad of eighteen, on whom he had never set eyes, and who had never printed a line up to that date. A thesis so extravagant calls for no refutation.

Góngora cannot have failed to note that his maternal uncle had greatly prospered in the church, and the example set by Francisco de Góngora was evidently not lost on his alert nephew. While still a boy at Salamanca, that nephew, profiting by the laxity of the times, had been a bit of a pluralist, and held two or three livings. In 1585 we find him higher up on the ladder of preferment, occupying

a stall at Córdoba Cathedral, and assisting at meetings of the chapter there. Clearly he must have been in orders, but he was not yet a priest, and was not fully ordained till later—probably much later, since he is described as a deacon fourteen years afterwards. Preferment had come too quickly to him, and the young canon apparently found it difficult to accommodate himself to his new surroundings. The annual diocesan visitation to Córdoba took place as usual in 1589, and certain reports which reached the bishop moved him to open an inquiry into Góngora's conduct. The allegations against Góngora were not very grave, and imply nothing worse than frivolity. He was stated to be perfunctory in attendance at the church services, to be restless when he did attend, given to chattering with those who sat next to him in choir, or else leaving his stall abruptly and moving rapidly about the chancel. Moreover, he was said to be in the habit of frequenting a circle where a good deal of personal gossip took place, of conversing with actors, of attending bull-fights, and—doubtless the most damaging clause in the indictment—of writing verses on profane subjects. To these not very heinous charges Góngora's reply is more amusingly flippant than persuasive or complete; it is compounded of avowal and extenuation. Góngora declared that he attended as regularly as did his brother-canon, and that his behaviour was as correct as theirs. The accusation of chattering in choir he repels outright: 'I could not talk even if I would, for I have a deaf man on one side of me, and an irrepressible singer on the other.' He admits having talked to actors who

came to his house openly, just as they visited the houses of other respectable people; he likewise admits joining a circle of gossips and attending bull-fights now and then; and at both, he adds with a touch of sly malice, he had seen ecclesiastics of higher standing than his own. He feels it necessary to be more categorical with respect to the charge of writing verses on profane subjects. Unable to deny it point-blank, he pleads that the case against him on this head is greatly exaggerated, that many of the verses ascribed to him are apocryphal, and that, as he recognized his weakness in theology, he had purposely avoided writing on devotional themes, preferring to be blamed for frivolity rather than condemned for heresy. (It may be remarked parenthetically that Góngora is mentioned as a 'matchless genius' in the 'Canto de Calíope' of Cervantes, and was therefore evidently regarded as a considerable poet previous to 1585 when the 'Galatea' appeared, but the canons of Córdoba had probably in mind the twelve poems of Góngora contributed to Andrés de Villalta's 'Flor de varios y nuevos romances,' published the year before the episcopal inquiry was held.)

It is quite possible that some timid creatures circulated unseemly verses under Góngora's name. He says so plainly, and we are bound to believe him. Nevertheless, some of the verses undoubtedly written by him at about this period leave the impression that Góngora was not distinguished during this phase by any narrow prudery. Still, his explanations or extenuating pleas must have been considered satisfactory, for we find his superiors constantly

entrusting him with special missions. Thus it came about that he saw more of Spain than did most of his fellows, and many of his compositions show a minute observation of nature not too common among contemporary Spanish poets. In 1593 he fell seriously ill. There is some mystery as to his complaint: it may have been the starting-point of the malady to which he finally succumbed—a malady which some persons, always on the watch for every opportunity of being disagreeable, have described as a disease of the brain. It is true that, from this time onwards, Góngora's physical activity was somewhat diminished, but his intellectual vigour and imaginative force were unabated. In 1605 he contributed largely to Pedro Espinosa's '*Flores de poetas ilustres de España*,' and, though this admirable anthology did not obtain anything like the success which Espinosa expected and which it deserved, yet it was read widely enough to make Góngora's name famous (among lovers of verse) throughout the length and breadth of Spain. Within the next four years Góngora's health broke down badly, and the fact that a marked change of manner in his compositions coincided with the severe headaches which were among his symptoms, lent some colour to the malignant report that his reason was affected. We may well hesitate to believe this cruel assertion; for, next year, Góngora was put in charge of the capitular revenues, and it is most unlikely that his colleagues, who frequently saw him, would entrust the administration of their funds to an incipient lunatic. Góngora went to Madrid, the new capital, in 1612, at which date he must have been a priest:

otherwise not even the interest of his patron, the Duke of Lerma, could have secured his appointment as chaplain to Philip III. In Madrid he spent eleven years, and then returned for a while to Córdoba. He resumed his duties at court, fell gravely ill while accompanying Philip IV. on a royal tour in Aragón, hurried home, lingered a year, having lost his memory, and died on May 23, 1627 (290 years ago to-day). Nobody with any tincture of literature in him fails to make his way, when at Córdoba, to the Plazuela de la Trinidad, where stands the modest white house in which Góngora dwelt so long and died in such pathetic isolation.

The Góngora whom we associate with Gongorism is the mature artist, the pontiff and hierophant whose stern and arrogant traits are traced unforgettably by the brush of Velázquez. The earlier Góngora, the Góngora who is alleged to have talked in church and mingled with actors, had none of these formidable, aloof, and forbidding airs. His youthful *letrillas* and *romances* are notable for their sparkling limpidity, their mischievous wit, their sunny gaiety and impertinent charm. The poet is obviously a young man of genius, with all the faults of youth, and all its attractions. He abounds in satirical personal thrusts, in bantering allusions, in harsh judgments delivered with the insolent confidence of his years, in metallic epithets, in mordant phrases, in gorgeous colouring. In the first phase of his development Góngora generally keeps well within the confines of the accepted national tradition. A microscopic examination no doubt reveals the

existence of certain external influences, but these are influences which Góngora undergoes in common with all contemporaries who came under the spell of the Renaissance. In this first phase his work is reminiscent of classical and of later accepted models, of Petrarch, the two Tassos and Ariosto, and of Herrera, whose Andalusian sonority and pomp are re-echoed with additional emphasis in high-resounding, rhetorical, patriotic odes. In whatever vein he writes, Góngora's preoccupation with finish and form—with perfect craftsmanship—is visible and constant. No premonition of his future mannerisms is discernible, except perhaps in an occasional tendency to needless hyperbaton, and the significance of this peculiarity, which may be easily exaggerated, escaped notice at the moment. It is always easy to be wise after the event. Time is a great ally for the literary critic: does half his work for him by placing events in their due perspective, and thus enables him to form something like a definitive judgment. When set down to estimate the qualities of contemporaries, the acutest critic is liable to error.

Góngora's case was particularly difficult. Even now, in the retrospect, it is not easy to detect in his early poems anything which distinguishes his methods from those of other Spanish poets of his day. He was praised, as almost everybody was praised, by Cervantes; he was highly esteemed in Córdoba and throughout Andalusia. Conscious of great natural gifts, he was not content with this purely local fame, and it was natural that he should expect great things from the publication

of the poems which he contributed to Espinosa's 'Flores de poetas ilustres de España.' But Espinosa was one of the unlucky. The First Part of his anthology, issued in 1605, was read by poets, but neglected by the public; this is shown by the fact that the Second Part did not struggle into print till 1896—nearly three centuries later. It is not uncharitable to imagine that so manifest a check must have galled Góngora extremely: he would have been more, or less, than human had it been otherwise, and there is no reason to think that he had not his full share of human weakness. It is true that in later years admiring parasites would have us believe that he was the embodiment of meek virtue; they tell us of his shrinking modesty which made him averse from hearing his own praises, his edifying readiness to accept criticism, his amiability in submitting himself and his work to correction. It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that this posthumous portrait is surcharged with idealism. The Góngora who sat to Velázquez conveys no impression of mild humility, and there is other evidence which throws doubt on the pious legend which Pellicer and others so sedulously propagated. It is infinitely probable that Góngora, as the years passed, rebelled against the cramped conditions of life in Córdoba, and that he readily sought an ampler field for the display of his talent. Cervantes and Lope de Vega, starting from humbler beginnings than his own, had won fame at the capital. Why should he not do as much? We may be sure that, in removing to Madrid, Góngora aimed at something beyond the

royal chaplaincy, an honorary post which brought him little but social consideration within a narrow circle. This appointment he owed to his patron, the Duke of Lerma. But he was too prudent, as well as too self-confident, to rely on patronage, and this was just as well, for within a few years the apparently indispensable Lerma fell from power, and a later patron of Góngora's, Rodrigo Calderón, ended on the scaffold.

Góngora longed for what no patron could give him. His ambitions were literary and their attainment depended wholly on himself. He changed his tactics. Since his fine simplicity had failed to attract, he was driven to seek other means, and, even before he settled at Madrid, he had conceived a new way of arresting attention. He was no match for Lope de Vega in the fluency and exuberant pomp which captured popular admiration; he must appeal to a more select company, to the sophisticated who were in search of artistic sensations rarer, if not more exquisite. To 1609-10 are assigned two compositions—a panegyric on the Duke of Lerma, his future patron, and a 'Canción' on the taking of Larache—which reveal Góngora in a new light. His simplicity, incisiveness, and rippling speed have disappeared; in their stead we have allusiveness more baffling than most contrived enigmas, attempts to substitute Latin constructions for Castilian idioms, alarming distortions of syntax, intolerable intrusions of learned words. In these two poems we have the first decided indications of that deliberate extravagance and intentional freakishness which were to characterise the whole

Gongoristic school. The "Panegírico al Duque de Lerma" and the Larache 'Caución' are not temporary lapses, capricious escapades in the region of artistic experiment; they are the first instalment of an elaborate construction, the colonnade which leads on to the 'Fábula de Polifemo y Galatea' and the 'Soledades,' where the principles adumbrated in the 'Panegírico' have hardened into a concrete, intricate system. By preferring midnight to dawn, Góngora secured recognition. Lope de Vega might—and, in fact, did—continue to attract the mass of readers. Góngora laid himself out to become the poet of the *cultos* (the exquisites, the learned, the refined). Hence we obtain the word *culteranismo*, a synonym for what we now call Gongorism, and what was first known as *la nueva poesía* (the new poetry).

Whence did the theory implicit in this 'new poetry' derive? Assuredly it did not leap into existence straight from Góngora's ingenious—or, as some will have it, distracted—brain. Gongorism is but a special case of preciousness, and preciousness is of all lands and of all the ages. M. Lucien-Paul Thomas, who has studied the whole question of Gongorism with great acumen and thoroughness, finds the immediate model of Góngora's 'Polifemo' in the 'Fábula de Atis y Galatea' of Luis Carrillo y Sotomayor, a young soldier-poet who had served in Italy, and who had died three years before Góngora's poem was written. It is unquestionable that many reminiscences of the 'Fábula de Atis y Galatea' are observable in the 'Polifemo,' a poem no less enigmatic than the too famous 'Soledades,'

the obscurity of which is admitted by Góngora's devoted commentators, one of whom concludes a perplexing elucidation with the ecstatic remark: 'This is what I have contrived to guess at in explaining passages so difficult as those of Góngora in his "Soledades." My intelligence can do no more.' Some of us who, faint but pursuing, have been compelled to plod through these numerous and interminable commentaries have often been tempted to wish that Pellicer and his rivals had done a good deal less in the way of making their author's meaning still more obscure. The indebtedness of Góngora to Carrillo is undeniable so far as the 'Polifemo' is concerned. That is an established fact, but it does not lead us very far; for, as we have seen, the earliest manifestation of a radical change in Góngora's method dates from 1609, and is therefore two years previous to the publication of Carrillo's poems. It is intrinsically probable that copies of these poems were privately circulated in manuscript before they were printed. Unluckily that hypothesis, even if proved, would not take us much further; for, with a few distinguished exceptions, poems seldom embody a whole *summa* of literary doctrine. Certainly those of Carrillo do not attempt anything of the kind, and, though Carrillo had his little affectations, tricks, and mannerisms, his obscurity does not approach that of Góngora. We must look elsewhere than in Carrillo's poems for the decisive influence which determined Góngora to make his brusque change of front. The Italian poet Marino has been suggested in this connexion, and that there are some resemblances between

Marino and Góngora is true; but the differences between the Italian and the Spaniard are even more striking than the resemblances. We must still look elsewhere, and, as it happens, we need not look far. Góngora himself sets us on the scent; he was wont to avow, as his biographer tells us, that he had learned much from the works of a friend younger than himself—‘a young friend whom he had watched raising himself towards the sublime—towards those heights of refinement which ignorance would fain represent as odious.’ This is perhaps as explicit a statement as we could reasonably expect from the Sphinx. Taken in conjunction with a phrase which was let fall, some twenty years after Góngora’s death by his well-informed, acute, and admiring critic, the Jesuit Baltasar Gracián, it should have sufficed to set us on the right scent. But none of us found it. It remained for M. Thomas to interpret the oracles aright. He points to the ‘Libro de la Erudición poética,’ a prose document which had escaped notice at the end of Carrillo’s ‘Obras.’ This exposition, which cannot have been written later than 1607, was (we know) circulated in manuscript copies and gave rise to much discussion in literary circles long before it was printed; it is no doubt the basis of the new poetic system introduced in the ‘Panegírico al Duque de Lerma’ of 1609. While deprecating an excessive obscurity, Carrillo lays it down that lucidity in a poet is a grave defect rather than a merit; Góngora made this view his own and carried it into execution with merciless logic.

If, after Carrillo's premature death in 1610, Góngora entered upon the new path with increasing conviction, he was apparently not altogether free from occasional misgivings, and cast about for possible allies in the battle which he foresaw. Before the summer of 1613 he had written the 'Polifemo' and the 'Soledades,' and he thought it prudent to submit both these cryptic productions to the judgment of his friend Pedro de Valencia, one of the foremost Spanish scholars of the time. Valencia was a courteous critic; but he was an exceedingly candid friend. His verdict was not reassuring; with all manner of polite formulæ, which did nothing to counterbalance his condemnation, he objected to the innovations *en bloc*, censured these two capital examples of the new poetry for what he called their *cacosyntheton* and *cucozelia*, and offered some further criticisms on points of detail. A few of Valencia's observations on minor points were laid to heart by Góngora; though obdurate on the larger issue, he condescended to modify certain verses of the 'Polifemo.' But even this small concession was made too late. Manuscript copies of the poem had already multiplied, and these it was impossible to recall. The first version was in possession of the field, and the emendations remained comparatively unknown. We must never lose sight of the fact that, while he lived, Góngora's reputation was based on manuscript copies. The works most characteristic of his later manner were not printed till he had sunk into

the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

His appeal was esoteric. He took as much pains to shun the general applause as most others take to court it. Yet, despite his shrinking from the crowd, his fame increased in a way that disquieted poets who had already won recognition. Lope de Vega watched with a suspicious eye Góngora's growing vogue, especially among the younger generation. Not that all the younger generation were conciliated; Villegas, whose belief in his own conquering star appears in the retrospect at once ludicrous and pathetic, was prompt in declaring his antagonism. Góngora was soon the centre of an impassioned controversy in which his supporters were as ardent as his opponents. He himself took no open part in these polemics. That was not his way. If rumours reached him that So-and-so had spoken ill of his work, he would revert to his earlier manner, and compose a few caustic verses at the expense of his critic who was apt to find himself a general laughing-stock, without quite knowing how or why. These verses were Góngora's sole revenge and remained unpublished while he lived. In public he was dumb, and his supercilious silence was a formidable weapon. Even Lope de Vega, though abating nothing of his opposition to the 'new poetry,' went out of his way to conciliate his enemy. There was no reason why Góngora should allow himself to be beguiled by flattery or polite attentions. If he had foes, he had an increasing number of friends; if Lope de Vega were against

him, Cervantes was on his side. In the 'Viage del Parnaso,' Cervantes goes out of his way to bestow a good word on those 'Polyphemean stanzas' round which the conflict raged, and, though Cervantes was not a prominent person socially, his name carried weight at home and abroad.

Góngora's aversion from publicity did him grievous wrong. From time to time, pinched by poverty, he toyed with the idea of publishing his poems. But he did not trouble to collect them, did not often encourage others to do so, and had a mania for revising and altering everything that he had written. Editions were forthcoming, of course, as soon as he died. The editors were more well-meaning than efficient, yet we must be chary of blaming them, for their task was exceedingly difficult. Apart from the deliberate obscurity of his text, Góngora had done much to make their work harder; his passion for recasting and retouching was the source of much misunderstanding and more recrimination. What each editor said of his rivals was usually justified. They were unanimous on one point only: that their author was the greatest of mortals. Juan López Vicuña, whose edition seems to have been ready since 1620, was bold enough to call Góngora 'the Spanish Homer' on his title-page. Góngora was not the least like Homer, but nobody laughed, nobody even smiled; the phrase seemed no hyperbole to the bulk of readers. Lope de Vega and a few survivors of the Old Guard might declare that they would never surrender, and, in fact, they did not

capitulate formally. Nevertheless, they felt compelled to compromise, and inserted Gongoristic passages in their writings. To Góngora's influence on the younger poets allusion has been already made. And this influence steadily increased, and was not exhausted till about the middle of the eighteenth century.

One of our chief difficulties in forming a critical opinion on Góngora's works is that we have no tolerably good edition of them. It is not possible for everybody to examine the well-known manuscript, now in the Biblioteca Nacional at Madrid. This is a very handsome codex prepared by Antonio Chacón Ponce de León who spent some eight years on it, and dedicated it to the Conde-Duque de Olivares. It purports to have been prepared under the eyes of Góngora who, if he emended as freely as ever, elucidated difficulties and—a most important point—supplied dates of composition throughout. This sounds most satisfactory, but in fact the Chacón manuscript proves a little less valuable than we might expect. Either Góngora gave no importance to chronology, or his memory was often at fault. A goodly proportion of the dates furnished by him—as Chacón states—must be rejected as being incompatible with other well-established facts. Nor is this all. In his declining years Góngora, repenting the aggressiveness of his youth and middle life, purposely suppressed all verses of a personal character which he had written. But this is to take half the man away. There is no accepted canon of Góngora's writings. Not only are there gaps in the current editions;

they contain verses for which Góngora has no responsibility whatever. Some of these verses are, it must be admitted, not unworthy of him. It is annoying to be asked to give up 'Assi cantaba Riselo,' a poem in Góngora's best manner, now assigned with great probability to a minor poet named Pedro Liñán de Riaza, who died twenty years before Góngora, and never wrote anything else half so good. There are other untenable attributions: such as 'Mil años ha que no canto,' which is conjectured to be by Lope de Vega himself. And, in Góngora's later manner, are compositions by his avowed imitators Villamediana and Paravicino. Illuminating information on these disputable questions of ascription will be found in a valuable essay by Sr. D. Alfonso Reyes, a most acute and vigilant scholar.

Whether there will ever be a thoroughly satisfactory edition of Góngora is perhaps doubtful: he has raised every possible obstacle in the way. We must even be content with such heterogeneous materials as we have, and think ourselves fortunate that these are not still scantier than they are. Francisco Cascales, a contemporary, declared that there were two Góngoras, the one an angel of light, the other an angel of darkness. And this is as true as such sayings ever are. That Góngora was a man of real genius is now undoubted. That he chose to be considered an innovator is no less certain. As to the worth of his innovations, there are two opinions—his own and other people's. He did not, as it appears, introduce any new poetic form, any fresh metrical combination; he took over the existing

moulds and poured into them his precious ore. He sought to renovate the poetic diction of his country, to enrich the Spanish vocabulary, to render more supple a cumbrous syntax, and, by eschewing the trite phrase or conventional epithet, to lend dignity to an art imperilled by excessive facility. His ambition was wholly laudable ; his execution is much less happy. His perverse enthusiasm for the doctrines of his young townsman Carrillo often led him astray : what was meant to be stately euphony is prone to degenerate into elaborate pomposity. But, when we censure Gongorism of this type, let us bear in mind that the greater part of our censure falls upon Góngora's followers who could do no more than ape his later mannerisms. As the shrewd and melancholy Gracián observed, these followers were like the Neapolitan courtiers who tried to imitate their king, but could only mimic the contortion of his lips.

It was not till Góngora had passed away that Gongorism became universal in Spain, and, as we perceive in the poems of the charming Nun of Mexico, in the Spanish colonies. During the seventeenth century, Góngora came to be regarded as the typical Spanish poet, just as Garcilasso de la Vega had been before him. The Gongoristic methods did not flourish in this country ; for, though Góngora found translators here in Thomas Stanley, Sir Richard Fanshawe and (so it is alleged) Philip Ayres, this not very eminent trio failed to make the *Soledad primera* or a small group of sonnets popular in England. Archdeacon Churton was not much more successful here fifty years ago. It may

have been otherwise in France where Spanish literature was better known than amongst us. Perhaps, without Góngora, that delightful little master Voiture would be other than he is : a delicate craftsman, subtle in sentiment, dainty in finish, quick to adapt an alembicated *rondeau* from Villamediana, Góngora's most brilliant follower. There might have been a resuscitation of Góngora in France had Paul Verlaine carried out his project of translating the Spanish poet. But this project came to nothing : perhaps because, as his biographer suggests, Verlaine knew next to no Spanish, having come to a halt at the beginning of his Spanish grammar.

In Spain itself Gongorism was not what it had been, when Le Sage, in 'Gil Blas,' made Fabrice say of the precious poem which was shown to him : ' C'est l'obscurité qui en fait tout le mérite.' Still, as late as 1718, another Córdoban, José León y Mansilla, found readers for a *Soledad tercera*. Later in the eighteenth century came the prosaic reaction which, with much babble about the rules of art, swept Gongorism out of existence, and, incidentally, brought Spanish poetry to its lowest point. Violent and unenquiring, this reaction lasted for about a century. Spanish critics headed the deserters : they called ' him vile that was their garland.' Some of us can remember when it was impossible to get a fair hearing in Spain for Góngora ; he was the butt of many who, we may suspect, had not spent laborious days and nights in reading him. As the success of Rubén Darío shows—and as your courteous patience this afternoon also proves—unreasoning prejudice

has died away. It is the very irony of fate that some of us, who once took our lives in our hands by praising Góngora, should now be alarmed at the possibility of an equally unreasoning enthusiasm for him in the future. Let us try to keep our heads. Owing to his attachment to false principles which were not originally his own, Góngora lost his last campaign. But, even in his periods of darkest eclipse, he frequently reverted to the vernal, lucid grace of his earlier phase: splendid flashes of lightning are more intense in the surrounding gloom. What was good in Góngora's work survives, and the good, if less notorious, is more abundant than the bad. At his best Góngora is not a Gongorist. But, even if you insist on our taking the contrary view, the most grudging must admit that Góngora raised the standard of artistic execution, and that if, since his day, any Spaniards have consciously aimed at impeccable workmanship, they owe a vast debt to Góngora's gallant example. And we mere students all owe much to M. Foulché-Delbosc for the light which he has thrown on the intricate problems arising out of Góngora's bibliography.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE

VERHAEREN COMMEMORATION

March 3, 1917

ADDRESSES

BY

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B. (*Chairman*)

Vice-President of the Royal Society of Literature

M. CHARLES DELCHEVALERIE

Of the Belgian Artists' Committee

His Excellency Monsieur HYMANS

The Belgian Minister

Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES, D.Litt., F.R.S.L.

Poet Laureate

LONDON

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1917

VERHAEREN CELEBRATION

HELD UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE

MARCH 3RD, 1917.

Commemoration Committee :

ROBERT BRIDGES	THOMAS HARDY
EMILE CAMMAERTS	RUDYARD KIPLING
VICOMTE DAVIGNON	MAURICE MAETERLINCK
EDMUND GOSSE	FERNAND SEVERIN

PAUL LAMBOTTE, Directeur des Beaux Arts,
f.f. de Directeur-Général des Sciences et des Lettres de Belgique.

PERCY W. AMES, *Secretary*,
2, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, W.C.

P R E F A C E

THE Belgian Artists' Committee having conceived the desire that a commemorative meeting should be held at which profound sense of loss at the untimely death of the great poet, Emile Verhaeren, and homage to his genius might be adequately expressed by Belgian and British men of letters, the Royal Society of Literature was approached by M. Paul Lambotte and readily consented to hold the proposed Commemoration in its rooms, which was accordingly done on Saturday, March 3rd.

There was a large attendance of Fellows of the Society, and among the Belgian guests were Princess Clémentine of Belgium and her husband, Prince Napoléon, Madame Hymans, Madame Lambotte, Mademoiselle A. de Bassompierre, Comte de Grunne, Prince de Croy, Comte de Lalaing, Le Chevalier Carton de Wiart, Hon. Secretary to H.M. the King of Belgium, et Madame Carton de Wiart, Vicomte et Vicomtesse Davignon, M. Pollet, Consul-Général of Belgium, MM. Albert Baertsoen, Emile Claus and Victor Rousseau, members of the Royal Academy of Belgium, the poets MM. Fernand Severin and Emile Cammaerts, Professeur Dejace, MM. Jean de Bosschère, Isi. Collin, M. Vanderauwera, Varlez (authors), and several members of the Belgian

“Sénat” and “Chambre des Représentants” now staying in London.

A cordial message of sympathy from the French Prime Minister, M. Aristide Briand, was brought by Captain Marcel Wyseur, the young Belgian poet whose first volume Verhaeren introduced to the public about a year ago.

Following the speeches several of Verhaeren's poems, including “Un Lambeau de Patrie,” were admirably recited by Madame de Nys.

P.W.A.

SPEECH FROM THE CHAIR.

BY MR. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

YOUR IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESSES, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—We meet here this afternoon to celebrate the memory of a man who was a great poet, a great patriot, and a great lover of the Allies who are now fighting to preserve the continuity of civilised liberty.

The Royal Society of Literature, for which it is my privilege to be the spokesman here to-day, welcomes the opportunity of doing honour to Emile Verhaeren. We are proud of the fact that for ten years past he has been an honorary Fellow of this Society.

It is only proper, however, to explain to you that in associating itself with this admirable duty the Society is carrying out the initiative of an eminent Belgian, M. Paul Lambotte, who is known to you all by repute as the Director of Fine Arts in Belgium. M. Lambotte, and one or two other members of the Belgian Artists' Committee, mentioned the idea of a Verhaeren commemoration to our Council, by whom it was eagerly and instantly taken up. Our little ceremony, therefore—if it may be called a ceremony—is not wholly English nor exclusively Belgian, but is the joint effort of the representatives of pure literature in both countries.

All who are present here this afternoon knew the great figure of Emile Verhaeren at least from afar.

I fear no contradiction when I say that he was manifestly the first living poet of this age in all the countries of Europe. He attracted the curiosity and respect of every lover of poetry, of whatever school. But, if he was universally known as a writer, those, of course, were not so numerous who were acquainted with him in person. That privilege was mine for nearly twenty years—since January, 1898. At that time he had recently escaped from the neurasthenia which darkens that gloomy trilogy of volumes, “*Les Soirs*,” “*Les Débâcles*,” “*Les Flambeaux Noirs*”: he had come up out of that subterranean prison of the soul. He was ravaged by those experiences, but he had grown serene. He was recognised in Belgium and in France as a great poetic figure: he knew that he had not lived in vain.

From this time forth his life was one of sustained felicity, sustained activity, until the invasion of his fatherland suddenly covered the fields of Belgium with fire and blood. The savage and ingenious barbarians owed a debt of peculiar hatred to the noble poet who had uplifted the patriotic passion of his country. The person of Verhaeren escaped from their malignity, but the Germans, on approaching his house near Mons, sought it out with care, destroyed it, and made a bonfire of the poet's books, MSS., and the emotional relics of a lifetime. For this also, when the time comes, let there be a reckoning!

He withdrew to France, a country which had long

been his second home, and he visited us here in England much to his satisfaction and to ours. A new passion seemed to awaken in him, a sort of missionary spirit. He wrote "*La Belgique Sanglante*," than which no more dignified appeal to the civilised world against barbarism and treachery has illuminated the dark places of this long world-war. He wrote in verse abundantly, and with all his old flame and splendour. His modest home at St. Cloud was a centre of spiritual fire that radiated heat and light throughout the world of the Allies. In the midst of this benificent activity, in the midst of his labours for Belgium and for justice, he was snatched away in a moment. You know the tragic, the hideous circumstance: he had been lecturing at Rouen for the good cause: chatting with his friends beside the last train for Paris, he delayed too long, his foot slipped; in a few moments that precious, that dedicated and inestimable life was expended like the perfume in a broken phial.

Verhaeren died in the plenitude of his powers. I saw him for the last time in September last, when he came into Paris at some inconvenience to himself that I might not miss, in my hurried visit, the pressure of his hand. I thought he looked stronger, calmer, almost younger, than I had ever seen him. He was full of projects—he would visit London, Edinburgh, Petrograd, perhaps Copenhagen, if possible Christiania, everywhere to spread the good tidings of Belgium's immortal hopes and unquenchable aspiration. I see before me now his wonderful presence,—the dark antelope eyes set in the pale face that was scored and ravined with sorrow; the

great Gaulois moustache that fell over the corners of the sensitive and mobile mouth; the many-wrinkled forehead that seemed the casket in which were locked all the medicines of human hope and all the poisons of human anxiety.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

I refrain from attempting to give any analysis of the multiform and noble writings of Verhaeren. It will be my privilege to call upon our own Poet Laureate to pronounce, with such authority as only he is qualified to give, a summary criticism which will for English hearers be final. Our Belgian friends will speak of him with a greater intimacy. They will speak to us of "Les Villages Illusoires," of those poems about trades—the blacksmith, the miller, the sexton—which moved me twenty years ago as nothing of the kind had moved me since I read the "Leaves of Grass" of Walt Whitman in my boyhood. Verhaeren addresses himself to life and poetry on a large scale. He disdains nothing in the modern life of Belgium, with the rearing industry of its vast "tentacular" cities. He is with the great realistic visionaries, he is with Carlyle and Crabbe, Burns and Blake. As has been felicitously said, "Each of his strophes is a discharge of human electricity." But I leave him now to speakers more eloquent than I am.

ADDRESS.

BY M. CHARLES DELCHEVALERIE.

LE Belgian Artists' Committee, au lendemain de la mort tragique d'Emile Verhaeren, a cru répondre au vœu des admirateurs du grand Poète en prenant l'initiative d'un hommage à sa mémoire. Il vous remercie d'y prendre part aujourd'hui, heureux de ce que la pensée qui l'a inspiré ait obtenu les adhésions retentissantes qui donnent à cette manifestation son caractère solennel. L'éminent lettré qu'est M. le Ministre de Belgique a tenu à s'y associer en sanctionnant notre geste de l'autorité de sa parole ; quant à la Société Royale de Littérature, qui avait accueilli Verhaeren au nombre de ses membres, elle a voulu que la Commémoration fût célébrée chez elle, et dans cet aréopage qui réunit l'élite des lettres britanniques, deux de ses représentants les plus notoires ont assuré toute son ampleur à cette démonstration de haute fraternité intellectuelle en exprimant, par le salut qu'ils apportent au Poète, que la gloire de ce grand Européen a mérité d'être internationale.

A eux, aux écrivains d'Angleterre et de Belgique qui ont accepté de patronner et d'organiser cette cérémonie, à toutes ces collaborations précieuses que réunit le souci d'honorer une haute mémoire, les promoteurs se doivent d'exprimer toute leur reconnaissance.

C'est une tâche malaisée que de décerner, en quelques phrases rapides, à un génie comme celui que les Lettres viennent de perdre, un hommage digne de lui. Il faudrait parler de sa vie qui fut une œuvre d'art émouvante et un haut exemple. Il faudrait exalter longuement son œuvre qui est touffue, complexe, continuellement significative dans son opulence et dans sa variété.

En essayant de l'envisager, si l'on peut dire, à vol d'oiseau, ce qui frappe peut-être le plus, c'est son originalité native et puissante, c'est sa sincérité profonde, c'est sa constante vigueur d'inspiration, c'est la qualité si largement humaine de son effort.

Humain, Verhaeren le fut avec une ampleur et une force exceptionnelles, depuis ses premiers vers jusqu'à son dernier poème. Il le fut avec une générosité frémissante, avec une intensité d'effusion qui font de son œuvre fiévreuse, passionnée et néanmoins harmonieuse, un miroir prestigieusement évocateur de sa race et de son temps.

Il ne peut être question de retracer ici l'évolution de sa pensée et pourtant, que de constatations susciteraient l'émotion admirative ! Le premier livre de Verhaeren s'intitule " Les Flamandes " : ce titre seul souligne la piété patriale qui ne cessera d'alimenter le lyrisme du Poète. La Flandre, de quel amour ardent, frénétique, absolu, il la chérit ! Tout d'abord, il la magnifie dans la rutilante extériorité des ripailles et des kermesses, et c'est comme si l'âme de Jordaens ou de Teniers animait son pinceau. Quand bientôt, au milieu des affres d'une crise morale qui fait époque dans l'histoire de la Littérature, il trace dans les " Soirs "

des visions de mélancolie, c'est à la désolation du paysage familier qu'il les emprunte. Quand, après cette période de repliement douloureux, il s'intéresse de nouveau au monde extérieur, quand, dans les "Villages Illusoires" et dans "Les Campagnes Hallucinées," il traduit des symboles d'une signification plus vaste et plus fraternelle, ce sont des images flamandes, comme "Le Cordier," "Le Forgeron," "Le Meunier," "Le Passeur d'eau" qui font le thème favori de son inspiration, cependant que l'atmosphère du pays natal et la chanson des vents marins revivent dans les rythmes sauvages de sa poésie. Tout ce qui fait la vie secrète de sa Flandre l'imprègne au plus profond de ses fibres. Les êtres et les paysages, le folklore, l'histoire et la légende, le hantent sans répit et surgissent à chaque pas dans ses livres, au gré d'un rêve obstiné. Aussi bien, quand, en Verhaeren le penseur, définitivement revenu à la confiance, formule son Credo d'enthousiasme, de vaillance et d'espoir, dans un hymne infiniment diversifié à la beauté du monde et à la grandeur de l'effort moderne, il ne cesse encore de révéler son pays natal en des recueils multiples, fleuris d'une ferveur de plus en plus attendrie et véhémence, comme s'il voulait, en se prouvant plus intimement filial, se faire pardonner d'être devenu universel. Enfin, quand la guerre éclate, quand se déchaîne la tourmente dont il devait se sentir plus cruellement secoué, parce qu'elle le décevait dans ses espérances d'altruisme en même temps qu'elle le déchirait dans sa religion de patriote, c'est à la Flandre, c'est à la Belgique qu'il pense. Atrocement meurtri,

il ne restera point muet. C'est au demeurant, répétons-le, un Humain dans tout ce que le terme a de viril et de militant. Jadis, quand, vers 1890, il connut les heures désespérées du doute, il ne prit point posture de plaignant et d'élégiaque; son mal, il l'analysa avec on ne sait quelle sombre fureur qui fit de ce drame de conscience le spectacle le plus pathétique, et à voir cette âme ulcérée se disséquer elle même avec cette âpreté, on put conjecturer quelles œuvres puissantes et solides on était en droit d'attendre de sa guérison. Il était de ceux que les crises n'abattent point, mais trempent plus fortement. Aussi, en 1914, le poète, mûri par tant de méditation féconde, exhale avec des accents inoubliables sa douleur et son indignation et son suprême recueil, "Les Ailes Rouges de la Guerre," est, à cet égard, l'acte magnanime d'un combattant. Et dans ce livre orageux et palpitant, que de pages à la gloire d'Ypres et de ce Lambeau de Patrie où l'auteur repose aujourd'hui, entre la dune et la tranchée!

Ce cantique presque ininterrompu à l'honneur de la terre natale suffirait à illustrer le poète et lui vaut des titres infinis à notre gratitude perpétuelle. Et pourtant, ce n'est pas par cette offrande à la patrie qu'il a conquis tant d'admiratifs suffrages au delà des frontières. Sa renommée, il la doit au fait d'être devenu l'inspiré qui, depuis Hugo, a le plus largement traduit l'émotion panthéiste et le frisson de l'âme moderne. Cette âme, il l'a devinée, elle a frémi en lui; il en a été, dans sa sensibilité profonde, l'interprète ineffablement fraternel. Au moment de ses tourments les

plus subjectifs, lorsqu'il nous effare par la violence du désespoir qui se tord dans les vers pantelants des "Débâcles" et des "Flambeaux Noirs," il est manifeste qu'il subit, avec la virulence d'un tempérament prédisposé au paroxysme, l'emprise du pessimisme qui sévissait il y a un quart de siècle sur la Littérature. Après ce stade maladif, c'est un souci social, un souci altruiste qui l'obsède, quand, dans "Les Campagnes hallucinées" et dans "Les Villes tentaculaires," il découvre des motifs de lyrisme dans le désarroi des plèbes éloignées du pays rural par l'irrésistible attirance des villes. La grande ville, avec son chaos de labeurs et de prestiges, nul ne l'a plus fortement évoquée que lui. Il fut notamment et souvent le chancre de Londres, d'un Londres gigantesque et sombre, fourmillant et tragique, le Londres de la Tamise, des docks, des quais brumeux où se déverse la richesse des continents. De ces images et de toutes celles que lui propose le décor ambiant, il allait tirer des significations nouvelles. A cet égard, si comme le lithographe Raffet a fait entrer l'humble soldat dans l'art, comme Millet y a fait place au paysan, comme Constantin Meunier y a révélé la grandeur sacrée de l'effort manuel, Verhaeren s'est classé dans la pléiade des éveilleurs en nous montrant tout ce qu'il y a de grandiose et d'émouvant dans un temps dont les spectacles paraissaient sans beauté. Mais sa vision longtemps vouée au drame des choses s'est éclairée parce que le poète, dans l'effort universel, a discerné mille raisons d'admirer et d'espérer. Dès lors, le penseur prend rôle de prophète et ses livres, où tous les thèmes de la grandeur humaine repassent tour à tour, devien-

nent des évangiles de confiance et d'énergie, où s'exalte une philosophie clairvoyante, pénétrée de la noblesse de l'antique et toujours jeune humanité. "Les Forces tumultueuses," "La multiple Splendeur," "Les Rythmes souverains" marquent les étapes de cette ascension vers la lumière.

"La vie est à monter et non pas à descendre,"

clame le poète enivré par la fièvre de connaître, de comprendre et d'aimer qui, d'âge en âge, oriente vers l'Idéal le peuple fourmillant de la planète. Verhaeren, en ses strophes généreuses, a jalonné de flambeaux les routes jumelles qui mènent vers la Concorde et vers la Beauté. Son génie épique et d'ionisiaque vibre de toutes les aspirations de l'époque et il n'est pas homme sur terre qui, ayant lu tel de ses poèmes frénétiques, où semble palpiter un essor d'ailes fraternelles, n'y prenne une plus haute conscience de la dignité et de la joie d'exister.

Au demeurant, la sérénité qui illumine de son rayon tranquille tels vers pacifiés de l'œuvre définitive, le poète l'a exprimée sous une forme plus touchante encore lorsqu'il s'est fait intimiste. D'un seul mot, en passant, il faut rappeler, pour sa qualité d'humanité particulièrement profonde, le bouquet si gravement attendri des "Heures Claires," où la chanson du bonheur conjugal prend des résonnances d'une si douce et si pénétrante effusion. Mais que ne faudrait-il pas dire encore ? Verhaeren, qui fut aussi critique d'art et dramaturge, était l'ouvrier infatigable d'un monument toujours plus haut, à l'architecture plus barbare que classique, et qui reste inachevé, dressant en plein ciel sa frise tourmentée et ses émouvantes cariatides.

La gloire, soleil des morts, l'irradie et le solennise. Fleurissons-le des plus belles roses, suspendons le vert laurier à ses colonnes impérissables ! Honorons la mémoire du poète en pénétrant, en chérissant son œuvre, en lui vouant le culte fervent qu'elle mérite. Que de raisons d'admirer !

Verhaeren, poète français, a enrichi de musiques inconnues, tour à tour violentes comme l'ouragan et suaves comme la brise du matin, le trésor de l'inspiration latine. Evocateur de l'âme, des prestiges et de la sensibilité de sa race, il fut pour la Flandre le visionnaire exalté, le fils âprement fidèle et religieux à qui la terre meurtrie devra dans l'art contemporain les réparations les plus hautes. Interprète du malaise et des espoirs de l'époque en ce qu'ils ont de plus magnanime et de plus formidable, il fut le poète chez qui les générations trouveront la plus vaste synthèse, le plus puissant écho de notre conscience, de nos volontés et de nos pensées. Et, après avoir salué en lui l'artiste le plus filialement attaché au sol natal, quel éloge plus beau lui peut-on décerner que de dire qu'il appartient au Monde ?

ADDRESS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIEUR HYMANS,

The Belgian Minister.

LES discours qui viennent d'être prononcés invoquent une grande mémoire. Je me lève à mon tour pour la saluer.

Sans doute c'est le poète qu'Anglais et Belges célèbrent ici dans une commune pensée de piété littéraire. Mais qu'il fût Belge, c'est pour tous une raison de plus de l'honorer. Car les Anglais voient en lui l'expression du génie d'un peuple qu'ils aiment pour sa fidélité au devoir, son courage et ses douleurs. Et nous autres, nous reconnaissons notre âme dans la sienne, nous retrouvons dans ses vers les chères images de la patrie, les joies du passé, nos enthousiasmes, nos espoirs, nos souffrances et nos haines, transposés et magnifiés par la splendeur du verbe.

Belge, il l'était jusqu'aux moëlls. Né sur les bords de l'Escaut et flamand de naissance, c'est la langue française qui fut l'instrument de son art.

Il la maniait en maître, la pliant aux volontés de son inspiration, en sorte que celle-ci, sous le bel idiome de France, gardait la saveur du terroir et sa robuste originalité.

Habitant tour à tour Paris et la Belgique, Belge il était resté par l'allure comme par le tempérament, ne sacrifiant ni à la mode, ni au désir de plaire. On

ne découvrait en lui point d'affectation, ou de pose, ou de snobisme. Il était lui même, par l'accent, la parole martelée, la simplicité des manières et du costume, la brusque franchise, la familiarité cordiale et sensible. Le visage tendu et nerveux, que sa- brait une longue moustache, retombant aux deux coins de la bouche et qu'il lissait d'un doigt machinal, rappelait la rude physionomie du guerrier gaulois. Mais les yeux clairs, ingénus, ardents et tendres révélaient la contemplation mystique du passé, l'observation aigüe de la nature et de la vie, les inquiétudes et les ferveurs de l'âme moderne.

Il bâtissait et sculptait des rythmes neufs, retentissants, farouches, harmonieux et passionnés, qui bouscullaient parfois les normes classiques, mais qui dessinaient d'un trait puissant la structure de l'idée, lui imprimaient la couleur et l'élan ; et l'idée venait de chez nous, de chez lui, puisée aux sèves profondes du sol natal. Son œuvre est nationale. On pourrait l'appeler " Toute la Patrie."

Toute la patrie, c'était jusqu'à trois ans d'ici les grands fleuves et les canaux dormants où glissait la forêt mouvante des cheminées et des mats de navires, c'était les dunes et leur guirlande de fleurs sauvages, c'était les tours massives des églises de la côte que secouent les vents du large, le silence des béguinages et des vieilles citées endormies de Flandre où d'augustes monuments rappelaient l'opulence des marchés du moyen âge. C'était les gloires et les drames de l'histoire d'où, à l'appel du poète, surgissaient le cortège des vierges mystiques de Bruges, les ducs de Bourgogne drapés de pourpre ou bardés de fer, la sombre figure de Philippe II, l'art plan-

tureux, sensuel et magnifique de Rubens et de ses disciples. Et c'était aussi les douceurs du foyer, les amours humbles, les heures claires. Et c'était enfin, le tumulte des villes, les rumeurs des foules, le monde rugissant des usines couronnées de fumée et de feu, où l'humanité ouvrière courbée sur les enclumes forge les instruments de la richesse et les réformes populaires. Mais tout cela c'était la paix, la paix d'un peuple laborieux et fort, aimant le bien être et l'abondance, enivré de liberté, épris de faste et de profits.

Et voici la guerre !

Jamais Verhaeren ne s'atteste plus foncièrement Belge, plus enraciné à la terre des aïeux, dont le suc nourrit son génie, que le jour où l'ennemi foule le sol de la patrie, piétine le droit de la nation, dont il est par le cœur et par la chair, et entreprend son œuvre de crime, de destruction et de mort.

Le bruit des clochers qui s'effondrent, les flammes qui dévorent les bibliothèques sacrées, les lamentations des femmes et des enfants qu'on égorge le bouleversent et lui arrachent des cris de désespoir et de haine. Il entend sur les routes sonner le pas lourd des régiments qui vont à la bataille, il les suit dans la mêlée ; il voit les tombes s'ouvrir, le sang rougir les prairies et les eaux calmes des Flandres. Son âme s'exalte et prend son vol sur les ailes de la guerre. Il ceint de lauriers le héros qui succombe, il bénit les mains douces qui dans les hôpitaux blancs soignent les plaies et pansent les chairs meurtries, il venge Ypres, il lance l'anathème à l'Allemagne, il jette une brassée de fleurs sur le roc formidable d'où l'Angleterre domine les Océans. Sa voix perce la

tempête, voix de douleur, voix de malédiction, voix d'amour et d'espérance.

Tout à coup, il meurt, d'une mort affreuse et stérile.

Il ne sera pas au milieu de nous, à l'heure du retour, pour annoncer les aubes, pour claironner la victoire, pour consoler, pour réveiller, pour conduire.

Mais ne pleurons pas. Nous l'entendons encore. Ses poèmes résonnent en nous. Ils sont sur nos lèvres; ils se répèteront de bouche en bouche; la mère les redira à l'enfant et l'écho de ses vers retentira de génération en génération. Ses chants sont les chants de la Patrie. Ils sont immortels comme la Patrie elle-même.

Que la Royal Society of Literature reçoive mes remerciements pour l'hommage qu'elle a tenu à rendre au grand poète belge. Rien ne pouvait nous toucher davantage que d'entendre à Londres l'éloge d'Emile Verhaeren dit par son illustre confrère Robert Bridges, le poète lauréat, et par M. Edmond Gosse, le critique érudit et délicat, qu'on sait le meilleur juge en Angleterre, le plus sûr et le plus éclairé, des lettres françaises.

SPEECH.

BY THE POET LAUREATE.

YOUR IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESSES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am here to-day by virtue of my public office to bear testimony to the esteem and admiration which my countrymen—and especially the poets of our country—feel for the genius of the Belgian poet, Emile Verhaeren, and to express our profound sorrow for his untimely death.

The originality and popularity of Verhaeren's genius have made him a conspicuous figure, at this moment the most conspicuous figure in that Belgian school of artists, which has won of late years a high independent place in French literature and poetry. That their poetry is so little known in England is due to the indifference with which, I fear, Englishmen commonly regard *all* French poetry; and this being so, I should do wrong if I were to let slip this opportunity of reaffirming my conviction that English poets have much to learn from their French brethren, and that we should be ashamed of that want of familiarity which is the reason why we do not duly appreciate their grace and mastery.

And we must be the more ashamed, if we consider that our first great poet, Chaucer, when he reorganised our versification on those broad European lines to which it has always remained faithful, that Chaucer fetched his model directly from the French verse of his time; and that the English Muse—if I

may so say—when first she robed herself to step forth and out-rival the world, did just as our fine ladies do to this day, and took the cut of her dress from the Parisian fashion-books.

The alienation was established no doubt in that long period from Malherbe till about fifty years ago, during which time a so-called classical style ruled in France, and this, though we ourselves had a corresponding contemporary school, was alien to the deeper instincts and taste of our race. But . . . the naturalistic and romantic revival should have won our full sympathy, especially since we had in this instance led the way; and none the less because we cannot perhaps confidently follow all the vagarious paths that it is exploring under its French and Belgian guides.

Verhaeren was a prolific writer, and among his many admirers here I suppose there can be few that have read all his works. I have not myself, nor should I deem myself competent, if the time were at my disposal, either to estimate his genius or summarise its manifestations; I shall speak of the one aspect which is of most interest at the present moment, and that is (need I say it) his relation to the war, as it appears in his famous volume "*Les Villes Tentaculaires*," and other poems of the same date or immediately preceding it.

Those who knew Verhaeren personally, and we have just heard an intimate account of him from Mr. Gosse, all agree that he was of a gentle, sensitive, and timid disposition; an almost old-fashioned lover of country life and repose; while these poems, if one should seek for epithets to describe them, are rest-

less, tumultuous, extravagant, furious, demoniacal. Whence one might be led to conclude, the man being what he was, that their style must be due to timidity, to a want of self-reliance, and that the poet had consciously gone out of himself and sought to be forcible by means foreign to his nature. But this explanation will not serve, because the poems have a real force which could hardly be attained by so false a method.

Now there is no quality in Verhaeren's poems more marked and persistent than his attachment to his country. Belgium is the home of his poetry, and Belgium is the theme of his poetry ; so that his poems are very frequently descriptive and full of external aspects, so much so that he now and again reminds one of a poet very unlike him, Walt Whitman, taking the objects presented to him in their haphazard juxtaposition. But while the American was content to let the paraphernalia of civilisation parade before him, and saluted everything in turn with a lazy complacent blessing, Verhaeren (in these poems of which I am speaking) colours everything with an intense vision of horror and despair.

Which of us who knows this London, the most industrious and good-tempered city in the whole world, would recognise it in Verhaeren's dismal sonnet where sailors are drowning in the mud, and a troop of disconsolate animals (humans) yawn listlessly beneath the immense melancholy of the strokes of Big Ben ?

And who that knew Belgium in its smiling prosperity would have acknowledged those pictures of desolation, misery, plague, death, and sin, which

Verhaeren's hallucination—it is his own word—went out to pourtray?

He is like Jonah preaching in Nineveh! And, although there is no true relation between the events of the war and the poet's thought, yet it is impossible to consider them apart, and difficult to believe that the apocalypse was not a prophecy, and that he had not some mysterious foreboding or divination of the storm that was to break on his country.

Some of you may remember that a French critic, the late Rémy de Gourmont, has said very much what I have been saying. The confirmation of an expert, whose opinion you might justly prefer to my own, is welcome to me; but it constrains me to assure you that my thought is independent of his.

Certainly many of us who were held off from full appreciation of Verhaeren's poetry by these extravagances now find the extravagance justified. His dark prophecy is above criticism and full of significance; and I cannot regret the inspiration which drew him out of himself to describe the things that he hated rather than the things that he loved. And I cannot but think that time will enhance the value of these prophetic poems, and that they may come to be regarded as Verhaeren's most characteristic work: and yet it was when the obsession of his frenzy had passed and his mind came to its maturer repose, that he wrote poems which can be admired for their absolute beauty, for that gentle pleasure and spiritual happiness, which it is the highest function of art to create and convey.

We Englishmen, then, are honouring Verhaeren here to-day as a leader of those Belgian artists who

have upbuilt in their country a living temple which no injury can shatter or defile; who have brought to fruit a culture that will not be down-trodden beneath the feet of any invader.

We honour him as the thinker, who devoted his life in the service of intellectual beauty, those high ideals of humanity, freedom, honour, and loving-kindness, for which we are fighting, against slavery, barbarity, and filth.

We honour him as the combatant who sacrificed his life in the war no less readily and usefully than anyone of those who fell in the unequal battle or the irresistible bombardment: As the patriot who, the moment his country was assaulted, threw aside all his enjoyment to plunge in the turmoil of public affairs, the uncongenial confusion of desperate hours; and he perished—he perished in the very arms of his dreaded octopus. Unfortunate it might seem, unfortunate in that he had not died before the evil day broke, or did not survive to see the liberation of his land from the ravage of the insane giant. But to the poet fate was kind; for it crowned him with an enduring fame in identifying him for ever with the life of his country; and that was his heart's desire:

Mon pays tout entier vit et pense en mon corps,
Il absorbe ma force en sa force profonde.

SPEECH.

BY M. PAUL LAMBOTTE.

MADAME, MESDAMES, MONSEIGNEUR, MESSIEURS,—
Je n'ai pas l'intention d'apporter à mon tour un hommage à Emile Verhaeren et de vous faire un autre discours après ceux qui viennent d'être prononcés. Les quatre orateurs éminents que vous avez entendus ont célébré la mémoire du grand poète disparu en termes excellents, ils ont éclairé son œuvre de vues neuves et personnelles, ils l'ont commenté d'aperçus ingénieux et perspicaces. Je n'ai rien à ajouter à leurs paroles autorisées et définitives. Mon rôle est beaucoup plus modeste. Il m'a paru que je serais l'interprète fidèle de toute l'assistance en proposant, pour me conformer à une charmante tradition britannique, des "votes of thanks": Le premier, en l'honneur de M. Edmund Gosse, l'éminent vice-président de la Royal Society of Literature pour le remercier cordialement d'avoir accepté de prendre la présidence de cette réunion et d'avoir apporté à cette cérémonie le prestige de sa haute autorité et de sa rare compétence partout appréciées.

Le second en l'honneur de M. Robert Bridges, la poète lauréat, pour lui exprimer une sincère gratitude d'avoir pris la parole aujourd'hui, et de nous avoir fait apercevoir comment et pourquoi

un grand poète comprend et admire l'œuvre d'un autre grand poète.

L'allocution de M. Robert Bridges, si originale et si sensible, est un morceau littéraire de haute tenue que tous nous espérons avoir l'occasion de relire.

Enfin, Mesdames et Messieurs, je tiens à associer à nos témoignages de remerciements et de reconnaissance l'éminent secrétaire de la Royal Society of Literature, M. Percy W. Ames, qui a apporté à l'organisation de la manifestation d'aujourd'hui un concours inappréciable.

(Les votes de remerciements sont applaudis chaleureusement par l'assistance).

REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature,
2, *BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, W.C.*
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1917.

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

MAY 23RD, 1917.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The Council have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on May 24th, 1916, there have been the following changes in the number of Fellows of the Society.

They regret to have to announce the loss by death of—

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, C.B., D.Litt. (Elected 1907 ; Vice-President, 1909–1913.)

JOSEPH JAMES, D.Sc. (Elected 1901.)

REV. JOSEPH B. MAYOR, Litt.D., Emeritus Professor of King's College, London ; Hon. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. (Elected 1907.)

THE RIGHT HON. LORD REDESDALE, G.C.V.O.,
K.C.B. (Elected 1915; Vice-President, 1916.)
CHARLES RUSSELL, LL.D. (Elected Hon. Fellow,
1893.)

J. L. STRACHAN-DAVIDSON, M.A., Master of Balliol
College, Oxford. (Elected 1907.)

A. GOODINCH WILLIAMS. (Elected 1895)

And of the following Foreign Honorary
Fellows—

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE (elected 1899).

EMILE AUGUSTE FAGUET (elected 1907).

JOSÉ DUARTE RAMALHO ORTIGÃO (elected 1907).

JOHAN ERNST WELHAVAN SARS (elected 1908).

EMILE VERHAEREN (elected 1907).

And by resignation of—

ARNOLD FRANCKE, Esq.

On the other hand, they have to announce
the election of the following:

PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE, Esq.

EDWARD BULLOUGH, Esq., M.A.

JOHN DRINKWATER, Esq.

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THE REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS, M.A.

THOMAS J. WISE, Esq.

And as Foreign Honorary Fellows—

SR. D. BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS.

HIS EXCELLENCY M. TAKE JONESCU.

M. LOUIS RAEMAEEKERS.

SR. D. ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following 'Transactions' have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxxiv.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting:

I. October 25th, 1916. Professor W. L. Courtney, LL.D., Vice-President, in the chair.

A Paper was read on *The Romantic Age in Italian Literature*, by Dr. Antonio Cippico, D.Litt., Lecturer in Italian at University College, London; Hon. Correspondent R.S.L.

II. November 22nd, 1916. Professor Gerothwohl, Litt.D., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Carlyle's 'French Revolution'*, by Dr. J. Holland Rose, Litt.D., F.R.S.L.

III. December 5th, 1916. Sir Henry Newbolt, D.Litt., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Rhythm in English and Italian Literature*, by Dr. Raffaello Piccoli, D.Litt., Hon. Correspondent, R.S.L.

IV. January 24th, 1917. Edmund Gosse, Esq., C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *A Great Mistress of Romance: Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823)*, by the Rev. Montague Summers, M.A., F.R.S.L.

V. February 21st, 1917. Professor Gerothwohl, Litt.D., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Modern Hindustani Drama*, by A. Yusuf Ali, Esq., M.A., LL.M., F.R.S.L.

VI. March 28th, 1917. The Very Rev. the

Dean of St. Paul's, D.D., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Dante and Boethius*, by the Right Rev. Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, K.C.V O., D.Litt., D.D., V.P.R.S.L.

VII. April 25th, 1917. Philip H. Newman, Esq., F.S.A., R.B.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Currents of English Drama in the Eighteenth Century*, by Arthur Eustace Morgan, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.L., Head of English Department, University College, Exeter.

VIII. May 23rd, 1917. Sir Henry Newbolt, D.Litt., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Góngora*, by Professor James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, Litt.D., F.R.S.L., Cervantes Professor of Spanish Language and Literature, University of London.

LECTURES.

The following lectures have been given—

October 18th, 1916. *Poetry and Education*, by Professor Sir Henry Newbolt, D.Litt.

January 17th, 1917. *The Poet and his*

Audience, by Professor Sir Henry Newbolt,
D.Litt.

February 28th, 1917. *The Entente and the
New Humanities*, by Professor Gerothwohl,
Litt.D.

March 21st, 1917. *Mr. Thomas Hardy and
Æschylus*, by Professor W. L. Courtney, LL.D.

April 18th, 1917. *The Sea in English Fiction*,
by Professor Walter de la Mare.

May 16th, 1917. *Mr. Thomas Hardy and
Æschylus* (ii), by Professor W. L. Courtney,
LL.D.

VERHAEREN CELEBRATION

HELD UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE

MARCH 3RD, 1917.

Commemoration Committee :

ROBERT BRIDGES	THOMAS HARDY
EMILE CAMMAERTS	RUDYARD KIPLING
VICOMTE DAVIGNON	MAURICE MAETERLINCK
EDMUND GOSSE	FERNAND SEVERIN

PAUL LAMBOTTE, Directeur des Beaux Arts,
f.f. de Directeur-Général des Sciences et des Lettres de Belgique.

PERCY W. AMES, *Secretary.*

THE Belgian Artists' Committee having conceived the desire that a commemorative meeting should be held at which profound sense of loss at the untimely death of the great poet, Emile Verhaeren, and homage to his genius might be adequately expressed by Belgian and British men of letters, the Royal Society of Literature was approached by M. Paul Lambotte and readily consented to hold the proposed Commemoration in its rooms, which was accordingly done on Saturday, March 3rd.

The Balance-sheet for 1916, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

Royal Society of Literature.

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1916.

Dr.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance forward		177	4	0
Dividends on Investments	By Rent and House Charges
Entrance Fees	Salaries and Commissions
Subscriptions	Stationery and Postages
Sale of Publications	Printing
				Library
				Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand...
					108	8	1
					£614	10	1

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

D. TOLLEMACHE.
CHAS. ANGELL BRADFORD.

April 19th, 1917.

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1916.

<i>Liabilities.</i>		£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>		£	s.	d.
Amount owing for Rent	37	10	0	By Investments—				
Loan from Dr. Richards' Fund	180	0	0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock, 1931		131	15	0
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—					£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per cent. Stock, 1924		1443	9	2
Principal as estimated, and accumulated interest, brought forward	£2223 1 2				£1690 11s. 6d. London County 3½ per cent. Stock		1128	9	2
Interest received in 1916	64 19 7				£1735 London Brighton and South Coast Ry. 4½ per cent. Deb. Stock		1492	2	0
Sales of Books	5 9 5								
Decreased value of investments	2293 10 2				Cash at Bankers (exclusive of Medal Account)		4195	15	4
	271 18 9			2021 11 5	Stock of Publications (as estimated)		98	8	1
Academic Committee Fund—					Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—		200	0	0
Balance brought forward	29 18 10				£500 Consols		£275	18	9
Expenditure	5 0 0			24 18 10	£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent. Stock		1485	0	0
Dr. A. C. Benson Medal Fund—					£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock		131	15	0
Principal as estimated	197 3 5				Cash at Bankers		128	17	8
Interest received in 1916	4 7 4								
					Academic Committee Fund		2021	11	5
					Dr. A. C. Benson Medal Fund—		24	18	10
					£200 Exchequer 5 per cent. Bonds, 1920		197	3	5
Paid for Silver Medal	201 10 9			198 18 3	Cash at Bankers		1	14	10
	2 12 6								
Balance, being surplus at 31st December, 1916	4276 13 5						198	18	3
							£6739	11	11

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

D. TOLLEMACHE.
CHAS. ANGELL BRADFORD.

April 19th, 1917.

The Hon. Librarian has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign ; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

- ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.
 EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.
 MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.
 ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—‘Journal of United Empire.’
 ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Proceedings.
 ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.
 ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.
 ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.
 SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date. *Archæologia*, Vol. LXVII.
 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.
 CENTRAL ASSOCIATION OF ACCOUNTANTS.—Journal.
 LONDON COMMITTEE OF THE RUSSIAN UNION OF ZEMSTVOS.
 —Report of the Union’s Activities during the War.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Dominion of New Zealand for the Year 1915. Official Year Book, 1915.

CANADA.—Department of Mines. Memoirs and Reports.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions and Proceedings.

Foreign.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti* continued to date. *Memorie*, Vol. LXV.

ITALY.—ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*. Ser. ii continued to date.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

AIYAR, C. P. VENKATARAMA, M.A., *Author*.—Town Planning in Ancient Dekkan, with Introduction by Prof. Patrick Geddes.

- BARROETAVENA, Dr. F. A., *Author*.—Alemania contra el Mundo.
- CAILLAUD, FRED. ROMANET DU, *Author*.—The Jacobite Rights of Crown Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria.
- FIGUEIREDO, FIDELINO DE, *Author*.—Litteratura Contemporanea; Historia da Critica Litteraria em Portugal, da Renascença á Actualidade; Estudos de Litteratura; Artigos varios; Characteristics of Portuguese Literature.
- FORSHAW, CHARLES F., *Editor*.—One Hundred of the Best Poems on the European War.
- GEYL, Dr. P., *Author*.—Stukken betrekking hebbende op den Tocht naar Chatham en Berustende op het Record Office te London.
- LIGHTHALL, W. D., F.R.S.C., *Author*.—The Master of Life.
- MASTIN, Prof. JOHN, M.A., D.Sc., *Author*.—The Ancient Mining of Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
- MCGAFFEY, ERNEST, *Author*.—War Lyrics from British Columbia.
- STRANGE, M. R., *Author*.—The Covenants of God, Vol. II.
- SUMMERS, Rev. MONTAGUE, *Editor*.—The Rehearsal, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

On the motion of the Chairman, Sir Henry Newbolt, and cordially supported by the Fellows at the Annual Meeting, the thanks of

the Society were voted to Mr. Philip H. Newman, who, as Hon. Librarian, had done valuable work during the year in repairing and renovating the books in the library.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies: the *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1917-18 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers reported that the House List was adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

COMMITTEE FOR PROMOTING AN
INTELLECTUAL ENTENTE AMONG
THE ALLIED AND FRIENDLY
COUNTRIES.

On the suggestion of Mr. Arthur Maquarie, Hon. Foreign Secretary, the General Purposes Committee invited certain Fellows of the Society to discuss with them the advisability of promoting an Intellectual Entente. A Conference was held on October 3rd, 1916, the Earl of Halsbury, President R.S.L., presiding. It was then proposed by the Right Rev. Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, seconded by Professor F. B. Jevons and carried, "That this Meeting advises the appointment of a Committee to act in drawing closer the intellectual ties between the United Kingdom and Allied Countries."

This was confirmed by the Council on October 11th, and the following Committee was appointed :

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, O.M., F.R.S.,
M.P., LL.D., D.C.L., Chancellor of Edinburgh Uni-
versity; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs
Member of Academic Committee and Vice-President
R.S.L.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A., Litt.D., C.V.O.,
Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; Member
of Academic Committee and of Council R.S.L.

THE RIGHT REV. SIR WILLIAM BOYD-CARPENTER,
K.C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L., D.Litt., LL.D., Canon of
Westminster; Vice-President R.S.L.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY, LL.D., Fellow
of New College, Oxford; Editor of the 'Fortnightly
Review'; Professor of Dramatic Literature and Vice-
President R.S.L.

HAROLD COX, Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review';
Member of Council R.S.L.

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G.,
P.C., M.A., LL.D., formerly President of Board of
Education; Vice-President R.S.L.

PROFESSOR WALTER DE LA MARE, Member of Academic
Committee; Professor of English Fiction and Member
of Council R.S.L.

THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT A. L. FISHER, Litt.D., M.P.,
President of the Board of Education; Member of
Academic Committee and of Council R.S.L.

PROFESSOR JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY, Litt.D., Cer-
vantes Professor of Spanish at the University of
London; Member of Council R.S.L.

PROFESSOR MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, Litt.D., Professor
of Comparative Literature and Vice-President R.S.L.

- EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., M.A., LL.D., Late Librarian to the House of Lords; Member of Academic Committee and Vice-President R.S.L.
- THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S., D.C.L., High Steward of the University of Oxford; formerly Lord High Chancellor of England; President R.S.L.
- THOMAS HARDY, O.M., LL.D., Member of Academic Committee; F.R.S.L.
- THE VERY REV. WILLIAM RALPH INGE, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, London; Member of Academic Committee and Vice-President R.S.L.
- PROFESSOR FRANK BYRON JEVONS, M.A., Litt.D., Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham; Professor of Philosophy in the University of Durham; F.R.S.L.
- WILLIAM PATON KER, M.A., Professor of English Literature at University College, London; Member of Academic Committee and of Council R.S.L.
- JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford; Member of Academic Committee and of Council R.S.L.
- SIR PHILIP MAGNUS, Bt., Member of Parliament for London University; F.R.S.L.
- ARTHUR MAQUARIE, Honorary Foreign Secretary and Member of Council R.S.L.
- SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, M.A., D.Litt., Member of Academic Committee; Professor of Poetry, Treasurer and Vice-President R.S.L.
- SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO, Member of Academic Committee and of Council R.S.L.
- GEORGE WALTER PROTHERO, Litt.D., LL.D., Editor of 'Quarterly Review'; Member of Academic Committee; F.R.S.L.

J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., Fellow of Christ's College,
and Reader in Modern History in the University of
Cambridge; F.R.S.L.

SIR JOHN EDWIN SANDYS, Litt.D., Fellow of St. John's
College, and Public Orator in the University of Cam-
bridge; F.R.S.L.

Hon. Secretary for the Committee,

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

The following Meetings have been held :

October 25th.—Chairman : The Earl of
Halsbury.

November 10th.—Chairman : The Earl of
Halsbury.

February 12th.—Chairman : The Right
Hon. Herbert A. L. Fisher, M.P.

At the second Meeting it was proposed by
Professor Courtney, seconded by the Dean of
St. Paul's, and carried, "That Sectional Com-
mittees be formed to deal respectively with
French, Italian, and Russian interests in
literature in conjunction with British literary
interests." The following Sectional Commit-
tees were appointed :

French Literature : Professor GEROTHWOHL, Litt.D.,
Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., Professor FITZ-
MAURICE-KELLY, Litt.D.

Italian Literature: BISHOP BOYD-CARPENTER,
K.C.V.O., Professor W. L. COURTNEY, LL.D.,
THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, D.D.

Russian Literature: Mr. J. W. MACKAIL, LL.D.,
Sir HENRY NEWBOLT, D.Litt., Mr. G. W.
PROTHERO, Litt.D.

These Sectional Committees met under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Newbolt on December 6th, January 24th, and February 1st.

OBJECTS OF THE COMMITTEE.

To act as a centre of suggestion and co-ordination in this country in all matters likely to promote an Intellectual Entente among the allied and friendly nations, and to serve as a single channel of communication with similar efforts abroad.

To strengthen and increase the ties between the academies, associations, and centres of culture generally, in the allied and friendly countries.

To encourage the knowledge of English thought and literature in those countries, and reciprocally to assist a corresponding movement in our own Empire.

To acquaint societies and public bodies with the importance of the movement, to invite them to study in what way they can most effectively assist, and generally to develop action and to correlate efforts.

To take all steps that from time to time may seem desirable for increasing the intellectual intercourse among those nations upon whom depends the shaping of the path of human progress after the present struggle.

FOREIGN SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The developments in the Foreign Secretary's department which were adumbrated in last year's report have not only been successfully achieved but in turn have led to further progress in the scope and usefulness of the Society's activities. The general dissolution of former world conditions, which inevitably compelled a close study of the basic principles of civilisation, early forced all thoughtful persons to the desire for a clear expression of the ideals implicit in the life of ordered peoples. The conviction grew continually stronger that the usual channels of communication between nations were insufficient to provide a proper understanding of one another, and it became evident that a means must be instituted to establish a more direct connection between those minds in each country which best represent the complexion and message of their race. Still further it became a matter of necessary acceptance that the common meeting ground must be the recognition of the paramount

value of race personality as a means and guarantee of human development, and it was obvious that the result of such an acceptance would be to establish a humanistic basis in our international relations. It was, moreover, held that if literature were to be considered not as an academic product but as the expression and inculcation of all that is most vital to human destiny, the duty should fall upon the representatives of literature to fearlessly engage in the most splendid of all human endeavours.

In order to accept this obligation our Society has appointed a special committee composed of persons eminently fitted to address so difficult a task. Their names appear *ante*, on pp. 19-21.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the representative quality of such a list or upon the weight which their determinations will carry. Perhaps, however, a word or two may be acceptable regarding the nature of the task to which the attention of the Committee has been directed. The approved objects may be repeated here, and are as follows :

“To act as a centre of suggestion and co-

ordination in this country in all matters likely to promote an Intellectual Entente among the allied and friendly nations, and to serve as a single channel of communication with similar efforts abroad.

“ To strengthen and increase the ties between the academies, associations, and centres of culture generally, in the allied and friendly countries.

“ To encourage the knowledge of English thought and literature in those countries, and reciprocally to assist a corresponding movement in our own Empire.

“ To acquaint societies and public bodies with the importance of the movement, to invite them to study in what way they can most effectively assist, and generally to develop action and to correlate efforts.

“ To take all steps that from time to time may seem desirable for increasing the intellectual intercourse among those nations upon whom depends the shaping of the path of human progress after the present struggle.”

It is well that these should be borne in mind

if we are to provide for the integrity of race characteristics in that struggle for material rehabilitation which must inevitably follow a general return to peace conditions.

In a broad way it may perhaps be said that the Committee's first efforts have been directed to achieving a freer intercourse between the nations in all those matters which, being the origin and purpose of literary expression, are the natural sphere of our Society.

And, in order to arrive at so desirable an end, various means have been passed in review and in many cases put into successful operation. The question of the diffusion of the printed word, whether in the form of books or as periodical literature, has been attacked with most gratifying results, and in the future it may not be possible for one race to attempt the mental domination of others by a highly artificial penetration based upon the prostitution of literature and science under State control and maintenance. To these dark methods we reply with utter frankness, concurring with our Allies and peaceful neigh-

bours, plans whose only propaganda is the general good.

For purposes such as this Correspondents have been appointed who, by the fact of their residence among us, shall be for us ready guides in questions concerning their respective countries. They have already been of the greatest service, and their usefulness will increase with the growth of the work in hand. In the order of their election Monsieur J. W. Shklovsky and Prof. Sir Paul Vinogradoff have been appointed correspondents for Russia, Prof. Paul Mantoux and Monsieur Henri Davray for France, Prof. Hewett for the United States of America, Dr. Antonio Cippico and Dr. Raffaello Piccoli have been re-elected for Italy, and as Correspondent for Belgium we have Monsieur Emile Cammaerts, for Serbia Prof. Bogdan Popović, for Roumania Monsieur David Mitrany, for China Mr. Y. S. Tsao (of the Chinese Legation), for Sweden Mr. Hugo Vallentin, for Brazil Prof. Carlos Delgado de Carvalho, for Denmark Dr. Jon Stefansson, for Japan Mr. Setsuzo Sawada (of the Japanese

Embassy), for Portugal Senhor Jayme de Séguier, Acting Portuguese Consul-General in London.

This is surely a list of which any Society may be pardonably proud.

The actual and tangible results of the Committee's work are already numerous, and if they are not dealt with seriatim in the report, it is because though important in themselves they are but stages in a still more considerable programme. As an indication of their magnitude perhaps an instance may be made of the professorship of Italian studies, the first of its kind in the British Empire, which we hope very soon to see established at the Empire's heart. No influence has been greater in the intellectual development of Englishmen than the splendid impetus derived from Italy in the past, and it is with considerable satisfaction that we can point to the fact that this movement, set on foot by the suggestion of our Committee, and nurtured by its care, has already received the promise of an adequate financial provision and should not fail to result in the establishment of a

professorship and strong school of Italian studies in the University of London. Where the issues are so large perhaps it will seem unwise to dilate further upon the various matters now going forward by which the Committee hopes to attain its cherished objects. Much has already been done, and it must be remembered that the work is being carried on with equal fervour by corresponding Committees abroad. Surely nothing more pregnant with possibilities for human good can be conceived than the successful operation of such a programme, and it is not merely a fevered idealism which suggests that nothing can now rob us of some measure of success.

In a Society whose members are exclusively persons of attained position, it is inevitable that each annual report should contain reference to some at least who have gone from us. But this year the number of our Foreign Fellows deceased since our last general meetings, has been exceptionally large.

The news is still fresh in our minds of the death of Joseph Hodges Choate, an especial

ornament to our Society, and warm friend to England. He was a man of such surprising vigour, penetration, and abundant geniality, that he could ill be spared at a moment when instinctive qualities are so necessary in public life. It is a tribute to his greatness that his memory stands in need of no commendatory phrases, and no expression of regret can seem adequate.

José Duarte Romalho Ortigão was a prominent figure in Portuguese literature by reason of his many gifts. He was a prolific writer, and for at least sixty of his eighty years of life he had an influence upon the mind of his country; indeed, his critical writings were largely responsible for the dissolution of the ultra-romantic school of Garrett and others, and for the introduction of more modern standards largely derived from France. In 1887, after a visit to this country, he published his book 'John Bull,' in which he signs himself "thy friend, ally, and customer, always exploited but still grateful." His estimate of our country is indeed not flattering to us, but we have good grounds

for supposing that his experiences were misleading for just those reasons which we are now trying hard to eradicate. He was a man of liberal ideas till the end, and did much useful work in many fields.

Better known to most of us, and sincerely regretted, there passed with Emile Auguste Faguet an academician of the classic type. His influence in scholastic France was enormous, second only perhaps to that of Brunetière himself. He was a great authority upon French literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and an appreciator and able critic of the romantic school. Quite recently he published a work upon our own literature, in which he was less successful. He took a great pleasure in his connection with this Society.

By the death of Johan Ernst Welhaven Sars, Norway loses a powerful figure in the field of historical research. He was a writer of great industry and of conspicuous ability along approved lines. He enjoyed a wide reputation outside his own country, and though he was not intimately connected with the

activities of this Society, he had warm friends among us.

A tragic interest of the most poignant kind is wrapped in any reference to that rare and radiant personality whose valued life was lost to us in the calamity at Rouen. Emile Verhaeren, despite a splendid ruggedness of nature, had many of the sublimer characteristics of the saint. He was utterly himself and altogether noble. His knowledge of his country and its conditions, had in it a shrewdness so remarkable as to be prophetic. There is no need to dwell upon his greatness as a poet, for few have appealed more strongly in their own day, but this one tribute we can pay to the memory of his friendship: we can in bitter truth declare that no member of the Society has ever left a greater legacy of regret in the hearts of the many who were privileged to know him.

But the duties of living are insistent, and we turn with gratitude to the added strength which the year has brought us. We welcome in the person of His Excellency, Monsieur

Take Jonescu, one of the most distinguished publicists of Europe, and one whose reputation rests on many claims. His wide knowledge of literature covers many languages and his orations are themselves literature, not in form only, but in their quality of essential matter, penetrating to the deeper principles of life. His services to his country both as Minister of Interior and of Foreign Affairs are prominent in our memories, and his fervent patriotism has evoked the admiration of all freedom-loving peoples.

In the election of Monsieur Louis Raemaekers we honour one whose genius epitomises the directness and plain speech for which Holland is justly famed. Not in any academic sense a man of letters, he yet arrives by his own method at the kernel of literary meaning; and his terrible exposure of the German mentality, while it lacks nothing of the mordant frankness of Giusti, has in it a certain quality of permanence which renders it remarkable. The world owes to Monsieur Raemaekers an irredeemable debt, and no one

will hesitate to applaud our Society's wish to pay him homage.

In electing Don Benito Pérez Galdós and his distinguished contemporary Don Armando Palacio Valdés, we are but marking a recognition we have long yielded.

We are happy indeed in welcoming Pérez Galdós as a new Foreign Honorary Fellow. Though in every sense a Spaniard, his fine patriotism drives to such depths as render him a true cosmopolite. His work through many years has been a source of pride and of constructive influence for his generation, and it will continue to provide for his country the greatest gift of all literatures: the delight which heightens understanding and engenders spiritual strength.

And what should one say of so eminent and lovable a writer as Palacio Valdés? Do we not go to him as to a friend? In him we find the Spain of picture books, the Spain of yesterday in all its colour and charm; romantic but intensely human, instinct with the throb of life and of essential poetry.

In conclusion, one further duty falls, and for the first time, upon the Hon. Foreign Secre-

tary. Mention must be made of the awards of the Society's medals for eminence in literature, to the following foreign writers, namely: to Gabriele d'Annunzio whose strong muse has struck every chord in the Italian breast and stirred the rich idealism of his country; to Benito Pérez Galdós, who, in addition to his distinguished achievements in pure literature, has given to Spain his 'Episodios Nacionales'; to Maurice Barrès whose clarity and high thought are so touched with the magic of beautiful expression as to gain for him the gratitude of a suffering yet resolute people. Never has it been more truly said that in bestowing honour we have done honour to ourselves; but we hope to have done something far more valuable, for if we have not gained for ourselves some measure of renewed conviction and for our generation some degree of zeal we shall have failed utterly, and we know that we have not failed. We know that whatever else may happen we shall have some result of our labour in the clearer vision of those for whom we are the torchbearers.

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

THE ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.
 SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.
 MAX BEERBOHM.
 ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.
 LAURENCE BINYON.
 ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY.
 ROBERT BRIDGES.
 JOSEPH CONRAD.
 WALTER DE LA MARE.
 GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON.
 AUSTIN DOBSON.
 HERBERT ALBERT LAURENS FISHER.
 SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER.
 JOHN GALSWORTHY.
 EDMUND GOSSE.
 VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN.
 THOMAS HARDY.
 MAURICE HEWLETT.
 WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.
 WILLIAM RALPH INGE.
 WILLIAM PATON KER.
 JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL.
 JOHN MASEFIELD.
 MRS. ALICE MEYNELL.

THOMAS STURGE MOORE.
 VISCOUNT MORLEY.
 GEORGE GILBERT MURRAY.
 SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.
 SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO.
 GEORGE WALTER PROTHERO.
 SIR ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH.
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
 ANNE ISABELLA, LADY RITCHIE.
 GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.
 MRS. MARGARET LOUISA WOODS.
 WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER died Dec. 29th, 1910.
 EDWARD HENRY PEMBER died April 5th, 1911.
 ALFRED COMYN LYALL died April 10th, 1911.
 ARTHUR WOOLLGAR VERRALL died June 19th, 1912.
 ANDREW LANG died July 21st, 1912.
 EDWARD DOWDEN died April 4th, 1913.
 GEORGE WYNDHAM died June 2nd, 1913.
 ALFRED AUSTIN died June 8th, 1913.
 HENRY JAMES died Feb. 28th, 1916.
 WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE died April 11th, 1917.

PERCY W. AMES,
Secretary.

AWARDS OF THE EDMOND DE
POLIGNAC PRIZE OF £100.

1911. WALTER DE LA MARE, for 'The Return.'
 1912. JOHN MASEFIELD, for 'The Everlasting
 Mercy.'
 1913. JAMES STEPHENS, for 'The Crock of
 Gold.'
 1914. RALPH HODGSON, for 'The Bull' and
 'Song of Honour.'
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SILVER MEDALS OF THE ROYAL
SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On May 1st, 1916, Dr. A. C. Benson, C.V.O., Vice-President, presented to the Council the sum of £200 as an endowment for the award of the Silver Medals of the Society. This sum was expended in the purchase of 5 per cent.

Exchequer Bonds. The Academic Committee, at the request of the Council, drafted the following rules for the awards of the Medals, which were approved by Dr. Benson and confirmed by the Council:

1. The Medals to be awarded to authors in respect of meritorious works in Poetry, Fiction, History and Biography, and Belles Lettres.
2. If a Medal be awarded to an author in respect to a particular book, that book must have been published at a date subsequent to May 1st, 1916, the date of the A. C. Benson endowment.
3. Members of the Academic Committee are ineligible for these Medals.
4. Applications or recommendations by persons who are not Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature are not invited and will not be received.
5. The Academic Committee, at its first meeting each year, shall appoint a Committee of Selection.

6. The Council shall decide, on the advice of the Committee of Selection, what Medals shall be awarded or withheld in any year.

During the session 1916-17 Silver Medals have been awarded to :

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS.

MAURICE BARRÈS.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS, 1917.

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, D.Litt.,
Vice-President and Treasurer.

Our President, Lord Halsbury, is to our great regret unable to be present to-day, and has therefore desired me to act as his substitute and deliver the annual Address. This commission, given, as it were, in blank, by a Chief who has never ceased to take an active part in our proceedings, will, I hope, be recognised by the Society as a proof of the President's confidence in his subordinate officers, and of the unity of purpose which animates the whole staff. It affords me, personally, the pleasure of being the bearer of good tidings, for I have to report not merely the continuance of last year's prosperity, but a marked advance towards the realisation of the hopes then conceived.

I have first to deal with the record of the

personal losses and gains of the Society. In a carefully chosen fellowship like ours, containing a large proportion of old and distinguished members, it is inevitable that death should take from us year by year a certain number of colleagues who are in the fullest sense irreplaceable. But this year, as last, we have some consolation in welcoming so large and influential a body of new Fellows that in numbers and reputation, at any rate, we are actually stronger than before.

During the period under review six Honorary and six Ordinary Members have died, one has resigned, and eighteen new Ordinary Fellows have been elected.

Of the six Honorary Fellows, five were Foreign Members, namely Emile Auguste Faguet, elected 1907; Johan Ernst Welhaven Sars, elected 1908; José Duarte Ramalho Ortigão, elected 1907; Emile Verhaeren, elected 1907; and Joseph Hodges Choate, elected 1899. Some account of these honoured and lamented Fellows of our Society has been given by the Honorary Foreign Secretary in

his Report; and there will also be found within the same cover a report of the International Meeting held on March 3rd, under the auspices of the Society, to commemorate Emile Verhaeren, the national poet of Belgium. The addresses delivered on that unique and memorable occasion included two by members of our Academic Committee—the Poet Laureate and Mr. Edmund Gosse, the latter of whom presided; and our whole Society may be said to have joined in the tribute so deservedly paid to a poet and patriot of world-wide reputation and almost prophetic power.

The sixth Honorary Fellow whose loss we deplore was a fellow-countryman, and one who held a position of his own among us. Charles Gilchrist Russell was for twenty-four years an invaluable link between Journalism and Letters—a kind of *officier de liaison* between the Press and the Royal Society of Literature. Born in Edinburgh in 1840, he was intended for the medical profession, and followed that line of study for four years at Edinburgh University. But his course was hardly more than half done before

his natural genius asserted itself; he became a member of the staff first of the *Caledonian Mercury*, and then of the *Leeds Mercury*, with success so marked that after only two years he was sent to London by the proprietors of the latter paper to act as their London correspondent. This was an experiment—a new departure in the methods of Journalism. Russell's success established the practice, and procured for him first the Literary Editorship of the *Sportsman*, then the Assistant Editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, and finally the Editorship of the same paper, which he held from 1887 to 1906, with the growing approval of a wide and discriminating public. From 1892 to 1893 he was President of the Institute of Journalists, and in the latter year he was elected an Honorary Fellow of our Society.

Among our Ordinary Fellows the loss most intimately felt is undoubtedly that of William John Courthope, a Vice-President of the Society and a Foundation Member of the Academic Committee. Born in 1842, he was educated at Harrow and at New College, Oxford, where he

greatly distinguished himself, gaining, besides two First Classes in the schools, the Newdigate Prize for an English poem, and the Chancellor's Medal for an English essay. In the two following years, 1869 and 1870, he published two volumes of verse, 'Ludibria Lunae,' and 'The Paradise of Birds,' the second of which was very well received, and may be said to have made his reputation. At the same time he entered the Civil Service Commission. In 1884 and 1885 appeared his essays on "Addison" and on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature." In 1895 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and began his *magnum opus*, the 'History of English Poetry,' in six volumes, the writing of which occupied his leisure, if it can be so called, for no less than fifteen years, during five of which he was also filling the high position of First Civil Service Commissioner.

This is a brief summary of a life of astonishing intellectual vigour, but it is not only, or chiefly, to Courthope's learning and industry that we look back to-day with affectionate

regret. In the institution of the Academic Committee he was keenly interested, and he took an active part in its earliest deliberations, filling the place of Chairman from time to time with a tact and urbanity peculiarly his own. At our ordinary meetings he was less often seen; but many will remember the Commemorative Address on Edward Henry Pember, which he read before a public meeting of the Academic Committee on November 23rd, 1911, and none who knew him will ever forget the charm of personality and character, which, even more than his intellectual power, was the true distinction of the man.

Joseph Bickersteth Mayor was also a scholar remarkable for immense industry as well as high attainment, but his career pursued a more strictly academic course. After taking the second place in the 1st Class of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, he became a Fellow and Tutor of his own College, St. John's, and was afterwards for nearly ten years Professor of Classics at King's College, London. In the wide scope of his literary activity were included

works on the Classics, on Ancient Philosophy, on Moral Ideals, and on the Apostolic Epistles. He was Editor of the 'Classical Review' from 1887 to 1893; and a paper by him on yet another line of thought—'Tolstoi as a Shakespearean Critic'—will be found in the 'Transactions' of our Society.

James Leigh Strachan-Davidson, who died shortly before our last anniversary meeting, went from Leamington College to Balliol, in the service of which foundation he spent a long life and great gifts both of character and intellect. After a brilliant degree he became a Fellow of Balliol in 1866, Tutor and Dean in 1872, Jowett Fellow in 1906, and Master of the College in 1907. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of our Society. His literary output was small in bulk; he edited Appian and Polybius and wrote a popular 'Life of Cicero.' But his real quality was revealed in what may justly be called the public intimacy of his lectures. For his vital and secluded imagination the world of Republican Rome was as real as that of Victorian England; for suc-

cessive generations of undergraduates he called up a Cicero who was very nearly heroic, and entirely contemporary and credible. And if one of his most grateful pupils may be believed, no teacher, while explaining and excusing the weaknesses of a historical character, was ever more successful in exhibiting unconsciously the depth and graciousness of his own.

The three Fellows whom I have now mentioned were all elected in 1907, and were therefore members of our Society for some ten years. It is our misfortune that the fourth and last of whom I have to speak was with us for a much shorter time. Algernon Bertram Freeman-Mitford, first Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O. and K.C.B., was born in 1837, and after passing through Eton and Christ Church entered the Foreign Office in 1858. His diplomatic career took him to St. Petersburg, Peking, and Tokyo, and his intimate knowledge of the Far East led to his appointment as a principal member of Prince Arthur's Mission to Japan in 1906. It had also a marked effect on his literary imagination; he published

‘Tales of Old Japan’ in 1871, a success of many editions, ‘The Bamboo Garden’ in 1896, ‘The Attaché at Peking’ in 1900, as well as an account of the Garter Mission to Japan in 1906. In 1915 his interesting and characteristic ‘Memories’ appeared. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of our Society and began at once to take an active part in our proceedings. His paper on ‘King Edward the Seventh’ was read to the Society on April 23rd, and on a later occasion, when his health had already begun to fail him, he presided and spoke with his accustomed eloquence and geniality. By his death we lose an accomplished speaker, a distinguished presence, a sincere and courteous friend.

I turn now to enumerate the eighteen new members to whom we tender our hearty welcome to-day. Taken in alphabetical order they are as follows:

Dr. John Adams, Professor of Education in London University, whose co-operation will be of special value to the Society in connection with the work of our Entente Committee.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie, who has rendered marked service to Literature, not only by the publication of five volumes of poems, but by translating and introducing to his countrymen the invaluable works of Benedetto Croce on Art and Philosophy.

Mr. Edward Bullough, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and an accomplished scholar in the languages of our Russian, French, and Italian allies.

Mr. John Drinkwater, the well-known poet and critic.

Prof. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, the unrivalled exponent in England of the Spanish language and literature.

Mr. Alfred Laurence Felkin, Novelist and Biographer, and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin (Ellen Thornycroft Fowler), Poet and Novelist, who afford an example, unique in our annals, of a husband and wife distinguished for literary work produced part separately and part in collaboration.

Prof. Herbert John Clifford Grierson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in

Edinburgh University, and Editor of the Poems of John Donne.

Mr. William G. Hole, Lyrical and Dramatic Poet.

Mr. Sidney James Low, the well-known Historian and Journalist.

Sir Philip Magnus, the learned and distinguished Member for London University.

The Lady Newton, authoress of that remarkable historical and social record, 'The House of Lyme.'

Dr. D. F. de l'Hoste Ranking, a poet and critic, learned in early Arthurian Romance, Gipsy Folklore, and Celtic Myths.

Mr. William George Rushbrooke, the distinguished Headmaster of St. Olave's School, and Dean of the College of Preceptors.

Dr. Walter S. Scott, a Canadian scholar and man of letters, one of our President's colleagues in the compilation of 'The Laws of England.'

Dr. Ernest de Selincourt, Professor of English Language and Literature at Birmingham University, and a well-known editor and critic of literature.

The Rev. Montague Summers, a writer of authority on the English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the eminent bibliographer of Coleridge, Borrow, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, and Swinburne.

It will be seen that this list is an uncommonly strong one in point of numbers, and numbers are important at a time like the present, for they afford encouraging evidence that the vitality of our Society is proof against the depressing influences of a great war. But this year, as last, the accession to our strength is not only one of numbers: our new Fellows cover between them a very wide range, and add to our forces in almost every department of letters; while in several cases they bring us a special increase of influence in the sphere of education, which will greatly assist us in our efforts for the rebuilding of European civilisation. In saying this I have in mind certain developments of the Society's public activity, foreshadowed in my Address of last year, and since then set in process with every prospect of

the most gratifying success. I shall return to give an account of these new developments after dealing in the customary way with the purely literary transactions of the Society during the past twelve months.

Of the eight Professorial Lectures announced for the Session 1916-17 six have already been delivered. Prof. Courtney has lectured twice on "Mr. Thomas Hardy and Æschylus," and Prof. Gerthwohl on "The Entente and the New Humanities." Prof. Walter de la Mare, owing to his absence in America, has only lectured once: his subject was "The Sea in English Fiction." The Professor of Poetry treated of "Poetry and Education" and "The Poet and his Audience." The lectures were received with all the usual appreciation, and the attendance was remarkably good when account is taken of the difficulties caused by darkened streets and very unfavourable weather.

At Ordinary Meetings of the Society the following papers have been read: On "The Romantic Age in Italian Literature," by Dr. Antonio Cippico, one of our Honorary Corre-

spondents for Italy; on "Carlyle's French Revolution," by Dr. Holland Rose; on "Rhythm in English and Italian Literature," by Dr. Raffaello Piccoli, another of our Honorary Correspondents for Italy; on "A Great Mistress of Romance: Ann Radcliffe (1764-1823)," by the Rev. Montague Summers; on "Modern Hindustani Drama," by Mr. A. Yusuf Ali; on "Dante and Boethius," by the Right Rev. Bishop Boyd-Carpenter; on "Currents of English Drama in the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. Arthur Eustace Morgan; and an essay on "Góngora" will be read this afternoon by Prof. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Most, if not all, of these papers will be issued to the Society in the next volume of our annual 'Transactions,' and I shall not now attempt to describe them in detail; but I cannot refrain from congratulating the Society on a very varied and interesting series of communications, all drawn evidently—and yet not too evidently—from the storehouse of sound learning, but upholding our faith in literature as the living expression of the human spirit.

This faith is not ours alone : we share it with all nations which possess a culture worthy of the name. The desire to give from time to time some token of recognition and intellectual fellowship to men of literary distinction representing the genius of other countries has always been strong in our Society, and now, by the munificence of one of our members, Dr. A. C. Benson, we have been furnished with the means of effecting this. I record with great pleasure that during the past Session the Benson Silver Medal of the Society has been awarded to Gabriele d'Annunzio, Benito Pérez Galdós, and Maurice Barrès, as distinguished representatives of Literature in Italy, Spain, and France. We have received the most welcome evidence that these tributes of our sympathy and admiration have been accepted not only by the actual recipients, but by the intellectual public of their several countries, in the spirit in which they were offered, and that our Society has in this way been able to contribute something to a fuller understanding between civilised nations.

This is, I need hardly say, an object of great

importance—in the view of our Society, and hereafter, as I believe, in the view of posterity, an object of the first importance. That the common pursuit of material prosperity can bind nations together has been finally disproved; nor will the world find peace by accepting the domination of a single race—the only people which has acted upon such a theory has been brought by it to corruption and failure. Upon these lines our civilisation has come within sight of destruction; its hope for the future can only lie in a very different kind of union—an understanding between nations, a fellow-feeling based upon a common interest in the spiritual activities of man, scientific, moral, and artistic. And it is our belief that among these activities, Art, and especially the art of Literature, will prove to be in the highest degree conciliatory and inspiring.

To lead the educated opinion of this country in a movement towards the realisation of such a union was clearly not only the prerogative, but the official duty of the Royal Society of Literature; and when the opportunity came it

happily found us provided, not indeed with all the necessary material resources, but with an abundance of personal qualities and with prestige, both individual and collective. Moreover, it fortunately happened that the foreign affairs of the Society were in the hands of an Honorary Foreign Secretary of great originality and untiring zeal. It was upon Mr. Maquarie's initiative that our General Purposes Committee decided to invite certain other Fellows of the Society to confer with them upon the further steps to be taken. This Conference took place on October 3rd, under the Chairmanship of our President, Lord Halsbury, and its members were unanimous in advising the appointment by the Council of a special Committee for promoting an intellectual entente between the Allied and Friendly Countries. Their resolution was accepted by the Council on October 11th, and a Committee was then nominated, consisting of the twenty-four Fellows of the Society whose names will be found in the Council's Report. The Committee is representative of pure Literature and Criticism,

History, Philosophy, and Science, Religion and Politics, and I need not say more of it than that it appears in every way adequate to the very high and momentous undertaking which it has been appointed to carry out.

Similar Committees have been formed in Italy, France, and Russia to co-operate with us, and the Governments of all three countries have already taken action in accordance with their recommendations. On our side the presence at our meetings of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and of the late and actual Presidents of the Board of Education gives us every hope that our efforts will be found equally deserving of official support. Our object is one of no private or limited interest; it is nothing less than the re-education of Europe in those principles of humanity which have alone survived all the tests of experience and all the attacks of barbarism. We seek to make every nation an element in the culture of every other, an influence therefore not antagonistic but attractive, to be no longer dominated or destroyed, but more and more to be wel-

comed, understood, defended, as belonging to the spiritual fellowship which is the only possible commonwealth of man.

Mr. P. W. Ames proposed that the thanks of the Society be expressed to Sir Henry Newbolt not only for his Address and conduct in the chair, but also for his services during the year in his capacity of Acting Vice-President in the intervals of meetings of the Council. This was seconded by Mr. M. H. Spielman, and carried unanimously.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

Year of
election.

1917. PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D.,
Professor of Education, University of London,
23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.; and Savile
Club.
1917. DOUGLAS AINSLIE, Esq., St. James's Club,
Piccadilly, W. 1.
1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1889. MAJOR JAMES ALEXANDER, F.R.G.S., c/o G.P.O.,
Penang, Straits Settlements.
1916. A. YUSUF ALI, Esq., M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.),
M.R.A.S., Indian Civil Service (retired), 25,
Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, W. 4.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., A.C.P., F.E.I.S.,
Guilden Morden, Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,
Secretary and Editor of Transactions R.S.L., 77,
Primrose Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W. 11;
and Authors' Club.
1915. THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, P.C.,
O.M., F.R.S., D.L., M.P., LL.D., D.C.L.,
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; *Vice-*
President; Member of Academic Committee, 4,
Carlton Gardens, Pall Mall, S.W. 1; Whitting-
hame, Prestonkirk, N.B.

Year of
election.

1903. †REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., J.P., Rector of Lew-Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1912. SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, Bt., M.A., LL.D., (*Vice-President*, 1912–1913); *Council*; *Member of Academic Committee*, 3, Adelphi Terrace House, Strand, W.C. 2.
1915. HERBERT M. BAYNES, Esq., M.R.A.S., Hilton House, Oak Lane, East Finchley, N. 2.
1912. ARTHUR WILLIAM BECKETT, Esq., Anderida, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne; and Authors' Club.
- 1913 †MAX BEERBOHM, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, Villino Chiaro, Rapallo, Italy.
1907. ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Esq., C.V.O., M.A., Litt.D., F.R.Hist.S., Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge (*Vice-President*, 1911–17), *Council*; *Member of Academic Committee*; Magdalene College, Cambridge; Hinton Hall, Haddenham, Isle of Ely; Tremans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1905. THE VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., Archdeacon of Middlesex, The Rectory, Chelsea, S.W.; Quatford Castle, Bridgenorth, Shropshire.
1910. †LAURENCE BINYON, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, 118, Belgrave Road, S.W. 1; and British Museum.
1902. DR. WILLIAM A. BOWEN, LL.B., M.B., Mombasa, East Africa.

Year of
election.

1907. THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BOYD-CARPENTER,
K.C.V.O., D.C.L., D.Litt., D.D., *Vice-President*;
6, Little Cloisters, Westminster, S.W. 1; and
Athenæum Club.
1865. cSIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., Dir.S.A., past
President of the Anthropological Institute,
(*Vice-President* 1892-1916), Langham House,
Stafford Road, Wallington, Surrey; and
Athenæum Club.
1898. CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, Esq., F.S.A.,
Auditor, 4, Park Place, St. James's Street,
S.W. 1.
1910. †ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY, Esq., LL.D., Litt.D.,
Professor of Poetry, Oxford, 1901-1906, *Member*
of Academic Committee, 54, Scarsdale Villas,
Kensington, W. 8.
1910. †ROBERT BRIDGES, Esq., M.A., M.B., F.R.C.P.,
D.Litt., LL.D., Poet Laureate; *Member of*
Academic Committee, Chilswell, Oxford.
1902. cJOHN POTTER BRISCOE, Esq., F.R.Hist.S.,
F.L.A., City Librarian of Nottingham, Central
Free Public Library, Nottingham; Elm Villa
38, Addison Street, Nottingham.
1911. JOHN ARTHUR BROOKE, Esq., The Lea, Grasmere.
1917. EDWARD BULLOUGH, Esq., M.A., Fellow of
Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge;
National Club, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. 1.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, P.C., D.L.,
M.A., 48, Charles Street, W. 1; Fitzroy Place,
Surrey; and Brooks's Club.

Year of
election.

1913. GEOFFREY G. BUTLER, Esq., Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.
1900. Lt.-Col. W. BOUGHTON CHAMBERS, V.D., Aden Exp. Field Force, Shaik Othman, Aden.
1899. †ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Esq., M.A., 12, Rickford's Hill, Aylesbury, Bucks.
1916. THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLERIDGE, Judge of High Court of Justice (King's Bench Division), 17, Gledham Gardens, S.W.; 3, King's Bench Walk, E.C.; The Chanter's House, Ottery St. Mary, Devon; and Athenæum Club.
1910. †JOSEPH CONRAD, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, Capel House, Orlestone, near Ashford.
1906. RICHARD COOKE, Esq., A. and M.C.P., F.R.G.S., Archbishop Abbot's School, Guildford.
1892. STANLEY COOPER, Esq., c/o E. J. Atkins, Esq., 15, Warnborough Road, Oxford.
1900. cREV. W. HARGREAVES COOPER, F.R.G.S., 65, Cardigan Road, Leeds.
1901. cREV. FREDERICK ST. JOHN CORBETT, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., The Rectory, St. George-in-the-East, London.
1907. PROFESSOR WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Editor of the 'Fortnightly Review,' *Vice-President*; *R.S.L. Professor of Dramatic Literature*, 11, Taviton Street, Gordon Square, W.C. 1; and Authors' Club.

Year of
election.

1915. HAROLD COX, Esq., Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, *Council*, 6, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C. 1.
1916. THE MOST HON. THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G., P.C., M.A., LL.D., F.S.A., *Vice-President*; Crewe Hall, Crewe; Crewe House, Curzon Street, W. 1.
1890. cJAMES CURTIS, Esq., F.S.A. (*Vice-President*, 1898-1909), 179, Marylebone Road, N.W. 1; and Athenæum Club.
1912. REV. EDGAR DAPLYN, 30, Pattison Road, N.W. 2.
1904. JOHN HERBERT DAWSON, Esq., 111, Lower Seedley Road, Seedley, Manchester.
1915. PROFESSOR WALTER DE LA MARE, *Council*; *Member of Academic Committee*; *R.S.L. Professor of English Fiction*. 14, Thornsett Road, Anerley, S.E.
1914. †GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, King's College, Cambridge.
1908. REV. PETER HAMPSON DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., Barkham Rectory, Wokingham, Berks; and Authors' Club.
1907. AUSTIN DOBSON, Esq., LL.D. (*Vice-President*, 1911-1913); *Member of Academic Committee*, 75, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W. 5; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1917. JOHN DRINKWATER, Esq., 260, Mary Street,
Balsall Heath, Birmingham.
1900. LADY C. ELLA EVE, 5, Hanover House, North
Gate, Regent's Park, N.W. 1.
1917. ALFRED LAURENCE FELKIN, Esq., M.A., H.M.
Inspector of Schools (Secondary Branch),
retired 1912, The Gate House, Eltham, Kent;
Carrwood House, Overstrand, Cromer; and
Authors' Club.
1917. THE HON. MRS. A. L. FELKIN (Ellen Thorney-
croft Fowler), The Gate House, Eltham, Kent;
and Carrwood House, Overstrand, Cromer.
1916. THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT A. L. FISHER, M.P.,
Litt.D., President of Board of Education;
Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, *Member*
of Academic Committee; Council, The Grange,
Ecclesall, Sheffield; and Athenæum Club.
1916. PROFESSOR JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY, Litt.D.,
F.R.Hist.S., Cervantes Professor of Spanish
Language and Literature, University of London,
Council, Savile Club, 107, Piccadilly, W. 1.
1900. CHARLES FREDERICK FORSHAW, Esq., LL.D.,
D.C.L., F.R.M.S., 29, Hanover Square, Bradford.
1905. A. E. MANNING FOSTER, Esq., 79, Davies Street,
Berkeley Square, W. 1.
1907. WILLIAM WARDE FOWLER, Esq., M.A., D.Litt.,
Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford.
Kingham, Chipping Norton; and Oxford and
Cambridge Club.

Year of
election.

1898. †SIR JAMES G. FRAZER, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.,
D.C.L., *Member of Academic Committee*, St.
Keynes, Cambridge.
1906. cHIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA GAEKWAR, of Baroda,
SIR SAYAJI RAO, G.C.S.I., Baroda, India.
1892. cSHRIMANT SAMPATRAO K. GAIKWAD, M.R.I.,
M.R.A.S., F.R.C.I., Baroda, India.
1912. JOHN GALSWORTHY, Esq., *Member of Academic
Committee*, Wingstone, Manaton, Devon.
1912. CHARLES GARVICE, Esq., Chairman of Authors,
Club, 4, Maids of Honour Row, Richmond,
Surrey; and Royal Societies' Club.
1902. ARTHUR HAROLD GARSTANG, Esq., 19c Eagle
Street, Southampton Row, W.C. 1.
1913. STEPHEN GASELEE, Esq., Fellow and Librarian of
Magdalene College, Cambridge.
1883. WILLIAM BLACHFORD GEDGE, Esq., c/o Messrs.
Plante, Downes & Christie, 141, Fenchurch
Street, E.C. 3.
1902. PROFESSOR MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, Litt.D.,
*Vice-President; R.S.L. Professor of Comparative
Literature*, 7, Alma Terrace, Kensington, W.
1916. THE LADY GLENCONNER, 34, Queen Anne's Gate,
S.W.; Wilsford Manor, Salisbury.
1907. EDMUND GOSSE, Esq., C.B., M.A., LL.D., late
Librarian to the House of Lords, *Vice-President;
Member of Academic Committee*, 17, Hanover
Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. 1; and Savile
Club.

Year of
election.

1911. REV. PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH, M.A., The Vicarage, Brompton, S.W.
1915. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, Esq., M.A., Red Branch House, Lauriston Road, Wimbledon.
1892. THE HON. JAMES MACLAREN STUART GRAY, Master of Gray, c/o Robert Todd, Esq., The Limes, Hadley Green, High Barnet, N.; Cwmeron, Llanwrtyd Wells, R.S.O., S. Wales.
1898. EMANUEL GREEN, Esq., F.S.A., Linleys, Bath; and Reform Club.
1917. PROFESSOR HERBERT JOHN CLIFFORD GRIERSON, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, University of Edinburgh, 12, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh.
1907. WILLIAM HENRY HADOW, Esq., M.A., D.Mus., Principal, Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; South Cerney, Cirencester; and Oxford and Cambridge Club.
1897. HEINRICH MARIA HAIN, Esq., Ph.D., M.C.P., Wilhelmj House, 2, Clarence Terrace, Leamington Spa.
1910. THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN, O.M., K.T., F.R.S., LL.D., Rector of Edinburgh University, *Vice-President*; *Member of Academic Committee*, Cloanden, Auchterarder, Perthshire; 28, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. 1; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1880. THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S., D.C.L., High Steward of the University of Oxford, *President*, 4, Ennismore Gardens, Princes Gate, S.W. 7; and Athenæum Club.
1907. THOMAS HARDY, Esq., O.M., LL.D., J.P., *Member of Academic Committee*, Max Gate, Dorchester; and Athenæum Club.
1865. cREV. ALBERT AUGUSTUS HARLAND, M.A., F.S.A., Harefield Vicarage, Uxbridge.
1914. Dr. W. G. HARTOG, M.A., Syndicate Publishing Co., 11 and 13, Southampton Row, W.C. 1.
1909. JOHN MARTIN HARVEY, Esq., 30, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W. 8.
1904. WILLIAM HATFIELD, Esq., A.C.P., 2, Crosby Street, Stockport.
1907. REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS HEARD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Fettes College. The Lodge, Fettes College. Edinburgh.
1885. J. STEWART HENDERSON, Esq., F.R.G.S., 1, Pond Street, Hampstead, N.W. 3.
1907. THE VERY REV. HERBERT HENSLEY HENSON, B.D., Dean of Durham, The Deanery, Durham.
1868. cREV. C. A. HEURTLEY, M.A., 193, Woodstock Road, Oxford.
1907. MAURICE HEWLETT, Esq., *Council; Member of Academic Committee*, Elm Tree Farm, West Wittering, Chichester.
1889. MRS. NAPIER HIGGINS, 24, The Boltons, S.W. 10.

Year of
election.

1916. WILLIAM G. HOLE, Esq., 14, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, W. 2; and Grimspound, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.
1904. J. A. HOWARD-WATSON, Esq., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., 1, Eaton Bank, Crosby Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.
1911. REV. JOHN HUDSON, M.A., 325, Southampton Street, Camberwell, S.E. 5.
- 1912 †W. H. HUDSON, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, 40, St. Luke's Road, W. 11.
1906. CHARLES HYATT-WOOLF, Esq., F.R.P.S., 169, Queen's Gate, S.W. 7.
1880. SIR HENRY M. IMBERT-TERRY, Bt., *Council*, Strete Raleigh, Exeter; and Carlton Club.
1913. THE VERY REV. WILLIAM RALPH INGE, D.D., Dean of St. Pauls, *Vice-President; Member of Academic Committee*, The Deanery, Dean's Court, E.C.
1913. THE REV. CANON F. J. FOAKES JACKSON, D.D., Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.
1916. FRANK BYRON JEVONS, Esq., M.A., Litt.D., F.R.E.S., Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham; Professor of Philosophy in the University of Durham; Hatfield Hall, Durham; and Athenæum Club.
1910. WILLIAM PATON KER, Esq., M.A., Professor of English Literature, University College, London, *Council; Member of Academic Committee*, 95, Gower Street, W.C. 1; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1916. CHARLES EDWARD KEYSER, Esq., M.A., D.L., J.P.,
F.S.A., Aldermaston Court, near Reading.
1901. cREV. PHILIP HENRY KIRKHAM, M.A., M.S.A.,
St. Peter's Vicarage, Stockton-on-Tees.
1899. cERNEST KIVER, Esq., F.R.C.O., A.R.A.M., A.Ph.S.,
Professor at the Royal Academy of Music,
"Bayfield," Upper Warlingham, Surrey.
1897. JOSEPH WILLIAM KNIPE, Esq., Ph.D., L.C.P.,
Wolsey Hall, Oxford; and Authors' Club.
1915. HENRY CART DE LAFONTAINE, Esq., 52, Albert
Court, Kensington Gore, S.W. 7.
1902. J. J. LANE, Esq., Oakleigh, Brucken Road West,
Brighouse.
1914. MISS ALICE LAW, The Old Parsonage, Altham,
near Accrington; and Lyceum Club.
1898. JOHN LETTS, Esq., 8, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn
Circus, E.C. 1.
1895. WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL, Esq., K.C., M.A.,
Châteaueclair, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.
1910. REV. JAMES LINDSAY, D.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S.E.,
Annick Lodge, Irvine, Ayrshire; and Broad-
stone, Stranraer, Wigtownshire.
1900. PERCY GEORGE LODGE, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., Lee
House, Listerhills, Bradford.
1917. SIDNEY LOW, Esq., M.A., *Council*, 24, Marl-
borough Hill, N.W. 8.

Year of
election.

1907. REV. THE HON. EDWARD LYTTTELTON, D.D., formerly Head-master of Eton, Hon. Canon of St. Albans; Grangegorman, Overstrand, Cromer.
1907. JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL, Esq., M.A., LL.D., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford (*Vice-President*, 1910-1916), *Council*; *Member of Academic Committee*, 6, Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, W. 8; and Athenæum Club.
1906. PRESIDENT MACKENZIE, M.A., LL.D., formerly Professor of English and Comparative Literature in the University of Kentucky; Lenox College, Hopkinton, Iowa, U.S.A.
1913. ERNEST MCGAFFEY, Esq., Secretary of the Vancouver Island Development League, Victoria, B.C., Canada.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. DODGSON HAMILTON MADDEN, P.C.(Ir.), M.A., LL.D., Judge of High Court of Justice, Ireland; Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University; Nutley, Booterstown, Co. Dublin; and Athenæum Club.
1916. SIR PHILIP MAGNUS, Bt., M.P., 16, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.; Tangley Hill, Chilworth, Surrey; and Athenæum Club.
1912. ARTHUR MAQUARIE, Esq., *Hon. Foreign Secretary, Council*; Hurst House, Molesey, Surrey; and Authors' Club.
1913. †JOHN MASEFIELD, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, 13, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W. 3.

Year of
election.

1906. E. R. NORRIS MATHEWS, Esq., F.R.Hist.S., Central Public Library, Bristol.
1899. REV. H. ANDERSON MEADEN, M.R.A.S., The Parsonage, Stornoway, Isle of Lewis.
1914. †MRS. ALICE MEYNELL, *Member of Academic Committee*, Greatham, Pulborough, Sussex; 2A, Granville Place, Portman Square, W. 1.
1900. WILLIAM MILES, Esq., 26, Anerley Road, West-cliff-on-Sea, Essex.
1911. †THOMAS STURGE MOORE, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, 40, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W. 3.
1912. ARTHUR EUSTACE MORGAN, Esq., M.A., Head of English Department, University College, Exeter, 52, Sylvan Road, Exeter.
1910. †THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., *Member of Academic Committee*, Flowermead, Wimbledon Park, S.W.
1913. GEOFFREY GRANT MORRIS, Esq., M.A., Sometime Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; Old School House, Sherborne, Dorset.
1901. JAMES MUIRHEAD POTTER MUIRHEAD, Esq., J.P., F.S.S., F.R.C.I., c/o The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Green, Birmingham.
1910. †PROFESSOR GEORGE GILBERT MURRAY, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., *Member of Academic Committee*, 82, Woodstock Road, Oxford.
1907. JOHN MURRAY, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., J.P., D.L., 50, Albemarle Street, London, W. 1; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1914. MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU, Hyderabad, Deccan, India ;
and Lyceum Club.
1907. PROFESSOR SIR HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT, M.A.,
D.Litt., Barrister-at-Law, *Vice-President* and
Treasurer ; *Member of Academic Committee* ;
R.S.L. Professor of Poetry, Netherhampton
House, Salisbury ; and Athenæum Club.
1894. PHILIP H. NEWMAN, Esq., F.S.A., R.B.A., *Vice-
President* and *Hon. Librarian*, 39, Brunswick
Square, W.C. 1 ; Bengal Manor, Greens Norton,
Towcester ; and Primrose Club.
1917. THE LADY NEWTON, 6, Belgrave Square, S.W. 1.
1899. HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
K.G., 2, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1 ; and Alnwick
Castle, Northumberland.
1909. ALFRED WILLIAM OKE, Esq., B.A., LL.M., F.S.A.,
F.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., 32, Denmark Villas, Hove ;
and "Orielson," Highfield Lane, Southampton.
1907. FRANCIS WILLIAM PEMBER, Esq., M.A., Warden
of All Souls' College, Oxford ; and Athenæum
Club.
1910. SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO, *Council* ; *Member of
Academic Committee*, 115A, Harley Street, W. ;
Stillands North Chapel, Sussex.
1911. †THE PRINCESS EDMOND DE POLIGNAC, 43, Avenue
Henri Martin, Paris ; Palazzo Polignac, Venice.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bt.,
LL.D., D.C.L., 21, Hyde Park Place, W. 2 ;
and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1902. HENRY CHAPMAN POULTER, Esq., 3, College Green, Dublin; and Redan Lodge, Rathgar Road, Rathgar, Co. Dublin.
1906. HENRY PROCTOR, Esq., M.R.A.S., 146, Mallinson Road, Clapham Common, S.W. 11.
1907. †GEORGE WALTER PROTHERO, Esq., Litt.D., LL.D., Editor of 'Quarterly Review,' *Member of Academic Committee*, 24, Bedford Square, W.C. 1; and Athenæum Club.
1912. †SIR ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH, Professor of English Literature, University of Cambridge, *Member of Academic Committee*, Jesus College, Cambridge; The Haven, Fowey, Cornwall.
1910. †SIR WALTER RALEIGH, M.A., Professor of English Literature, Oxford, *Member of Academic Committee*, "The Hangings," Ferry Hinksey, near Oxford; and Athenæum Club.
1907. PROFESSOR GEORGE GILBERT RAMSAY, LL.D., Litt.D., late Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, Drumore, Blairgowrie, N.B.; 38, Onslow Gardens, S.W. 7.
1903. ROBT. W. RAMSEY, Esq., F.S.A., 43, Ladbroke Square, W. 11.
1917. DEVEY FEARON DE L'HOSTE RANKING, Esq., M.A., LL.D., 9, Overstrand Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W. 11.
1906. PROFESSOR NAVA KRISHNA RAY, B.A., Meerhut College, Meerhut, India.

Year of
election.

1907. REV. GERALD HENRY RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D.,
Dedham House, Dedham, Essex.
1907. SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, R.A., K.C.B.,
M.A., Beavor Lodge, Hammersmith, W.; and
Athenæum Club.
1911. LADY RICHMOND RITCHIE, *Member of Academic
Committee*, 9, St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea,
S.W.
1914. THE RIGHT HON. SIR RENNELL RODD, P.C.,
G.C.V.O., G.C.M.G., C.B., H.B.M.'s Ambassa-
dor, Rome.
1916. JOHN HOLLAND ROSE, Esq., Litt.D., Reader in
Modern History, University of Cambridge,
"Walsingham," Millington Road, Cambridge.
1896. cTHE REV. HONYEL GOUGH ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D.,
F.S.A. (*Vice-President*, 1905 to 1910), 7,
Gloucester Street, Victoria, S.W. 1; and 22,
Grafton Road, Worthing.
1899. REV. W. E. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., 18, Gilston
Road, The Boltons, S.W. 10.
1905. JOHN ROWLANDS, Esq., Picton House, Wauuar-
lwydd, Gowerton, near Swansea.
1917. W. G. RUSHBROOKE, Esq., B.A.(Lond.), LL.M.
(Camb.), Headmaster of St. Olave's School,
Southwark, S.E.; 13, Cathcart Hill, N.
1903. LADY RUSSELL-COTES, East Cliff Hall, Bourne-
mouth.

Year of
election.

1907. THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYLE, D.D., C.V.O.,
DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, The Deanery, West-
minster; and Athenæum Club.
1914. THE LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE, Easter Dudding-
ston, Portobello, Midlothian.
1916. THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT ST. CYRES, 84, Eaton
Square, S.W. 1.
1913. SIR JOHN EDWIN SANDYS, Litt.D., Camb., Hon.
Litt.D. Edinburgh and Athens, F.B.A., Fellow
of St. John's College, and Public Orator in the
University of Cambridge, Vice-President of the
Hellenic Society, St. John's House, Grange
Road, Cambridge.
1917. WALTER S. SCOTT, Esq., B.A., LL.D., 306,
Agency Building, Edmonton, Alberta.
1917. PROFESSOR ERNEST DE SELINCOURT, D.Litt.,
Oxford, Professor of English at Birmingham
University, 7, Greenfield Crescent, Edgbaston,
Birmingham; and Ladywood, Grasmere.
1911. cGEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Esq., *Member of Aca-
demic Committee*, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.
1911. HENRY SIMPSON, Esq., *President of the Poet's
Club*, 19, Thornton Hill, Wimbledon; and
Authors' Club.
1916. MISS MAY SINCLAIR, 1, Blenheim Road, St. John's
Wood, N.W. 8.
1910. THE VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.,
formerly Archdeacon of London, and Canon of
St. Paul's; The Greenway, Shurdington, near
Cheltenham; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1897. KUNWAR KUSHAL PĀL SIŪH, Esq., M.A., M.R.A.S.,
Rais Kotlā P.O., Kotlā, Dt. Agra (East), India.
1906. WALTER SCOTT SISTERTON, Esq., "Abbotsford,"
Arundel Road, Cliftonville, Margate.
1886. GEORGE E. SKERRY, Esq., F.R.G.S., 9, South-
ampton Street, Holborn, W.C. 1.
1904. ARCHIBALD SPARKE, Esq., Chesham House,
Bolton-le-Moors.
1896. MARION H. SPIELMANN, Esq., F.S.A., *Council*
(*Vice-President*, 1906 to 1910), Athenæum Club,
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.
1907. REV. WILLIAM ARCHIBALD SPOONER, D.D.,
Warden of New College, Oxford. Warden's
Lodgings, New College, Oxford; and Athenæum
Club.
1906. REV. JAMES SPRUNT, Lesness, Old Church Road,
Clevedon.
1916. MISS CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON, Professor of
English Literature in the University of London,
19, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W. 1.
1886. CORELLI J. STEVENS, Esq., Beverley House, Barnes
S.W.
1904. REV. WILLIAM THOMAS STONESTREET, D.D.,
LL.D., 18, Corporation Street, Manchester.
- 1912 †MRS. CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES, 4, Kemplay
Road, Hampstead, N.W. 3.
1913. DR. MARIE CARMICHAEL STOPES, D.Sc., Ph.D.,
F.L.S., Lecturer on Paleobotany and Fellow o
University College, London, Craigvara, Belmont
Road, Leatherhead; and Lyceum Club.

Year of
election.

1902. cMRS. MABEL FRANCES STRAFFORD, "Moorcot,"
Pangbourne; 43, Downshire Hill, N.W. 3; and
Pioneer Club.
1907. THE VERY REV. THOMAS BANKS STRONG, D.D.,
Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Christ Church,
Oxford.
1916. THE REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS, M.A., 5, Sion
Row, Twickenham.
1875. cRAJA SIR S. M. TAGORE, Master of Music, The
Rajbati, Pathuriaghata, Calcutta.
1897. cMAJOR R. INIGO TASKER, J.P., Nether Park,
Nether Street, Church End Finchley.
1896. REV. CHARLES JOHN TERRY, M.A., 72, Boundary
Road, S. Hampstead, N.W.
1891. REV. GEORGE F. TERRY, L.Th, F.S.A.,
F.R.Hist.S., St. John's Rectory, 10, Learmonth
Terrace, Edinburgh.
1909. EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON, Esq., 360, Bronson
Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.
1904. JOHN T. THORP, Esq., M.S.A., F.R.Hist.S., Bruns-
wick House, 54, Princess Road, Leicester.
1900. DAVID TOLLEMACHE, Esq., *Auditor*, 7, Grand
Parade Mansions, Muswell Hill, N.; and United
Empire Club.
1898. JOHN HARTLEY WADSWORTH, Esq., M.A., St.
John's Hall, Durham.

Year of
election.

1911. PROFESSOR W. H. WAGSTAFF, M.A., Professor of
Geometry, Gresham College; *Council*; 46, Aber-
deen Park, N. 5; and Savile Club.
1907. PROFESSOR SIR THOMAS HERBERT WARREN,
K.C.V.O., D.C.L., President of St. Mary Mag-
dalen College, Oxford. The Lodgings, Magdalen
College, Oxford; and Athenaeum Club.
1902. EDWARD JAMES WATSON, Esq., F.R.Hist.S., St.
John's Arch, Bristol.
1901. ALEX. D. O. WEDDERBURN, Esq., K.C., 47,
Cadogan Place, S.W. 1.
1915. MISS ETHEL ROLT WHEELER, 59, Stradella Road,
Herne Hill; and Lyceum Club.
1909. GEORGE CHARLES WILLIAMSON, Esq., D.Litt.,
Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W. 3.
1901. GEORGE HENRY WILSON, Esq., J.P., Heath House,
Ossett, Yorks.
1916. THOMAS J. WISE, Esq., 25, Heath Drive, Hamp-
stead, N.W.
1901. BUTLER WOOD, Esq., Central Free Library,
Bradford.
1913. MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS, *Member of Academic
Committee*, 162, Ashley Gardens, S.W. 1.
1898. cANTHONY, BARON DE WORMS, Milton Park,
Egham, Surrey.
1898. cBARON PERCY DE WORMS, 21, Lowndes Street,
S.W. 1.

Year of
election.

1897. C.T. CATO WORSFOLD, Esq., M.A., LL.D., F.R.Hist.S.,
Hall Place, Mitcham, Surrey; 9, Staple Inn,
W.C. 1; and Authors' Club.
1907. J. C. WRIGHT, Esq., Holmedene, Arundel Road,
Eastbourne; and Authors' Club.
1899. REV. J. J. WRIGHT, "Woodleigh," Leigh,
Lancashire.
1910. †WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, Esq., *Member of*
Academic Committee, 18, Woburn Buildings,
Upper Woburn Place, N.W. 1.

FORM OF A BEQUEST OF MONEY, STOCK, OR OTHER PERSONAL ESTATE.

*I give and bequeath to "The Royal Society of Literature
of the United Kingdom" the sum of £*

[If of Stock or other Personal Estate, to be described.]

FOREIGN HONORARY FELLOWS.

BELGIUM.

Year of
election.

1907. GODEFROID KURTH, Directeur de l'Institut Historique Belge à Rome, Professeur émérite de l'Université de Liège. 18, Piazza Rusticucci, Rome.
1907. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and del'Ordre de Léopold. Abbaye de St. Wandrille, Seine inf., France.

BRAZIL.

1914. HIS EXCELLENCY DR. MANOEL DE OLIVEIRA LIMA, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Brazil (*en retraite*). Member of the Brazilian Academy. 15, Wetherby Gardens, S. Kensington.

DENMARK.

1907. GEORG BRANDES, Doctor of Aesthetics, Officer of the Legion of Honour. Copenhagen.
1907. VALDEMAR VEDEL, Ph.D., Professor of Comparative Literature, Copenhagen University, Njélsomhedsvey 17, Copenhagen.

FRANCE.

Year of
election.

1906. HENRI CORDIER, D.Litt., Professor at l'Ecole Spéciale des Langues Orientales Vivantes, Member of the Institute of France. 8, rue de Siam, Paris, XVI^e.
1873. CHARLES SIMON CLERMONT-GANNEAU, LL.D., Member of the Institute of France, Membre-Correspondant de l'Académie des Sciences de Petrograd. Avenue de l'Alma 1, Paris, 8^e.
1908. JACQUES ANATOLE FRANCE, Member of French Academy, Legion of Honour. Villa Said, Paris XVI^e.
1907. HIS EXCELLENCY JEAN ADRIEN ANTOINE JULES JUSSELAND, Vice-President of the Société d'Histoire Littéraire de la France, Member of the American Philosophical Society. Washington, U.S.A.
1897. ABEL LEFRANC, Professeur de Langue et Littérature Française Moderne au Collège de France, Directeur-adjoint à l'Ecole Pratique des Hautes-Etudes pour l'Histoire Littéraire de la Renaissance, Président de la Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes. 38bis, Rue Denfert-Rochereau, Paris V^e.
1907. PAUL MEYER, Member of Institute of France, Corresponding Fellow of British Academy. Director of l'École des Chartes, Hon. Professor in the Collège de France, Hon. D.C.L.Oxon. Avenue de la Bourdonnais 16, Paris 7^e.

Year of
election.

1906. PAUL SABATIER, D.Litt.Oxon., Member of Royal Academy of Rome. "La Maisonette," par St. Sauveur de Montagut, Ardèche, France.
1907. LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD (Pierre Loti), Captain French Navy, Member of French Academy. Rue St. Pierre, Rochefort, France.

GREECE.

1892. HIS EXCELLENCY JOANNES GENNADIUS, Hon. D.C.L.Oxford; Hon. LL.D.St. Andrews; Greek Minister at the Court of St. James's. 14, De Vere Gardens, Kensington Palace, W.

HOLLAND.

1916. LOUIS RAEMAEEKERS, Woodthorpe, Sydenham Hill Road, S.E.

ITALY.

1913. DR. GUIDO BIAGI, Commendatore della Corona d'Italia, Librarian of the Laurentian Library, Florence.
1914. HIS EXCELLENCY PROFESSOR FERDINANDO MARTINI, formerly Italian Minister for the Colonies.
1907. PASQUALE VILLARI, Senator of Italy, Professor at Regio Istituto di Studi Superiori, Florence, Member of Institute of France, Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Florence, Italy.

Year of
election.

NORWAY.

1908. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, Dr.Phil., D.Sc., D.C.L., F.R.G.S., Member of the Royal Norwegian Society of Sciences. Lysaker, nr. Christiania, Norway.

PORTUGAL.

1907. JOAQUIM THEOPHILO BRAGA, formerly President of Portugal, Doctor of Lisbon University, Government Professor of the Highest School of Literature, Member of Portuguese Academy, President of Literature Section of Academy, Lisbon.

ROUMANIA.

1916. HIS EXCELLENCY TAKE JONESCU, Minister of State, c/o The Roumanian Legation, 4, Cromwell Place, S.W.

RUSSIA.

1910. PRINCE VLADIMIR BARIATINSKY, 95, Bedford Court Mansions, W.C.

SPAIN.

1907. DR. RAFAEL ALTAMIRA, late General Director of Primary Education in Spain; Professor at the University of Madrid; Senator; Member of the Royal Academy of Political and Moral Science, Madrid.

Year of
election.

1916. BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS, Member of the Spanish Academy; Deputy in the Cortes, Hilarión, Eslava 5, Madrid.
1916. ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS, Member of the Spanish Academy; Lista 5, Madrid.

SWEDEN.

1916. PROFESSOR KARL JOHAN WARBURG, Professor of History of Literature at the University of Stockholm; Member of the Royal Academy of History, Literature and Antiquities at Stockholm, and of the Royal Society of Sciences and Literature at Gothenburg; Stockholm.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

1909. HENRY VAN DYKE, Rev., D.D., Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Union, Washington, Professor of English Literature, Princeton, President of Holland Society. Avalon, Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A.
1909. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, Late President of Harvard University, LL.D. of Princeton, Yale, and John Hopkins, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Philosophical Society, Officer of the Legion d'Honneur, France. 17, Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.
1909. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, Litt.D., Yale, Oxon, Columbia, M.A., LL.D. Kittery Point, Maine, and 130, West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York.

Year of
election.

1909. GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE, LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of English, Harvard University. 8, Hilliard Street, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.
1909. GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University. Beverley, Mass., U.S.A.

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